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The Folk-Lore Society

FOR COLLECTING AND PRINTING

RELICS OF POPULAR ANTIQUITIES, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN

THE YEAR MDCCCLXXVIII.

Alter et Idem.

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COUNTY FOLK-LORE

VOL. II.

PRINTED EXTRACTS No. 4

EXAMPLES OF PRINTED FOLK-LORE

CONCERNING THE

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, YORK AND THE AINSTY.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

MRS. GUTCH.

87281

"I the North Riding, am for spaciousness renown'd
Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st."

POLY-OLBION, Song xxviii.

Published for the Folk-Lore Society by
DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE
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1901

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PREFACE.

No stripling of Storyland ever set forth with lighter heart to fulfil the strange behest that should win the hand of the Princess, than did I, when I undertook to bring together such record as had been made in print, concerning the folk-lore of the North Riding. I cheerfully included in my list the Mother-City of "the shire of broad acres," and with her, the wapentake named from old-time in the same breath—the Ainsty; which as Canon Isaac Taylor ventures to surmise,[1] may signify her *ain*=own, *sti*=enclosure, or place set apart; the latter being the O.N. word familiar to us in pig-*sty*. If after having had this charge for more than seven years upon my hands, and but few less upon my conscience, I feel less assurance of success than I did in the beginning, those only should be astonied who have not laboured in a like emprise, or who know too little of the topographic riches of North Yorkshire. It has a fine array of annalists of the graver sort, and its scenes are so inspiring, and the brains of its sons so constituted, that though there may be some men who can take a long walk, without writing book or

[1] N. & Q., 8th S., vol. i., p. 383. He rejects the guesses, *an-city*= anent the city, *ancienty*=ancient possession, *hen-stead*=old place, and *hean-stige*=high pathway. Ainsty is written of in N. & Q., 7th S., vol. x., pp. 68, 194, 312, 382; 8th S., vol. i., pp. 352, 383, 442.

article to describe it, I think they must be but few. In spirit, I have tramped over many a picturesque mile with the chatty pedestrians, listening to local traditions that they have heard, or read, and can tell unweariedly, and pricking my ears now and then, at the mention of bits of curious lore, which the gaffers and gammers still stand by, and my informants themselves regard from a discreetly agnostic standpoint. The gratitude of our Society is due to these, and to all other recording angels of congenial tastes; and if a collector's pen should sometimes flag as it transcribes their pages, it ought not to be forgotten that though he who has a style may chance to lose it in the work, he who has none is not unlikely to carry one away: it is even possible to become infected by the periods of a standard local historian.

In *About Yorkshire*, Mrs. Macquoid says of the people: "they seem to be a practical, sensible, but unimaginative race." "Practical" and "sensible," if you will; but "unimaginative"? No! Does not Mrs. Macquoid's pleasant book owe a great part of its charm to the superstition of those among whom she wandered? and what is superstition but an enduring by-product of fancy? Your tyke is too shrewd to flaunt his imagination; but he has it notwithstanding; and despite the labours of Canon Atkinson, Mr. Blakeborough, Mr. Marmaduke Morris and the rest, I believe the printing-press has hardly received a tithe of its creative bounty. I may come short of having gathered even a tenth of that: the thought is humiliating. I can only plagiarize Sir Isaac Newton: I have been like a child playing on the sea-shore, who eagerly picks up the shells that lie exposed within its reach, and leaves

thousands undiscovered in the pools, and in the secret places of the rocks.

It was much easier to collect such treasure in my bucket, than it was to sort it afterwards, according to the prescription of the scientific. I have, in the main, worked on the plan set forth by Mr. Gomme in his *Handbook of Folklore*. In doubtful matters, I have occasionally used my own common sense, and, occasionally been glad to seek counsel of Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, whom I have had to thank, and still do thank, for much kindness and consideration. The many cross-references given will, it is to be hoped, prevent any great irritation or distress being felt by those who have to consult my pages, and who fail to find the object of their quest under what they may deem to be its proper heading. The printing of local names in "Clarendon" will also aid the hunter. In its own good time, our Society may further soothe, by producing the much-to-be-wished-for index to the "County Folk-lore" Series.

It will be seen that I have acted on a most liberal interpretation of the term, folk-lore; indeed I have more than once made spoil of what is interesting as mere survival, or as the *débris* of exploded institutions. The ringing of the curfew, for example, has perhaps no more to do with folk-lore than has the tinkling of a muffin-bell, yet, in imitation of fellow-labourers, I have registered a few instances of its continuance, and might have noted all met with in my reading, had I steadily regarded my work, "year in, year out," from the same point of view: a thing impossible. To the admirable stocks and other authorized and obsolete instruments of punishment, but

scanty space has been accorded: they have just as much, and just as little connexion with popular delusion and superstition as the nineteenth-century treadmill.

There may be rubies and there must be rubbish among the items that I have brought together: their several values I have not felt it my duty to appraise. I have been careful not to exclude the statement of any writer merely because it runs counter to the testimony of other authors. A thing is not necessarily false, because not generally known, and it is at least possible that in some of the dales of the North Riding, or in out-of-the-way corners of it, there should be special observances, and strange departures from common custom, of which folk, within a few hill-impeded miles are either utterly unaware or entirely disregardful. Here be cases in point. I am assured in type,[1] and otherwise, that to extinguish the fire in the room of a person who dies, is the use of York septentrional; but the late Canon Atkinson of Danby—a parish of which it was said that "if the Government had only known of Danby, they would have sent Napoleon there, instead of to St. Helena"—wrote more than thirty years ago, that the practice, even then hardly extinct in his district, was on no account to suffer the fire in the house to go out, as long as a corpse lay there.[2] I believe that the wish to have a dark man or boy as "first-foot" is all but universal in my "cure"; yet a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, who has since left this contradictious world, declared that a fair-haired visitor was its *desideratum*.[3] Such discrepancies should not be too hastily set to the count of human error; they ought to

[1] *Post* p. 300. [2] *Post* p. 301. [3] *Post* p. 230.

be carefully remembered, and are not unworthy of being fought over.

In a very few instances, I have been tempted, and have stooped, to include matter which had not hitherto been anointed with printers'-ink. I am bold enough to hope that readers will regret nothing but my extreme moderation.

No part of the present collection has entailed more toil than SECTION I. which treats of the Folk-lore of *Natural or Inorganic Objects*. The North Riding is studded with all that is suggestive of story, and provocative of superstition, and though I have succeeded in getting together a goodly store of material, I have done so without attaining inward satisfaction. There are local names that of themselves excite a curiosity which yearns for legend as a sedative, and but too often gets it not.[1] Though Maypoles have degenerated into painted spars, and Garlands are, for the most part, paper, I have included them in SECTION II., in obedience to the *Handbook*, and because we ought to regard them as symbols of the living things they were in the beginning. My folk-lore garden would languish in their absence; and I am glad, too, to have a choice selection of extinct serpents or dragons to add to the attractions of the curtilage (SECTION III.) on the other side of the wall. SECTIONS IV.-VII. are, perhaps, fairly repre-

[1] Or gets it invented for the nonce. Such is "The Lost Legend of Carlin How," which the *Yorkshire Herald* found lately (March 23rd, 1901) in the brain of a contributor. Carlin How is so called, forsooth, because when famine fell on Cleveland it was unexpectedly relieved by the arrival at Skinningrove, hard by this How, of a ship laden with carlins=parched peas. [But see *post* pp. 241, 242.] In a generation or two, this may be presented as hoary tradition to the Folk-Lore Society. *Verb. sap.*

sentative of subjects it would be impossible to exhaust. Thanks to Mr. William Camidge, to whose generosity we are all much indebted, York ghosts make a brave show, though this may perhaps be their final walk before the Board Schools lay them for ever. Mr. H. W. G. Markheim, one of H.M. Inspectors, was examining the Goathland Academe, when, as Mr. Stonehouse relates,[1] he said to the children "'Now I just want to see what you can do in composition. I will give you a subject. It is a ghost story. You have heard of ghosts. Do you believe there are such things as ghosts?' A little fellow, to whom the question was put, began to wriggle about and look uncomfortable, but he soon mustered courage to say 'No, sir.' 'Well,' said Mr. Markheim, 'I dare say some of the others are of a different opinion. Hands up, those who believe in ghosts.' But the children made no sign. 'Perhaps you don't quite understand,' said Mr. Markheim. 'Now,'—this he said very slowly—'Hands up, those who *don't* believe in ghosts,' and up went every hand immediately. 'Bless me,' said the Inspector, 'why you are a lot of sceptics. You are far in advance of the children at Whitby. I put the same question to a class there the other day and there was quite a majority in favour of ghosts!'"

Under *Witchcraft* (SECTION V.) and *Magic and Divination* (SECTION VII.) I have indexed most of the pages about things "uncanny" in Canon Atkinson's *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish* and in Mr. Blakeborough's *Wit, Character, Folklore and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire*; though, with the author's ready leave, I have also made a few quotations from the latter. Mr. Henderson's *Notes*

[1] *Tom Keld's Hole* (1880), pp. 63, 64.

on the same subject, when they relate to the North Riding, are likewise referenced: this is to please the student, who wants to see at a glance what increased revelation of the occult practices of these latitudes there has been since the re-issue of that stimulating mixture, in the early days of the Folk-Lore Society.

I have given but a sample of prescriptions under *Leech-craft* (SECTION VI.). Mrs. Anne Saville's collection of receipts, printed at the end of the chapbook *Life of Henry Jenkins*,[1] from whom most of them are said to have come, has evidently been tampered with, inasmuch as a cup of tea, and the benefits of electric treatment, are referred to without any note of unfamiliarity, or sign of awe, by the "modern Methuselah" who was buried at Bolton-on-Swale in 1670, being, as his epitaph maintains, of "the amazing age of 169." I cannot, of course, declare that all his (or her) potions and poultices were articles of domestic faith in the North Riding; and it is certain that the compilers of *Arcana Fairfaxiana* took their *bien* where-soever they found it, without yielding to prejudice in favour of local empiricism; yet waifs and strays do gain a "settlement" in time, and I feel justified in granting native privileges to some of these.

Of *General Folk-lore* (SECTION VIII.) but little is here set down. Those who print jottings thereupon too often neglect to name the habitat of any particular specimen; and I have, as a rule, left everything in this division, and in all others, that is simply labelled "Yorkshire"—and, how numerous the items are!—for the last worker on the last Riding to sweep up, with the newest of brooms.

[1] See *post*, p. xxxii.

Ideas of *Future Life* (SECTION IX.) are not easily obtained from any one, and the folk hereabout have not let many of theirs escape for the delectation of the inquisitive reader. Mr. Blakeborough's find, "A Dree Night,"[1] is however a valuable pendant to the well-known "Lyke Wake Dirge." SECTIONS X. and XI. may tell their own tale; while of SECTION XII. I need only say that, in citing the names of *Games* played in the North Riding, I by no means wish to imply that such diversions are joys unknown in other parts of the shire, and in the British Isles beyond.

It appears to me that our *Local Customs* (SECTION XIII.) and *Place and Personal Legends* (SECTION XV.) are of unusual interest. However frequently some of them may have appeared in books, it is well that the Folk-Lore Society should conserve them in one of its own. If ever a legend could lay claim to immortality it were surely that connected with the Penny-Hedge at Whitby[2] which still occasions annual ceremonial. Yet what says Mr. G. Markham Tweddell?[3] "A few years ago, during one of my press excursions, I called at the door of Ruswarp School-house, to inquire the best road to the site of the Eskdaleside Hermitage. The schoolmistress, an intelligent-looking young woman could give me no information on the subject; for—though the legend had been fully told in prose in the Local Histories of Charlton, Young, Ord and Robinson, and had been sung more or less at length in verse by Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Merryweather and Walker Ord—this teacher of history and geography to the future men

[1] See *post* pp. 225-227.

[2] *Post* pp. 344-348.

[3] *The People's History of Cleveland*, p. 33.

and women of Ruswarp, had never heard of it, though living within three miles of the place."

SECTION XIV., *Tales and Ballads*, offers a somewhat Barmecide feast, and we may leave it with an appetite, keen for good things which the literary larders of the North Riding certainly contain, and may, one day, "furnish forth." We should all rejoice that Mr. Blakeborough intends to publish some portion of his hoard of stories, which I wish he had been encouraged to relate in the dialect he speaks and writes with—as Lindley Murray hath it—"propriety." A southern reader might find it almost as easy to understand, as is the fashionable language of the "kail-yard" school. Mr. J. Horsfall Turner's design on the Ballads[1] weakens my regret that I have found so little of that kind of thing, undeniably of this district, to set my pen a-going. Of *Jingles, Proverbs, Nicknames, etc.*, and—save the mark!—*Etymology*, (SECTIONS XVI.–XIX.) I have, perhaps, "conveyed" less than some will look for: the previous activity of the Folk-Lore Society, and of special collectors outside its pale is, in part the cause of the scantiness of my gleaning. As regards *Proverbs* (SECTION XVII.) it is practically impossible to pick out one's own share. To distinguish those of the North Riding from those used on the opposite banks of the streams which enclose it, is a task that might have staggered Solomon himself. You may as well try to appropriate flies, playing about the window, to any particular pane, or claim property in the starlings which build about your house. Yorkshire people are certainly fond of proverbial expressions, and here, if anywhere, "the wit of one" does

[1] *Post* p. 381.

duty as "the wisdom of many"; but it would be ridiculous to assume that even half of the racy saws they use were home-made. It is the rich, broad speech in which they are uttered, that naturalizes them, and that causes them to seem shrewder and rarer than sayings heard where men speak mincingly. "Half a loaf is better than no bread" is true enough; but it comes short of the impressiveness of "Hawf a keeak is better than neea leeaf"; and "Ya'll a'e ti crack t' shells afoor ya can coont t' kon'ls" might be an axiom of one of the Seven Sages vouchsafed in his mother-tongue.

Mine is the pleasure of thanking, on behalf of the Folk-Lore Society, as well as on my own account, the various writers, editors, publishers, and representatives of penmen deceased, who have kindly permitted excerpts to be made from the books of unexpired copyright with which they are concerned. Whether we have asked little or much of our authors, etc., we have in no case but one had to brook refusal to reproduce their paragraphs. To the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and to Mr. William Camidge of York, I am indebted for material, if chiefly ghostly, aid; Mr. Blakeborough, who is a member of the Society, gave me a blank cheque to draw on his works, and was ever ready to confer when conference was needed; the Rev. Marmaduke F. C. Morris made us welcome to such of his good things as my subject could assimilate; while Mr. and Mrs. G. Markham Tweddell, and the Rev. T. Parkinson also admitted us, ungrudgingly, to their stores. We are allowed to profit by the industry of the Rev. J. E. Vaux, by Mrs. Macquoid's graphic narrations, and by the gentle folk-lore-loving Muse of the late Mrs. Phillips. Various helpful bits of infor-

mation are due to Mr. Edmund Bogg of Leeds, whose "constitutionals" of a thousand miles, in several directions have resulted in the agreeably chatty volumes placed to his count in my Bibliography. To all these authors, we are truly grateful, as well as to others, some living, some dead, whose names I thread upon a string of thankful recognition. They are: Messrs. S. O. Addy, John Ashton, W. J. Belt, the Rev. J. N. Bromehead, Mr. H. Chetwynd-Stapylton, the Rev. A. N. Cooper, Messrs. Isaac Cooper, John Fisher, George Franks, William Grainge, George Hardcastle, R. C. Hope, Fredk. Ross, John Routh, the Rev. George Shaw, Messrs. Martin Simpson, Harry Speight, William Stonehouse, the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott and the Rev. C. Whaley.

Editors have been very beneficent. The Editor of *Notes and Queries*, who "blesseth him that gives and him that takes," smiled on the bravery of Jack Horner when he thumbed so many North Riding plums from the pie; the ruler of the *Leisure Hour* allowed the transference of some thrilling matter from its pages; and I am able to give a very recent report of a Wishing-Well by favour of those who preside over the *Temple Magazine*. The firman of the *Teesdale Mercury* made me free of its *Tales and Traditions*, and of *The Lord Fitzhugh*; and Mr. J. Horsfall Turner was good enough to throw open the pages of the *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal* (now discontinued) which, however, unfortunately took more cognizance of the other Ridings than of that which Drayton termed the "elds't." Notes from *Arcana Fairfaxiana* are due to the courtesy of Mr. George Weddell. The Royal Archæological Institute, the Surtees, North-Riding Record, and, sometime, English

Dialect, Societies have granted all our petitions. What shall I say but "thanks and thanks and ever thanks"?

Acknowledgment of indebtedness to publishers may well begin with that to Messrs. Green and Son of Beverley, without whose permission the copious extracts from Messrs. Whellan's admirable compilation might not have been enjoyed. Messrs. Chatto and Windus gave readily what was asked for, as regards Mrs. Macquoid's *About Yorkshire*, and Mr. William Jones's *Finger-Ring Lore*; and they are in harmony with Mr. John Ashton in approving of our presentment of the bullet-proof "Boy." Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. allowed citation from the late Chancellor Raine's *York* in the "Historic Town Series"; Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd., from Mr. Leyland's *Yorkshire Coast*; Messrs. Skeffington & Son from Miss Arnold-Forster's *Studies in Church Dedications*; Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. from Mr. Fletcher's *Picturesque History of Yorkshire*; Messrs. F. Warne and Co. from Mr. Timbs' *Abbeys and Castles*, etc., and the *Romance of London*; Mr. B. T. Batsford from the book on *Windows* by Mr. Lewis Day. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., endowed us with some quotations from Mr. Norway's *Highways and Byways in Yorkshire*, Miss Keary's *Memoir of Annie Keary*, Stephen Yorke's (Miss Linskill's) *Tales of the North Riding*, and with two from the late Canon Atkinson's *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*. I would fain have drawn deep draughts from the Danbeian spring, but there were reasons against the indulgence, and the tantalizing index I substitute for that for which we thirst, must serve. It is from Mrs. Atkinson, widow of its author, that I have leave to take such passages as it seems desirable to reproduce from the

famous *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect.* My gleaning in Mr. J. Brogden Baker's *History of Scarborough* and in *Old Yorkshire,* 2nd Series, was justified by Messrs. Goodall and Suddick of Leeds; Mr. Johnson of the same city, and Messrs. Bulmer of Penrith have let me enter their fields, and Mr. John Sampson of York has rendered more services than I can specify. That the *Handbook for Travellers in Yorkshire* lends help, is due to the favour of Mr. John Murray, who furthermore allowed the reproduction of his "Horn of Ulphus" block. Messrs. Horne and Son (Whitby), Mr. C. E. Cookes (Richmond), and Messrs. Rapp and Sons (Saltburn), publishers of useful *Guides* to their respective districts, have also forwarded my design. I beg that each and all of these benefactors will accept my acknowledgment of the value of such co-operation; and that they, Miss Weatherill and Mr. Sutcliffe of Whitby, Mr. C. A. Federer of Bradford, and others, with whom I have corresponded during the progress of this work, will credit me with a just and grateful appreciation of their kindness.

E. G.

HOLGATE LODGE, YORK.

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[1] When a title or author's name is printed in Italics in the text, reference without direct citation is implied.

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[1] ATKINSON. *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*: Reminiscences and Researches in Danby in Cleveland. By Rev. J. C. ATKINSON, D.C.L., Incumbent of the Parish. London 1891.

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[1] Indexed only, except in two cases.

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EASTMEAD. *Historia Rievallensis.* Containing the History of Kirby Moorside, and an account of the most important Places in the Vicinity, etc. By the Rev. W. EASTMEAD, author of "Observations on Human Life," and Honorary Member of the Yorkshire, Hull, and Whitby Literary and Philosophical Societies. London 1824.

ELEGY. *A Dog's Elegy or Rupert's Tears.* For the late Defeat given him at *Marston moore* neer York by the Three Renowned Generalls *Alexander Earl of* Leven *Generall of the Scottish Forces,* Fardinando *Lord* Fairfax, *and the Earle* of Manchester, *Generalls of the English Forces* in the North. Where his beloved Dog named BOY was killed by a Valliant Soldier, who had skill in *Necromancy. Likewise the strange breed of this Shagg'd Cavalier whelp'd of a Malignant* Water-witch. *With all his Tricks and Feats.*

Sad Cavalier Rupert invites you all,
That doe survive, to his Dog's Funerall,
Close-mourners are the Witch, Pope, and Devill,
That much lament yo'r late befallen evill.

Printed at London for G. B., July 27, 1644.

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G. A. W. *The Well of Roan.* A Poem. By G. A. W. Richmond. Printed for the author by M. Bell, 1830.

GENT. *The Antient and Modern History of the Famous City of York*; and in a particular Manner of its magnificent Cathedral commonly called York Minster . . . down to the Third Year of the Reign of His Present Majesty King George the Second, etc. The whole diligently collected by T. G. Sold by Thomas Hammond, Jun., Bookseller in High Ousegate; at the Printing Office in Coffee Yard: And by A. Bettesworth in Pater-Noster-Row, London. MDCCXXX.

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GILL. *Vallis Eboracensis*: comprising the History and Antiquities of Easingwold and its Neighbourhood. By Thomas GILL. London 1852.

GOMME. *The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland,* with Tunes, Singing-Rhymes and Methods of Playing, according to the Variants Extant and Recorded in different Parts of the Kingdom. Corrected and annotated by Alice Bertha GOMME. 2 Vols. London 1894 and 1898.

GRAINGE. *The Vale of Mowbray.* A Historical and Topographical Account of Thirsk and its Neighbourhood. By William GRAINGE. London 1859.

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GRAVES. *The History of Cleveland in the North Riding of the County of York.* By the Rev. John GRAVES. Carlisle 1808.

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[1] HENDERSON. *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders.* A new Edition, with many additional Notes. By William HENDERSON, author of "My Life as an Angler." London 1879. [F.-L.S.]

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INGLEDEW (2). *The Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire.* Transcribed from private Manuscripts, Rare Broadsides, and Scarce Publications, with Notes and a Glossary. By C. J. Davison INGLEDEW, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.H.S. London 1860.

JENKINS. *The Only Genuine and Authentic Edition of the Life and Memoirs of that Surprising and Wonderful Man, Henry Jenkins*, commonly called Old Jenkins of Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire, who lived to the astonishing age of 169 Years and upwards, which is seventeen years longer than old Parr, and the oldest man to be met with in the Annals of England. Written from his own dictation at the age of One Hundred and Sixty-three Years. By Mrs. Anne Saville of Bolton, in Yorkshire, where a Monument is erected to his Memory by Public Subscription, an Abstract of which was published in the 3rd Volume of Philosophical Transactions, and also under his Print by Worlodge. Printed for the Editor by J. A. Gilmour, Market Place, Salisbury. [This chap-book, which professes to be a re-publication Mrs. Saville's, has 32 pp. devoted to "A Collection of 604 Valuable Receipts given to Mrs. Saville by Henry Jenkins. *N.B.*—All these receipts which have either of these marks *. † were proved by Mrs. Saville."]

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KEARY. *Memoir of Annie Keary.* By her Sister. (2nd thousand.) London 1882.

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LEEDS. *The Dialect of Leeds and its Neighbourhood.* Illustrated by Conversations and Tales of Common Life, etc., to which are added a Copious Glossary; Notices of the various Antiquities, Manners, and Customs, and General Folk-lore of the District. London MDCCCLXII.

LELAND. *The Itinerary of John Leland the Antiquary.* In nine volumes. Published by Mr. Thomas Hearne. The third edition printed from Mr. Hearne's corrected copy in the Bodleian Library. Oxford MDCCLXX.

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LEYLAND. *The Yorkshire Coast and the Cleveland Hills and Dales.* By John LEYLAND. London 1892.

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N. AND Q. *Notes and Queries.* A Medium of Intercommunication. London 1849—1899.

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RAINE. *York.* (Historic Towns Series.) By James RAINE, M.A., D.C.L., Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of York, and Secretary of the Surtees Society. London 1893.

RECORDS. *The North Riding Record Society,* for the publication of original Documents relating to the North Riding of Yorkshire. Quarter Sessions Records, "Minutes and Orders." Edited by the Rev. J. C. ATKINSON. London 1884, etc.

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STONEHOUSE. *Tom Keld's Hole.* A Story of Goathland, N.E. Yorkshire. By W. STONEHOUSE. 2nd edition. Whitby 1880.

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TIMBS. *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales.* By John TIMBS. Re-edited, revised, and enlarged by Alexander GUNN. 3 Vols. (Chandos Library.) London, n.d.

TIMBS (2). *The Romance of London.* By John TIMBS, F.S.A. (Chandos Library.) 3 Vols. London, n.d.

TRIAL. *The Trial, Conviction, Condemnation, Confession, and Execution of William Smith* for poisoning his Father-in-Law, William Harper, and William and Anne Harper, his Children, at Ingleby Manor, in Yorkshire, by mixing Arsenick in a Good Friday Cake, who was tried on Monday, the 13th of August, at the Assizes held at the Castle in York, before Mr. Sergeant Eyre, and executed on Wednesday the 15th, and afterwards dissected by the Surgeons of that Place. London MDCCLIII.

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TWEDDELL, G. M. *Glossary* [appended to the foregoing work] *abridged from "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage."* By George Markham TWEDDELL, Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society.

TWYFORD and GRIFFITHS. *Records of York Castle, Fortress, Court-House, and Prison.* By A. W. TWYFORD, Governor of H.M. Prison, York Castle, and Major Arthur GRIFFITHS, author of "Memoirs of Milbank," etc. London MDCCCLXXX.

UNDER A CLOUD. *Under a Cloud.* By the author of "The Atelier du Lys," etc. London n.d.

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W. GAZETTE. *The Whitby Gazette,* a weekly paper. Whitby.

WHALEY. *The Parish of Askrigg, in the County of York, including Low Abbotside and Bainbridge.* Its History, Associations, Customs, Trades, Celebrities, etc. By the Rev. C. WHALEY, M.A., Vicar of Askrigg. London [cir. 1891].

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WHITBY REP. *The Whitby Repository and Monthly Miscellany.* Religious, Sentimental, Literary, and Scientific. Whitby. Horne, v.d. from 1825. A New Series, published by Kirby, began in 1831, and *The Whitby Repository or Album of Local Literature*, New Series, was issued by King, 1866, etc.

WHITE. *A Month in Yorkshire.* By Walter WHITE. London 1858.

WONDER. *The Wonder of Wonders, or Strange News from Newton in York-shire.* Being a True and Perfect Relation of a Gentleman turn'd into a statue of Stone, which Statue stands now in the Garden of Goodman *Wilford*, a sufficient Farmer living in the same Town, Together with the occasion of the Fright upon Himself, Wife, and Maid, by four Persons upon the 12th of May, 1675. Set forth to prevent Surreptitious Reports. Printed in the year 1675.

Y. F. *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal, with Notes Comical and Dialectic.* Edited by J. Horsfall TURNER, Idel, Bradford. Vol. I. Bingley 1888. [Subsequently incorporated with "Yorkshire Notes and Queries."]

Y. G. *The Yorkshire Gazette*, a weekly newspaper. York.

Y. H. *The York and Yorkshire Herald*, a daily newspaper. York.

YORKE. *Tales of the North Riding.* By Stephen YORKE. 2 vols. London 1871.

YOUNG. *A History of Whitby and Streoneshalh Abbey, etc.* By the Rev. George YOUNG. 2 vols. Whitby 1817.

FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTH RIDING, ETC., OF YORKSHIRE

SECTION I.

NATURAL OR INORGANIC OBJECTS.

HILLS AND CLIFFS.

Freeburgh or Freebrough Hill. Freebrough Hill [five miles S. of Castleton is] a remarkable circular elevation, like a gigantic tumulus. An almost extinct piece of folk-lore asserts that Arthur and his knights lie within the hill, like the great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the vaults of Kifhäuser, ready to start forth in their appointed season.[1] It is natural, since a sand-stone quarry has been opened in its side; but the name indicates that the court of the Anglian 'Freeburgh' or Tything (above which was the Hundred court) used to assemble here. (There is another such conical hill at Fryup, and Whorlton Hill is of the same character, though less pointed.)—MURRAY, p. 228.

See also under PLACE, &C., LEGENDS; **Richmond Castle**, p. 406.

[1] [It was. John Hall Stevenson, author of *Crazy Tales*, who, in *A Cleveland Prospect* (1736), wrote the often repeated line quoted by ORD, p. 265:

'Freebro's huge mount immortal Arthur's tomb.'

BULMER scruples not to declare (p. 97): 'Its connection with the illustrious and mythical Arthur exists only in the imagination of the poet'—whether of Stevenson, or of the whole genus, is not clear.]

Pudding-pye Hill, Nr. Sowerby, Thirsk. The popular legend is that this hill was raised by the Fairies, who had their residence within; and if any person should run nine times round it, and then stick a knife into the centre of the top, then place their ear to the ground, they would hear the Fairies conversing inside. — GRAINGE, p. 167.

Roseberry. Towards the weste there stands a highe hill called Roseberry Toppinge, which is a marke to the seamen and an almanacke to the vale, for they have this ould ryme common,

> 'When Roseberrye Toppinge weares a cappe
> Let Cleveland then beware a clappe.'

For indeed yt seldome hath a cloude on yt that some yll weather shortly followes yt not, when not farre from thence on a mountayne's syde there are cloudes almoste contynually smoakinge, and therefore called the Divell's Kettles, which notwithstandinge prognostycate neither good nor badde; . . . yt hath somtymes had an hermitage on yt, and a small smith's forge cut out of the rock, together with a clefte or cut in the rocke called St. Winifryd's Needle, whither blynde devotyon led many a syllie soule, not without hazard of a breaknecke tumblinge caste, while they attempted to put themselves to a needlesse payne creepyng through that needle's eye.—H. TR., pp. 409, 410.

Roulston Scar, Hambleton Hills. In some parts the rock is perpendicular, and has the appearance of an irregularly built castle. The foreground of this for fifty or one hundred yards is covered with massive blocks of stone, evidently thrown off by some convulsion of nature. On the side of the rocky wall is a fissure opening into a small, narrow cavern, called the Devil's parlour, from the common disposition to attribute what is at once gloomy and marvellous

to infernal agency,—especially when in any way connected with heathen worship, of which there are not wanting traditions in the immediate vicinity. For instance, the vale below dividing Roulston Crag from Hood Hill is called '*The Happy Valley*,' but the intermediate distance is less auspiciously named '*The Devil's Leap*,' for which this reason is given by the village oracles. The Happy Valley was a famous retreat of the ancient Druids, who without molestation or disturbance had for centuries practised their incantations upon the poor deluded inhabitants. When the first Christian missionaries visited Yorkshire, they sought out the hidden retreats of Druidism, and one of them had penetrated the Happy Valley to the no small dismay of the Druidical priest. The ancient Britons listened patiently to the statements of the Christian missionary, weighed the evidences in their own minds, and were perplexed as to their future procedure. In this dilemma a conference was appointed, in which the advocates of Druidism and Christianity were to meet in public contest in order to decide which of the two systems had the best claim to their worship and submission. The meeting, as usual, was appointed in the open air, at the foot of Roulston Crag. The intellectual assailants met, and the devil, in the garb of a Druidical priest, came with the worshippers of Baal.

Hood Hill. The Evil One placed his foot on one of those mountain rocks, and being foiled in his arguments by the powerful reasoning of the missionary, flapped his brazen wings and fled across the valley with the stone adhering to his foot, the heat of which (they say) melted a hole in the top, until he came to the ridge of Hood Hill, where he dropped the massive block, leaving the missionary the undisputed master of the field. This account will of course be received as a legend, but it is a matter of fact that a large stone weighing from sixteen to twenty tons of the same rock as Roulston Scar, is deposited on the ridge

of Hood Hill, bearing a mark on the top not unlike a large footprint.—GILL, pp. 224, 225.

Whitestone Cliff. I am well acquainted with the Hambletons, and therefore with that part of the range called the Whitestone Cliff, sometimes called White-Mare-Crag, but more generally by the population of the neighbourhood the *White Mear*—which latter is simply a corruption of White Mare. The legend . . . is variously told, according to the imagination of those who relate it. In my boyhood its most popular form was this—that a white mare on which was mounted a young lady, an only child, took fright and bounded over the cliff, and by some relators it was stated that the remains of the young lady were never found. I think it more probable that the name was derived from the supposed resemblance of the face of the cliff to an object of worship by the ancient Britons—T. B., N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. vi., p. 419.[1]

The cliff is of limestone, and derives its name from its colour—White-stone Cliff. The appellation White Mare, sometimes given to it, is said to be from an unruly racer of that colour which broke from the training ground near at hand, and with her rider leaped down the cliff. A doggerel rhyme, current in the neighbourhood, says:

> 'When Hambleton Hills are covered with corn and hay,
> The white mare of Whit'sn'cliff will lead it away.'
>
> GRAINGE, p. 354.

It is more probable that it received its name from some fancied resemblance, if not artificial similitude in the face of the rock, to a well-known object of British idolatrous worship, such as that which gave the name to the Vale

[1] [A legend of the 'Ingoldsby' type concerning the Cliff is told by the Rev. Richard Abbay, M.A., in a volume of verse entitled *The Castle of Knaresbro and the White Mare of Whitestone Cliff.* The story, which the present collector takes to be a clever figment, is given in an abridged form by PARKINSON, 2nd S., pp. 95-100.]

of White Horse in Berkshire.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 678.[1]

STONES.

Blakey Topping, etc. *Bridestones.*—Picturesque pillars of rock on our moors, particularly near Blakey Topping, at which love and marriage ceremonies were practised in former times, as these rites of the ancient Britons are recorded to have taken place near their Cromlechs or altar-stones. Formed by long aqueous and atmospheric action dispersing the softer parts and leaving the harder standing (such being the cause assigned for their appearance), one among the shapes has been likened to a gigantic mush-room, being 30 feet high, 20 feet broad at the top, on a stalk only three feet broad in one part and seven feet in another.—ROBINSON, pp. 26, 27.

[High Bride Stones and Low Bride Stones are on Sleights Moor, and the Bride Stones on Blakey Moor.—See YOUNG, vol. ii., pp. 665, 775.]

Gatherley Moor. It is said that the devil was once very much vexed with the Hartforth people, who were perhaps too good for him; finding a stone of enormous bulk and weight, to the south of Gilling, his majesty, in his rage,

[1] The figure of a white horse is visible on the brow of the Hambleton hills. It was cut in 1857 under the direction of a Mr. Taylor, born at Kilburn (a village under the hill), who, living in London, wished to render his native district conspicuous by this rival of the famous Berkshire steed. The white effect is produced by lime laid on the earth from which the turf has been removed. It covers nearly two acres.—MURRAY, p. 236. Its total length is 180 feet, the height 80 feet.—T. B., N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. vi., p. 420. [PLENDERLEATH, p. 31, who tells of this performance, speaks also on the same page of a horse "on Roulston Hill, near Northwaite in Yorkshire . . . measuring about 30 feet by 40 feet, and in very good proportion," which is said to have been cut by a journeyman mason as a memorial of his stay in the neighbourhood. The author has evolved two horses out of one, and either he or his printer has invented Northwaite.]

raised the ponderous mass in one hand, and uttering this extraordinary couplet,

'Have at thee, Black Hartforth,
But have a care o' Bonny Gilling!'

cast it from him with all his strength. It would appear that the devil's vision is of a rather telescopic character, for, as luck would have it, he missed his aim, and the stone, which flew whizzing through the air, at last fell harmless far beyond the former place; and now lies, bearing the impression of his unholy fingers, on the rising ground to the north side of Gaterley Moor.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 120.

Hart Leap. On the ridge between Fryup and Glazedale are two stones each 2 ft. high, placed at a distance of 42 ft., and on one of them are the words HART LEAP—the stones being erected to commemorate the fact that a hart, when on the point of being seized by the dogs, made a desperate but ineffectual effort to escape by bounding over the space marked out.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 797.

See, too, **Hart-leap Well**, p. 27.

Lunedale. In the corner of a field, on the right of the road between Nettlepot and Wemmergill, is an immense mass of rock, very similar to the celebrated rocking stones of Derbyshire and Cornwall, and known as Robin Hood's Peniston. . . . The local tradition about it is this. Once upon a time Robin Hood and his men were amusing themselves on the top of Shacklesborough, when the bold outlaw picked up a very large stone, placed it upon the toes of his right foot, and after swinging it backward and forward twice or thrice, tilted it with amazing force in the direction of Lunedale. As it went spinning through the air a portion detached itself and fell to the ground in Kelton. The remaining piece sped on all the faster for that incident, and at last alighted

in its present position in Sleight's Pasture, and has ever since been called Robin Hood's Penistone.—FITZHUGH.

Obtrush Roque. See GOBLINDOM, *Hobmen*, p. 133.

Scarborough. *The Blue Stone.*—In High Tollergate . . . is a stone of great antiquity. It is about two feet six inches long, about the same height and one foot three inches wide, and is yet called *The Market Stone.* Here, tradition says, the market was held; and the stone was the table, or counter, if you please, where the money was deposited. . . . It is not larger than two men might lift. I have no doubt of its antiquity, or its use; but from the name of *Tollergate*, the end of which buts near the stone, and where you enter the town, a toll, no doubt, has been taken; which to avoid, business may have been transacted here, which is out of the precincts.—HUTTON, pp. 162, 163.

I feel sure [it] was a caaba or clach dhu, or a centre of sacred feelings and superstitions and a witness or watchman to compact, and bargains and oaths.—BAKER, p. 314.

See also under GOBLINDOM, *Conjuring stone*, p. 86.

See also under FESTIVALS, *Battering Stone*, p. 250; *Rambleations Stone, ib.*

Semerwater. *Carlow Stone.*—The story is that the stone named Carlow Stone (which is said to bear supernatural marks) was one of many hurled by some despairing genius of this remote valley, upon a city that once stood here, which was renowned for its pride and selfishness.—SPEIGHT, p. 475.

Mermaid Stones.—We walked round the foot of the lake, and saw on the margin, near the break where the Bain flows out, two big stones which have lain in their present position ever since the devil and a giant pelted

one another from hill to hill across the water. To corroborate the legend, there yet remain on the stones, the marks—and prodigious ones they are—of the Evil One's hands. . . . Besides the satanic missiles, there are stones somewhere on the brink of the lake known as the 'Mermaid Stones' but not one of us knew where to look for them.—WHITE, pp. 247, 248.

Stone-raise, Stan-raise, or Stan-rise. Formerly a road ran past this place, from Bolton Castle over Greenborough Edge, to Skipton Castle in Craven. Along this road a party of horsemen was passing from the one stronghold to the other, and, being met by wild and tempestuous weather and becoming wearied they dismounted, and rested themselves under the shadow of Stanraise. Whilst thus resting they swore that they would

> 'From Bolton to Skipton Castle go
> Whether God would or no.'

As a mark of the Divine displeasure at this profanity, the earth at the foot of the cairn opened, and swallowed up the whole party.—PARKINSON, 2nd S., pp. 167, 168.

Whitby. *Wade* [is] an imaginary being, connected with some monstrous fables long current in this neighbourhood. This Wade and his wife and son, possessed the powers of the ancient Cyclops, or rather of the Titans, whose mighty grasp could lift the hills and toss the ponderous rocks. To their gigantic operations are ascribed the castles of Mulgrave and Pickering, the Roman road supposed to communicate between them, several druidical stones in the vicinity, with other works equally stupendous. (*Footnote.*) In the building of Mulgrave and Pickering castles, Wade and his wife, whose name was Bell, divided their labours, a single giant being sufficient for rearing each castle; but having only one hammer between them, it

was necessary to toss it backward and forward, giving a shout every time it was thrown, that when the one threw it to Mulgrave or to Pickering the other might be ready to catch it! The Roman road which is called *Wade's causey*, or *Wade's wife's causey*, was formed by them in a trice, Wade paving and Bell bringing him stones; once or twice her apron strings gave way leaving a large heap of stones on the spot! . . . Young Wade, even when an infant, could throw a rock several tons weight to a vast distance; for one day when his mother was milking her cow near Swarthoue, the child, whom she had left on Sleights moor, became impatient for the breast, and seizing a stone of vast size, heaved it across the valley in wrath, and hit his mother with such violence, that though she was not materially hurt, her body made an impression on the stone which remained indelible, till the stone itself was broken up, a few years ago, to mend the highways! According to one edition of these fables, *Wade's wife's causey* was laid to accommodate her in crossing the moors to milk her cow. The cow, it seems, partook of the gigantic stature of her owners; and, above 100 years ago, some wag contrived to make the jawbone of a young whale pass for a rib of Bell Wade's cow. The precious relic was long shown under this name at old Mulgrave castle; it now lies neglected in the joiner's shop beside the present Mulgrave castle. It is 4 ft. long and 3 or 4 inches in diameter, and is carved all over with initials, representing the names of numerous pilgrims who formerly repaired to Mulgrave, to present their offerings at the shrine of credulity.—YOUNG, vol. ii., pp. 724, 725.

A stone above East Barnby, which once had another near it, is said to mark out the grave of a giant called Wade; but that honour is assigned by another tradition to two similar pillars near Goldsbrough, standing about 100 feet asunder. (*Footnote.*) The tradition is

uniform in connecting these stones with giant Wade, but not in counting them his grave stones.

YOUNG, vol. ii., pp. 665, 666 and *note.*

Whitby. Robin Hood (or Robert earl of Huntingdon) celebrated for his predatory exploits, is said to have died in the year 1247. According to tradition, he and his trusty mate Little John went to dine with one of the abbots of Whitby, and being desired by the abbot to try how far each of them could shoot an arrow, they both shot from the top of the abbey, and their arrows fell on the west side of Whitby Lathes, beside the lane leading from thence to Stainsacre; that of Robin Hood falling on the north side of the lane, and that of Little John about 100 feet further on the south side of the lane. In the spot where Robin's arrow is said to have lighted stands a stone pillar about a foot square, and 4 feet high; and a similar pillar 2½ feet high, marks the place where John's arrow fell. The fields on the one side are called *Robin Hood closes,* and those on the other *Little John closes.* They are so named in the conveyance dated in 1713 from Hugh Cholmley, Esq. . . . The tradition is scarcely credible, the distance of those pillars from the abbey being about a mile and a half. Much more incredible is the tradition, that Robin shot an arrow from the height where Stoupe Brow beacon[1] is placed right across the bay to the town which bears his name; having resolved to build a town where the arrow lighted. To the south of that beacon are two or three *tumuli* or *barrows,* called *Robin Hood's butts,* from a fabulous story of his using them as butts, when he exercised his men in shooting.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 647, *note.*

[1] Some lay the scene of the exploit at Swarthoue, a tumulus north of Whitby, several miles across the country.—ROBINSON, p. xviii.

MOUNDS.

Dalton. At Dalton in the parish of Topcliffe there was formerly an old cornmill, with a miller's house adjoining. . . In the front of the miller's house there was a long ridge or mound, known as the 'Giant's Grave,' and in the mill was preserved a long, straight instrument, like a large sword or uncurved scythe-blade, believed to have been the giant's knife. These mementoes were regarded as vouchers for the truth of the story of the Giant of Dalton Mill. . . . One day the giant of Dalton captured a youth, on the adjoining wilds of Pilmoor, whom he led home, and kept secluded in the mill doing all the servile work, but always denied liberty or recreation. Jack . . . determined to have a holiday at the approaching Topcliffe fair. The fair day came—one of the hot days of July—and after a hearty meal, the giant lay down in the mill for his afternoon nap, still holding the knife with which he had been cutting his loaf of bone bread; but, as sleep overpowered him his fingers relaxed their hold of the weapon. Jack gently drew the knife from his grasp, and then firmly raising it with both hands, drove the blade into the single eye of the monster. He awoke with a fearful howl, but with presence of mind to close the mill door, and so prevent the escape of his assailant. Jack was fairly trapped, but his native ingenuity came to his aid. Being blinded, the giant could only grope for him. A large dog also lay asleep in the mill. To slay this, and hurriedly take off its skin, was the work but of a few minutes. This skin he then threw around himself; and running on all fours and barking like the dog, he passed between the giant's legs got to the door, and unbarring it quickly escaped. Death claimed its victim, but the grave and the knife have survived to avouch the story to posterity.

PARKINSON, 2nd S., pp. 235, 236.

Sessay. New Mill is a corn mill and farm. . . . There is

a tradition that a giant was buried beneath a tumulus near this mill.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 332.

The family who owned Sessay from early times to the days of Henry VII. was that of the Darells. The heirs-male of this family failed in the reign of that king and the heiress of all the broad lands and manors was a daughter—a strong-minded young woman, named Joan Darell. About the same time a strange monster began to haunt the woods around the village. He was a huge brute in human form—legs like elephants' legs, arms of a corresponding size, a face most fierce to look upon with only one eye placed in the midst of his forehead; a mouth as large as a lion's and garnished with teeth as long as the prongs of a hayfork. His only clothing was a cow's hide fastened across his breast, with the hair outwards; while over his shoulder he usually carried a stout young tree, torn up by the roots, as a club for offence and defence. Now and then he made the woods ring with demoniacal laughter; now and then with savage unearthly growls. . . He had a ravenous appetite and daily visited the farmers' herds . . . [or] he paid a visit to the neighbouring miller . . . [or] he would carry off a delicate maiden from some village home or a child from the cradle. . . . There came a gallant young soldier . . . Guy son of Sir John D'Aunay (or Dawnay), of Cowick Castle in South Yorkshire to pay a visit to Joan Darell. . . . He went directly to the point, and told the strong-minded spinster, . . . that he thought a union of the property of the Darells and the Dawnays would serve to build up a great family estate. Would she wed him . . . ? She . . . consented on one condition . . . 'Slay the monster who is desolating our fields and spreading such lamentation and woe over the village. Rid us of this brute and my hand is yours.' 'Willingly will I try' was the response; 'and if I fall I shall fall in a good cause.' 'See there comes the giant!' cried the lady . . . seeing the monster stalking out of the wood, with his club over his

shoulder, towards the mill. 'Truly he is a fearful adversary!' exclaimed the champion as he . . . proceeded to buckle on his sword. On went the giant towards the mill evidently bent on fetching his usual sack of meal. The miller saw him and trembled, but took no steps to protect his property. The mill was one of those the top of which with sails, turns on a pivot with the wind. Suddenly as the giant was drawing the sack out of the window, the wind changed, and swept the sails round to the side on which he was. Round came the arms or sails, and one of them catching the monster on the head, sent him stunned on his back to the ground. Young Sir Guy saw his opportunity, ran up, and before the giant recovered his senses, drove his sword through the brute's one eye into his brain. There were great rejoicings in all the country round. Next day an immense trench was dug, and the enormous carcase rolled into it and buried, amid shouts of blessing upon the deliverer. Not many weeks afterwards the bells of Sessay rang merrily at the wedding of Joan Darell and young Sir Guy Dawnay—from whom I suppose, is descended the respected family of that name which still, I believe, owns the place.—PARKINSON, 1st S., pp. 235-239.

See also under PLACE, ETC., LEGENDS; *Dawnay*, p. 412.

FOSSILS.

Whitby. Mira res est videre serpentes apud Streneshalc in orbes giratos, et inclementia cæli, vel ut monachi ferunt, precibus D. Hildæ, in lapides concretos.—LELAND (2), vol. iv., 39.

Here are found certain stones resembling the wreaths and folds of a serpent, the strange frolicks of nature, which (as one says) she forms for diversion after a toilsome application to serious business. For one would believe them to have been serpents crusted over with a bark of stone. Fame ascribes them to the power of *Hilda's* prayers, as if she had transform'd them.—CAMDEN, p. 751.

A number of petrifications, much resembling snakes without heads, being found in the rock under the cliff near Streanshalh, the common people, ever since the time of Hilda, have believed that these were all originally real snakes, which abounded in the skroggs and rocks within the harbour, and all along the coast, when Hilda and her Nuns first came from Hartlepool to reside at Streanshalh ; and that, being filled with terror thereat, she prayed to God that he would cause them all to crawl down the cliff, and be converted into stones. Hence, on account of this supposed miracle, they are to this day vulgarly called St Hilda's stones, having the appearance of snakes rolled up in coils, but without heads. These are what the naturalists call Amonitæ.—CHARLTON, p. 32.

It is a constant tradition among the vulgar in this part of Yorkshire, that . . . they were whipped over our Cliff by Lady Hilda with a certain holy or magical wand ; when losing their heads by the fall, they were afterwards at her fervent prayer, converted into stones and assumed the figure we now find them in. But enough of this ; let us now proceed.—CHARLTON, pp. 353, 354; POLY-OLBION, Song 28 ; MARMION, Canto ii.

Thunner-bolts, the petrified remains of a kind of cuttle-fish in the Whitby lias, resembling tubes of various lengths and thicknesses tapering to a point. These are thunder-bolts, we are told, that have fallen in former times ! and like the British flint arrow-heads are applied to the cure of disordered cattle. See Awf-shots [LEECHCRAFT, pp. 181, 182]. The fossil bones of the Saurians in the same strata belong to the angels who were cast out of heaven for their rebellion ; while the elephants' teeth met with in this part, are those of the mythological giants. The nodules or globular stones yielded by the same shale, are balls which have fallen to the earth from heaven's (perhaps Miltonic) artillery. They are sometimes found in couples,

linked in the bed by bars of their own or a similar material, like chain-shot.—ROBINSON, p. 199.

Haggomsteeans, Addersteeans, or Hooaleysteeans. The first three names belong to the perforated fragments of the grey alum shale found on our beach, the round holes being viewed as the work of the shell-fish called the 'borer,' though tradition assigns the punctures to the sting of the adder. As 'lucky stones' they are hung to the street door key for prosperity to the house and its inmates, as the horse-shoe is nailed to the entrance for the same purpose. Suspended in the stables, as are also the holed flints that are met with, 'they prevent the witches riding the horses,' and protect the animals from illness. Holy stones are those artificial formations connected with the oracular ceremonies of past ages; and it is recorded that one of these uprights called the Needle, stood in the vicinity of the west pier at Whitby, through the eye of which rickety children were drawn in order to strengthen them; a custom practised in some parts to this day. Lovers also pledged themselves by joining hands through the hole, especially in the case of young mariners bound on their voyage; and when the holes were large enough, people crept through them 'so many times' to cure pains in the back!—ROBINSON, pp. 85, 86.

TREASURE.

Addleborough.—Tradition tells of a giant who was once travelling with a chest of gold on his back from Skipton Castle to Pendragon; while crossing Addleborough he felt weary, and his burden slipped, but recovering himself he cried

'Spite of either God or man,
To Pendragon Castle thou shalt gang!'

when it fell from his shoulders, sank into the earth, and the stones rose over it. There the chest remained, and still

remains, only to be recovered by the fortunate mortal to whom the fairy may appear in the form of a hen or an ape. He has then but to stretch forth his arm, seize the chest, and drag it out, in silence if he can, at all events without swearing, or he will fail as did that unfortunate wight, who uttering an oath in the moment of success, lost his hold of the treasure, and saw the fairy no more as long as he lived.—WHITE, p. 246.

On the south bluff of Addlebrough is an immense cairn, and under a large heap of stones, called Stone Raise, there slept in peace, for centuries, a chieftain of the old Celtic race; but tradition reported that vast wealth was hidden in the 'Golden Chest on Greenbar' as the spot is called, and so for either curiosity or greed of gain, the ancient chieftain's resting-place has been rudely disturbed.—BOGG (2), p. 171.

Treasure suspected in barrows, see *Atkinson*, pp. 139, 140.

Guisborough. See under PLACE, &C., LEGENDS; *Subterranean Passages*, p. 394.

Harmby. Half a century ago there stood an antique residence at the bottom of the village, known as the Manor House; adjoining was the Chapel of All Saints. There is a story handed down by our fathers for many generations, of a wealth of buried treasure in this vicinity; let us hope some native of the village will in dreams ere long have the treasure located.—BOGG (2), p. 105.

On Hertay opposite to Helagh is a large barrow of stones and gravel, which has been imperfectly opened, and of which tradition reports that it contains an iron chest filled with money. This affords some encouragement to a farther search, as we have seen that a similar tradition in the parish of Romaldkirk had previously attached to a place

where a valuable deposit of old English coin was really found.—WHITAKER, vol. i., p. 315.

Middleham—William Hill. South of the castle is 'William Hill,' Ghilpatric the Dane's Fort, round which tradition fables, whoever shall run nine times without stopping, will find a door open in the mound, which will admit him to marvellous treasures. But this feat has never been attempted; simply because it is physically impossible to say nothing of the absurdity.—COOKES, p. 99.

Pickhill—Picts' Hill. There is a large mound at Pickhill called Picts' Hill. A recent excavation led to no other result than proof of artificial construction.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 50.

Mother Shipton is said to have prophesied that Pickhill would never thrive till a certain family became extinct, and Picks, or Money Hill, cut open. Once upon a time, an old man dreamed that there was an archway in it containing a black chest, locked with three locks, and containing the money which gave the name. Well, the family did become extinct in 1850, and Money Hill was cut open in 1851. And in this manner. The Leeds and Thirsk Railway came up to it; and though it naturally formed part of its embankment, and the line passes over it, the directors ordered it to be cut open. The old man, the dreamer, was still alive, and pointed out the spot wherein the archway lay. The men of the rail riddled and cut through the mount in all directions, but their exertions were mocked, and nothing was found save in the foss, where portions of tile and a small brick, vitrified on one side, and fragments of urns, and a carved and perforated piece of thin iron, like the crest of a helmet, were discovered. —LONGSTAFFE, *Preface*, p. x.

Nr. Thimbleby Banks, north of Silton. At a small farmstead immediately in the plain below, called Nunhouse,

tradition says there is a bull's skin full of gold hid in the earth.—GRAINGE, p. 327.

Thoresby. Some fifty years ago, a young servant girl living on a farm at Thoresby, dreamt on more than one occasion dreams with which she was much impressed. The subject of the dreams was a large treasure buried in the earth at a certain place on the farm. At length she went and dug there, and found a bronze vessel containing a great quantity of coins, many of which she distributed amongst her acquaintances and friends. On hearing of the discovery of the coins, the lord of the manor made claim to them. The young woman having disposed of most of them, became so terribly frightened about the consequences, that she fled from Thoresby and never returned. There are people in this district possessing bronze coins, given to them or their friends by the young woman from this treasure trove.—BOGG (2), p. 142; (3), p. 241.

See also under PLACE, &C., LEGENDS; **Upsall Castle,** pp. 408, 409.

Richmond Castle. The station of the chamberlain, is the Golden Tower, or Gold Hole, being so named from a story of treasure having been found in it. Some years ago an excavation was made to find either an entrance to it from the court, or more gold (—professedly, of course, the former;) but it is remarkable that no such doorway could be discovered, though the hole was about six yards deep.—LONGSTAFFE, pp. 7, 8.

BRIDGES.

Filey Brigg. Some time ago a woman told me that when she was a child they used to tell her this was "the devil's Brigg—that he made it!"—SHAW, p. 92.

See also under ANIMALS; *Haddock*, p. 73.

Hell Gill Beck, and Hell Gill—or Devil's Bridge. The western boundary of High Abbotside is formed by the

Hell Gill Beck which separates it from Westmoreland. . . . According to popular belief the gill was so called from its fancied resemblance to the bottomless pit. . . . The ravine is crossed by a bridge of ten feet span resting on perpendicular walls of rock. . . . Beneath this bridge is a lower one which tradition avers was the work of his satanic majesty and is called the Devil's Bridge.—BULMER, p. 334.

Not far from this bridge is a heap of stones which according to . . . tradition are what was left of the apron full which his majesty had brought to build the bridge with. . . . There are no stones of the kind near.

WENSLEYDALE, p. 4.

The natives tell us that when the archfiend built the first bridge, the straps of his apron . . . broke as he was flying heavy laden from the mountain crest and the apron and its contents fell into the Eden with such force that it formed the 'Kail Pot,' a seething cauldron of fabulous depth.—BOGG (3), pp. 193, 194.

Cf. Wade's Wife, *ante*, p. 9.

Kilgrim Bridge. Regarding the building of this bridge is the following curious legend. Many bridges having been built on this site by the inhabitants, none had been able to withstand the fury of the floods until his 'Satanic Majesty' promised to build a bridge which would defy the fury of the elements, on condition that the first living creature who passed over should fall a sacrifice to his 'Sable Majesty.' Long did the inhabitants consider, when the bridge was complete, as to who should be the victim. A shepherd, more wise than his neighbours owned a dog called 'Grim.' This man having first swum the river whistled for the dog to follow, poor 'Grim' unwittingly bounded across the bridge and thus fell a victim to his 'Sable Majesty.' Tradition says, from this circumstance the spot has ever since been known as Kill grim-bridge.—BOGG (2), p. 96; *footnote* (3), p. 274.

Kilgram Bridge. There is a local tradition respecting the building of Kilgram Bridge, or the Devil's Bridge as it is sometimes called. . . . It was built by the Evil One "all in one night" except one stone, and that one stone is wanting yet, according to the tale—no person, we suppose being found daring enough to finish a building erected by his satanic Majesty.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 453, *note.*

WAYSIDE CROSSES.

On the Yorkshire side were Lartington, Cotherston, Rumbaldkirk, Mickleton Lonton, Holwick ;—in Lunedale, Laithkirk, Kelton, Stackholme and Arngill Crosses ; and going to these sites, the remains of some of them may be seen and traditions of others heard. The pedestal of one is still extant near Doe Park, in a field adjoining the highway on the south. At the top of Ghestwick, near Wildon Grange the remains of another may be seen built in the wall on the north side of the road. The pedestal is broken in two right through the middle. . . . At Mickleton, tradition points out the site of the High Cross ; but every vestige of the structure has disappeared. The local name Crossthwaite may indicate a wayside guide formerly on the old Holwick road. The site of the cross at Holwick is still pointed out at the west end of the village, by the name of Cross House. As for Laithkirk nothing of the cross of 1610 remains, as far as is known at present, nor of that which stood at Stackholme. At Grains-o'-beck near Arngill, however the pedestal of Speed's Cross still exists, in its original position on Cross Hill. A large stone has occupied the place of the ancient shaft for many years, certainly more than sixty. The dalesfolk relate how about that time one of Lord Strathmore's tenants removed this shaft to set it up as a gate post, and was ordered by his Lordship to take it back again and replace it exactly as he found it. Nothing

is known of the site or remains of the wayside cross in Kelton, set down in the map of 1610. . . . The Crosses were useful as marking the stages in a funeral procession to the parish church. When the cross had a calvary, the corpse wrapped in a shroud, was placed on one of the steps while the bearers took a little rest. It is not improbable that the name Ghestwick, that is the habitation of ghosts, arose from the circumstance of resting corpses on the calvary of a Cross formerly there.—FITZHUGH.

Fulford. There is a local tradition which says that the base of a mediæval cross which still remains half way between Fulford and York, about a mile and a half to the south of the city, was used as a place of meeting between the townsfolk and country people during the Plague in 1665. We know that it was so used during the cholera in 1833. Those who had market produce to dispose of placed their goods on the steps of the cross, and the purchasers, in their turn, laid the money upon it, so that none needed to touch the other.—FLORENCE PEACOCK, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. x., p. 52.

Sand Hutton. Near the footpath leading from this village to Thirsk, at a point where the three townships of Sand Hutton, Carlton Miniott, and Thirsk meet, stands 'Sand Hutton Cross' which consists of a block of stone as a pedestal about four feet square, and nearly the same in thickness: into this is inserted a shaft or pillar of stone, about nine inches square by three feet in height. From its situation it is probably a boundary stone. . . . The busy tongue of tradition however, reports that at some unknown period, the town of Thirsk was ravaged by the plague, and the market was held in the open fields, and that this cross was erected at that time.—GRAINGE, p. 155.

Marske-by-the-Sea. A portion of a sepulchral cross, or rude monument, [is] now in the village. There is a tradi-

tion that the cross, of which this stone forms a part, was erected more than two centuries ago, when the plague having nearly depopulated the town of Guisbro', the market was consequently removed hither.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 805 and *note.*

Whitby. [In Love Lane about ½ a mile from Whitby] the Wishing Chair will be seen . . . being a rudely cut chair in stone. The popular belief is that those who, closing their eyes and divulging it to no one, 'wish' for any reasonable desire to be fulfilled, the same is sure to be gratified.—HORNE, pp. 109, 110.

SITES.

Coverham Abbey. There we are told . . . the pious benefactor was much perplexed as to where the Abbey should be built, but at length the difficulty was solved by the appearance of the Blessed Virgin herself, who not only indicated . . . the exact site for the new monastery but also described its shape and character even to the kind of garments its inmates were to wear.—SPEIGHT, p. 303.

Easingwold. Tradition relates that the church was originally projected to have been built in the centre of the market place, now forming the circus behind the shambles, where the materials were collected; but that during the night they were removed by invisible agency, to the site at present occupied by the edifice!—GILL, p. 76, *note.*

Hinderwell. The church was intended to be built in this field [Chapel-hill]; but, according to tradition, all the stones laid during the day were conveyed away by invisible powers during the night, to the place where it now stands.

ORD, p. 296, *note.*

Leake. A legend exists which accounts for the situation of the church. It was the intention of the builders to erect

it on the top of Borrowby Bank, a commanding eminence half a mile west of its present position, where it would have formed a very conspicuous object to a great extent of country. Materials were accordingly carried thither for that purpose; when strange to say, whatever was carried there in the day time was removed by supernatural means during the night, to the place where the church now stands. This settled the matter, and the church was built in its present situation.—GRAINGE, p. 253.

Marrick. We were musing to ourselves as to the singularity, to say nothing of the inexpediency of building a church [for Marrick] half a mile from the village, with only one house contiguous to it when we overtook a middle-aged man . . . [by him], we were informed that, according to old traditionary stories, the church was three times attempted to be built on the hill top near to the village, but that the next morning the masonry was removed to the side of the Swale and that, as the fates had decreed the present site as the place for the church, nothing else remained for the architect but to acquiesce in their decision! and our informant seriously told us the church was built there in consequence!—ROUTH, p. 50.

Marske-by-the-Sea. Years ago, when the old church at Marske-by-the-Sea was condemned, and a new one about to be built, it was decided to pull down the old structure and use the stone for building the new. . . . Part of the old building was razed, and the stone carted to the new site. . . . Next morning when the men returned to their work, what was their surprise, and the amazement of every one else, to find the old church whole again. . . . Every stone had been brought back again and replaced *in situ*, and the mortar which had been used to reset the displaced stones was as hard and set as that of hundreds of years before. This marvellous occurrence was duly reported at

head quarters. What the officials thought or imagined, is not recorded; they ordered the work to proceed, and even set on more men to pull the old place down, so that on the second day a considerable portion was carted away and stacked on the new site; but next morning the old church was found to have been fully repaired during the night, every stone having once again been brought back and placed in its original position. Things were now looking a bit serious. On the third day, however, work was resumed, a portion again pulled down and carted away, but this time men were set to watch the stones and find out who came for them. Now whether these watchers fell asleep—they declared they did not—or whether in the darkness the stones were all stolen away so quietly that they never heard or saw anything . . . cannot be stated; one thing only is known—when daylight appeared every stone had vanished, and again the old church was found to have been restored, so perfectly that no one could tell that ever a stone had been removed. Those in authority were bound to admit that it was useless to contend further against such a powerful and invisible opponent. . . . It was the hobman, assisted by others of his friends.

BLAKEBOROUGH, pp. 205-207.

North Otterington. Near Thornton-le-Moor, in the parish of North Otterington, there is a slight eminence, on which, in all probability, stood at one time an ancient village—though no trace of either the village or its name now remains—except the designation of the adjoining fields as 'the Tofts,' and the socket of an old cross known by the degenerate name of 'Perry Trough.'

At this place, says legend, the parish church was to have been erected. The stones were brought to the spot, and the foundations laid, but during the night they were torn up, and by invisible hands borne away for more than a mile across the country to North Otterington.

Several times were they brought back to the site during the daytime, but as often were they again removed in the night. At last the builders became weary of the process, and erected the church at the place indicated at North Otterington, where for nigh a thousand years it has stood as the old parish church dedicated to St Michael. A considerable portion of the building now standing is late Norman, or transitional work, of the date of about 1120 A.D. Fragments of Saxon crosses have been found built into the masonry.—PARKINSON, 1st S., p. 120.

WELLS, POOLS, LAKES AND RIVERS.

Wells generally. The memory of the mythical gods satyrs and nymphs of the ancient heathen times lingers in a few, as in Thors-kil or Thors-well, in the parish of Burnsall; and in the almost universal declaration—by which not over-wise parents seek to deter children from playing in dangerous proximity to a well—that at the bottom, under the water, dwells a mysterious being, usually named Jenny Green-teeth or Peg-o'-the-Well, who will certainly drag into the water any child who approaches too near to it.—PARKINSON, 1st S., p. 202.

Nr. Appleton-le-Street. There is on the verge of Easthorpe Wood, a copious and pure spring of water known by the name of Holy Well, which tradition affirms to have been much resorted to by the monks of Kirkham Abbey; and even to this day, healing virtues are attributed to it.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 850.

Great Ayton. Between the townes of Aton and Newton, neere the foote of Roseberry toppinge, there is a well dedicated to Saint Oswalde. The neighboures adjoyninge have bin seduced with an opinion, that if the shirte or smocke were taken of a sycke bodye, and throwne into

that well, a certaine token might be gathered of his life or death; for if the shirte floated alofte yt denounced recovery to the partie, but in case yt sanke then there remayned noe hope of health; and to th' end that the good saincte for his paynes should not sytt emptye-handed, they teare of a ragge of the shirte, and hange yt on the bryers thereabouts, whereof I have seene such numbers as might have made a fayre shewe in a paper-myll.—H. TR., p. 429.[1]

Within this parish, at the northern extremity of Cliffrigg-wood, and about two hundred paces to the eastward from Langbargh-Quarry, there is a copious spring of clear water, called Chapel Well, which had formerly a bath, etc. and was, till of late years, much resorted to on the Sundays in the Summer months by the youth of the neighbouring villages, who assembled to drink the simple beverage, and to join in a variety of rural diversions. . . . Near the well were the remains of several buildings; the foundations of which have been lately cleared away, . . . when at the same time the bath-house was demolished, and the water conveyed by a drain to some distance. From the vestiges of buildings, and the name Chapel Well, it is probable that there was a hermitage or cell near inhabitated by some monk, who in the dark days of superstition, discovered and promulgated the virtues of its waters; which, even in modern times were esteemed very efficacious in curing lameness,

[1] [The writer has possibly confused St Oswald's Well with Chapel Well mentioned in the following paragraph. See PARKINSON, 2nd S., pp. 103, 104. A writer in WHITBY REP., vol. vi. (1830), pp. 95, 96, knowing that the H. Tr. MS. in the Cotton Library was usually spoken of in connexion with 'Julius' thus expresses himself 'I think Julius the author [!] of this manuscript has not wrote from *observation* and must have been but partially acquainted with the country. There is a spring or well near the *top* of Rosebury which I should suppose is the well alluded to. I do not remember having seen any other, though I have frequently been on the spot.']

particularly when originating in rickets, rheumatism, and similar complaints.—GRAVES, pp. 221, 222.

Caldbridge. St Simon's Well here was formerly held in great estimation; what its properties were is unknown.
HOPE, p. 205.

Cropton. The well is seventy-seven yards deep, and the water from it is considered of the finest quality for drinking purposes that can be found far or near. . . . The churchyard contains . . . the far-famed Cropton Cross, on which is the following doggerel rhyme

> On Cropton Cross there is a cup,
> And in that cup there is a sup;
> Take that cup and drink that sup
> And set the cup on Cropton Cross top.
> —*Malton Messenger.*

HOPE, p. 194.

Egton. Near the village is Coldkeld Well, supposed to possess the virtue of strengthening weakly children.
WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 826.

Grinton. A curious cavern near the mouth of a small rivulet, at the bottom of which is a deep pool of water, formed by water running from the rock; it is known as 'The Fairy's Hole' now, but in more ancient times it bore the appellation 'Crack Pot.'—HOPE, p. 179.

Hart Leap, Hauxwell Moor. Close by the road across Hauxwell Moor, is Hart Leap Well; celebrated by tradition and Wordsworth. The legend runs, that very long ago, after a chase of extraordinary duration and speed, in which both horses and hounds dropped one after another, the hart —an animal of unusual strength and beauty—and a single horseman alone remained. Worn out at last the exhausted creature gave three almost supernatural leaps down the declivity, and dropped dead beside this well.

These stones, records of three astonishing leaps, remained conspicuous till very lately, but are either removed or concealed by a recent wall. An old withered tree overhangs the spring, which is nearly choked up ; its presence is however conspicuous; the emerald hue of the grass contrasting strongly with the deep brown colour of the heather around.—COOKES, pp. 120, 121.

There is still a tradition similar to that mentioned by Wordsworth in the second part of his poem, that the place is accursed, and that no animal—

'Will wet his lips within that cup of stone.'

FLETCHER, vol. ii., p. 338.

See **Hart Leap**, p. 6.

Hinderwell. Hinderwell, or more properly Hildas-well, is so named from a beautifully clear, limpid, and abundant well in the churchyard, dedicated in ancient times to the lady St. Hilda of Whitby.

According to tradition, the Lady Hilda had a chapel here, belonging to Whitby Abbey, and after her death the well was accounted, like the lady herself, to possess remarkable virtues.—ORD, p. 293 and p. 294, *note.*

[HOPE'S statement (p. 195) that "On Ascension Day the children of the neighbourhood assemble here carrying bottles containing pieces of liquorice which they fill at the well. Hence Ascension Day is frequently termed Spanish-water Day" lacks local confirmation.]

Nr. Hurst. The Roan Well is a mineral spring, which rises in a small and desolate glen, two miles west of Hurst in the parish of Merrick [Marrick], Yorkshire, and runs through a rich mining country into the river Swale. . . . From time immemorial it has been the custom of the neighbouring villagers to assemble in this wild place on Trinity Sunday and to celebrate the anniversary of a murder, the particulars of which are hidden in the

obscurity of ages; at which ceremony tea-drinking and story-telling form the prominent feature of the afternoon but the evening concludes with the usual occurrences of intoxication and fighting.—G.A.W. *Preface.*

[The legend given by G.A.W., pp. 9, 10, 11, is to the effect that one Trinity Sunday the guardian fiend of the spring seized and slew a traveller, and that with his blood the water was stained, and thence called *Roan.* The people prayed for his soul, and the Blessed Virgin came and dipped her foot in the well, which forthwith became a fount of health.]

Nr. Kettleness. As some springs were patronised by saints, others were deemed the resort of fairies, particularly Claymore well, near Kettleness, where, according to report, the fairies, in days of yore were wont to wash their clothes, and to bleach and beat them: and on their washing nights, the strokes of the battle-door were heard as far as Runswick!—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 882.

Marston. The well in one of the cottage-gardens, in the village of Long Marston, is yet known as 'Cromwell's Well.' Here his Roundhead followers quenched their thirst before the battle, on the hot July day, and hence the village maidens bore the cooling draughts, in their milking-pails, to those who remained in martial array on the neighbouring hill-top.—PARKINSON, 1st S., p. 194.

Middleham. A spring which rises not far off, [the Church] is named St Alkelda's Well. The water of this fountain was accounted beneficial for weak eyes, and the writer knew a Protestant lady, who died not long since at an advanced age, who, in early youth, was accustomed to repair to it every morning and who received much relief from its strengthening qualities.—BARKER, p. 18.

See under ETYMOLOGY: *St Alkelda*, p. 442.

Mount Grace, nr. Northallerton. At a short distance from the south-east corner of the ruins, just within the wood, is the Well which supplied the priory with water: it is walled round and covered with a neat dome of hewn stone. It is called St John's well by all but young ladies, who call it the *wishing well*; and a source of amusement it is to them to thrust pins through ivy leaves, throw them on the water, and then utter the wish most dear to the heart. . . . The first time we visited the ruins we saw many of the pin-stuck leaves in the water; there had been a pic-nic or social party in the priory during the day.—GRAINGE, p. 348.

Moxby. About a mile distant from the nunnery, at the corner of the wood called St John's wood, was formerly an ancient building, consisting of a small dome of stone and brick, over a spring, well known in the neighbourhood as 'Saint John's Well.' There is still discernible the remains of a causeway leading from the nunnery in the direction of this well. The water is reported to possess medicinal properties, and there is a large and convenient stone cistern built on the east side, into which the water is admitted for the purpose of bathing. It was much resorted to in the days of superstition, and there are still remains of stone steps for the more easy descent thereto. Near the mouth which admits water into the bath is a large stone called the wishing stone, and many a faithful kiss has this stone received from those who were supposed never to fail in experiencing the completion of their desires, provided the wish was delivered with full devotion and confidence.

GILL, pp. 419, 420.

Newton Dale, Pickering. A small pool at the foot of the scar [Killingnoble] is called 'Newton Dale Well,' and a fair was long held here on Midsummer Sunday to which all the people in the district resorted, in order to perform certain ceremonies which ensured them 'the blessing of the well.'—MURRAY, p. 210.

There was once an annual sunday fair at Newton Dale well.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 882.

Rosebury Topping. Out of the toppe of a huge stone neere the toppe of the hille drops a fountaine which cureth sore eyes, receavinge that vertue from the minerall.

H. TR., p. 410.

To this fountain (still a small spring trickling from an arched rock, deeply embedded in the northern part of the hill, and surrounded with thick sedges) a very ancient tradition is attached. . . . The legend runs, that previous to the Conquest, a Northumbrian princess, dreaming that her son Prince Oswy would perish on a certain day, consulted the augurs for the interpretation of her dream. After a long deliberation and careful examination of the stars, they pronounced the vision to be true, and that on the day intimated, Prince Oswy would meet his death by drowning. The princess, with the intention of baffling the prophecy, ascended Rosebury, thinking that on a lofty isolated mountain, remote from pools, brooks, or rivers, it was impossible this misfortune could befall him. Wearied with her journey and the heat of the sun, she, on reaching the summit, fell into a profound slumber. Meantime the youthful prince, attracted by new and pleasing objects, wandered away from his mother, and at length reached the spring already named. Whether stretching across for some wild flower, or allured by his reflection in the water, or falling into the pool by accident, is not related; but certain it is, that when the princess awoke, she traced her son to the fatal spring, and found him drowned. . . . What renders this tradition more remarkable, is its *corroboration* by a similar legend at Osmotherly, a small village outside the western confines of Cleveland.—ORD, pp. 422, 423.

N. & Q., vol. ix., pp. 152, 153, gives an old popular doggerel account.

See also under ETYMOLOGY: **Osmotherley**, p. 445.

Scrafton. East, On the banks of the Cover [near Coverham] we find St Simon's Well; a spring formerly used as a bath, but now choked up. The country people asserted that St Simon the Apostle is buried there; an evident mistake. It is however possible that some holy martyr of that name . . . may have suffered during the Danish persecution. The place is . . . noticed in some verses descriptive of Coverdale written fifty years ago by . . . the Rev. James Law. . . .

'. . . . . .
And still one day, in honour of the saint
In feasting yearly, through the dale is spent.'

The latter characteristic is still quite correct.

BARKER, p. 145.

Nr. Swarthoue Cross. A large spring or well near Swarthoue Cross where she [St Hilda] often used to resort when young, afterwards assumed her name.—CHARLTON, p. 32.

Walton parish. One mile and a quarter south of Walton, was the ford by which the Romans crossed the Wharfe. After crossing the river, the old road leads northwards, and is now called Rudgate; near by is St Helen's, or the Wishing Well, which is often visited by young men and maidens. The well, or perhaps the apology for one, for there is scarcely any water, is to be found in a clump of trees near the river. Hanging on the roots of the trees, are some scores of gewgaws left by anxious lovers, who suppose the well holds some subtle efficacy or charm. Here formerly stood a chapel, dedicated to St Helen.—BOGG, p. 74.

All but the most callous must feel themselves in a natural temple in Chapel Wood, Rudgate, standing before that fine witch elm at the foot of which there once sprang the sacred well. The tree's twigs are bedecked with innumerable and varied mementoes of believing visitants—rags and tatters, white (once), grey, black, multi-coloured,—

some recent, and others weathered almost to the final warp of decay. These offerings of shreds and patches are what the West-Yorkmen call memaws—trifles of a personal character, yet each meaning much, like the widow's mite. Some of these offerings are more pretentious; a bit of lace here, the silk tassel of a sunshade there, and even one bole's larger arm, accessible only to a climber, possibly some young male gipsy, has had its thirty-inch girth encircled, symbolically, and badge-like, with a ribbon or band of some blood-red material. There are veritably hundreds of these bedizenings, affixed and renewed surreptitiously (probably before sunrise), according to an unwritten law, for none are ever caught in the act; and yet during the summer months a careful examiner may detect, almost weekly, evidence of shy communicant with the ghostly genius of the grove. This offering, for instance, looking very like a half-foot of stockingette garter, is new since last one passed this way! And all these votive offerings are off the very body of some one. . . . As to the ritual, fear or shame makes it impossible to obtain much reliable information. Pieced together and codified, fact and hearsay testify as follows. The visitor to the grove, before rise of sun, has to face the tree, to detach from his or her own person some piece of garment, to dip it in the well, and having knotted, or whilst hanging the fragment to any convenient twig of the witch elm, is to breathe a "wish," telling no one what that wish may be; these conditions strictly observed, what is desired shall come to pass! There is, however, an idea current, that May or the spring season is the most propitious for making offerings; and, in consequence, some connection with the Roman Floralia or the Well-dressings of Derbyshire, has been suggested by orthodox antiquarians of the neighbourhood. But this may be only an overlay, for it is to be noted that the persons who, in the secret and underhand fashion described, avail themselves of the special opportunity of ragoffering, by no

means limit themselves to a particular month; perhaps even not to a day or hour.—TEMP. MAG., January, 1900, pp. 266, 267.

See also TREES AND PLANTS, p. 54.

Whitby. *Ragwells*, certain springs in this neighbourhood, once the resort of invalids. If the shirt or the shift thrown into the water happened to float, it intimated recovery; but if otherwise it was a sign of death. This kind of divination probably gave the name to the wells. To cure sore eyes wash them with the water of a spring that flows south!—ROBINSON, p. 150.

Witton Fell, nr. East Witton. Almost on the summit of the fell is a beautiful spring designated Cast-a-way Well. . . . There is another spring on the fell, called Diana's Well. . . . This fountain is considered so pure that a very old rhyme is still current:

'Whoever eats Hammer nuts, and drinks Diana's water, (pronounced *watter*)
Will never leave Witton, while he's a rag or tatter.'

The Hammer woods contain excellent nuts and the Witton people are proverbial for their attachment to their native place.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 450, *note* [from BARKER, p. 10].

York. *Castle.*—Near this staircase, is a deep draw-well of excellent water, which Drake says was "choaked up" at the time when he wrote, but which is now open and is not less than fifty or sixty feet in depth. It has a wooden frame round the top, and a roller for drawing water, but no rope.

HARGROVE, vol. ii., p. i., p. 255.

This, when sounded in 1879, was only 12 feet deep.

TWYFORD and GRIFFITHS, p. 33.

[One who had visited York Castle told the compiler that his guide said: "Oliver Cromwell threw three thousand Jews down this well and if you drop a stone in it you will hear it strike upon their bones."]

New Walk.—An erection called 'The Well House' in which is a remarkably fine spring much used as an excellent eye-water.—STRANGERS' GUIDE, p. 178.

Minster Crypt.—There is a draw-well with a stone cistern in the eastern part of the crypt of York Minster where King Edwin is said to have been baptized in 627.

HOPE, p. 174.

Zouche Chapel (*Minster*).—At its S.W. angle is a draw-well called 'St. Peter's Well,' 'of a very wholesome clear water, much drunk by the common people.'—*Torre.*

MURRAY, p. 54.

[In addition to the foregoing, the following wells deserve to be mentioned because of the inherent interest of their names, although as a rule no definite tradition concerning them has been obtained.

Aislaby, Whitby. St. Hilda's Well. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 821.

Arden Hill, Northallerton. Nun's Well. GRAINGE, p. 321.

Burneston, Bedale. St. Lambert's Well. WHITAKER, vol. ii., pp. 121, 126.

Cawthorn, Pickering. The Roman's Well. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 911.

Crathorne, Yarm. A holy-well just outside the churchyard. ATKINSON, p. 235.

Harmby. The Fairies' Well. BARKER, p. 12.

Kirklington. St. Michael's Well. WHITAKER, vol. ii., p. 157.

Lastingham. Cedd's Well. MURRAY, p. 208.

Liverton, Loftus. A 'hâlikeld just through the churchyard.' ATKINSON, p. 235.

Melmerby, Nr. Spring called Halikeld which has given its name to the Wapentake. ARNOLD-FORSTER, vol. ii., p. 410.

Richmond. Nun's Well. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 37.

„ St. Osyth's Well. WHITAKER, vol. i., p. 102.

Scarborough Castle. Our Lady's Well. WHELLAN, vol. i., p. 700.

Skelton (Cleveland). Cawdkell Well. H. TR., p. 420.

Snáinton. Well where St. Paulinus is said to have baptized. HOPE, p. 206.

Thirsk. Lady Well. THIRSK, p. 66.

Uckerby, Scorton. St. Cuthbert's Well or Cuddy Keld. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 363.

Well, Masham. St. Michael's Well. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 385. Called Mickey, or Mickel Well. BOGG (3), p. 293; and the South Wester. WHITAKER, vol. ii., p. 78.

Winton, Northallerton. St. Thomas' Well. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 335.

York, (nr. Hungate). Holy-priests' Well. DRAKE, p. 312.]

Bishopdale. [About two miles from Thoralby], is a dark pool of water, the depth of which, the natives tell us, is immeasurable; this is named the 'Devil's Hole.'

BOGG (3), p. 282.

Gormire. The traditions respecting it, are, that this awful abyss was produced by a tremendous earthquake, which ingulphed a populous town, and its secure inhabitants, in a moment of unexpected calamity, leaving behind it a body of waters unfathomable. The same authority declares that the tops of houses, and the desolate chimneys are sometimes

visible to the astonished eyes of the stranger when embarked on its mysterious surface.

> 'There is a magnet-like attraction in
> These waters, to th' imaginative power,
> That links the viewless with the visible,
> And pictures things unseen.'

That *magnet-like attraction,* is felt by those who swim across the lake, some of whom declare it to be most difficult to accomplish, but the why or the wherefore they cannot tell. It is surrounded by mountains, having on one side the foot of Whitestonecliff, and on the other the foot of Hood, yet the waters are not stagnant but beautifully clear. There is a recess on the side near the cliff, where the waters find egress amongst the rocks. The grand-dames relate that a goose possessed of more courage than discretion, penetrated this dark track of the waters, and made its exit near Kirbymoorside, stripped of all its feathers.

The centre of the lake is commonly believed to be bottomless, as various parties have tried to fathom it but without success. Gormire, like other places of a similar nature, is not without its metrical romance. Believing it to be bottomless they conclude its waters can never be dried up, and the following quaint lines are in the mouths of the villagers,

> 'When Gormire riggs shall be covered with hay,
> The White Mare of Whitestonecliff will bear it away.'

. . . The lake is the property of Sir George Wombwell Bart., of Newburgh Park and it is a singular circumstance, that the lake only belongs to Sir George, without any of the adjoining land.—GILL, pp. 233, 234.

Simmerwater. There is an old legend connected with Simmerwater, of which the following is the substance :— Previous to the year of grace 45, there existed a large and populous City, which stood upon the exact spot now

occupied by the lake, then but a small mountain rivulet. To this City, a wayfarer, who is variously said to have been an Angel, St Paul, Joseph of Arimathea, or Our Saviour himself in the form of a poor old man, came, and solicited in vain the alms of every citizen. Being scornfully repulsed by all, the stranger took his course eastward, down the vale, to the hut or cottage of an aged couple, poor and mean, and there he readily obtained the best morsels the house afforded, viz., a little bowl of milk, some cheese, and an oaten cake. Beneath their roof was his dormitory for the night, and on the morrow he bestowed on them his blessing. Being ready to depart, he turned his face to the west—to the 'Sodom of Wensleydale'—and uttered his malediction against the ill-fated City:

'Simmer-water rise, Simmer-water sink,
And swallow all the town save this lisle house,
Where they gave me meat and drink.'

No sooner was the sentence uttered than it was executed; the earth made a hissing noise, the stream overflowed its bounds, and the City was no more. The poor charitable couple soon became the richest people in the vale, and the blessing descended to their children's children for many generations.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 403, *note.*

Unto this day the natives tell us that the roofs of the buried city are ofttimes seen deep down in the limpid waters. They also point to a hut still standing on the south side of the lake as the dwelling place of the aged couple who so generously relieved the stranger.

'And as the calm of evening falls
No sound from landward bringing,
Soft music's heard from hidden bells
Deep 'neath the waters ringing.'

BOGG (3), p. 215, and p. 214.

Variant. A long time ago there was a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire called Simmerdale, at one end of which stood a church, and the house of a Quaker

woman at the other end. It happened one day that a witch came into the village, and beginning at the house next the church, asked for food and drink, but her request was refused. And so she went on from house to house without getting either food or drink, until at last she came to the Quaker woman's house. There sitting in the porch, she was regaled with bread, meat, and beer. Having finished her repast, she rose and waved an ash twig over the village, saying:

> 'Simmerdale, Simmerdale, Simmerdale, sink,
> Save the house of the woman who gave me to drink.'

When the witch had said these words, the water rose in the valley and covered the village, except the old woman's house. Simmer Water is now a peaceful lake, and on fine clear days people in the neighbourhood fancy that they can see down in its placid depths the ruins of the village and church. . . . The legend was told me by a native of the North Riding now resident in Sheffield.

ADDY, p. 61 and *note.*

Cf. **Lanquit,** PLACE, ETC., LEGENDS, p. 401.

Whitby. *Submarine Bells.* A favourite story told in connection with the abbey is one concerning its bells. It runs thus:—The magnificent peal excited the cupidity of some sea-roving freebooter, and landing with a sufficient force, he extracted the bells from the sacred building and conveyed them on board his vessel. This desecration was however, not suffered to go unpunished, for ere the vessel had gone many miles she struck and foundered a short distance from a projecting ridge of rock called the 'Black Nab.' As a fitting conclusion to this we are told, that he who dares on Hallowe'en to spend some time on the rock, and call his sweetheart's name, will hear it echoed by the breeze, accompanied with the ringing of marriage bells from the sunken chime.—HORNE, p. 13.

Variant. The abbey was suppressed in 1539 A.D.,

and shortly afterwards dismantled. The bells were sold and were to be conveyed by ship to London. They were duly placed on board, and, amid the lamentation of the people, the sails were unfurled and the anchor weighed. But lo! the vessel refused to bear its sacred burden. A short distance it moved out into the bay, and then—on the beautiful, calm summer evening—it quietly sank beneath the waves; and there under the waters, at a spot within sight of the abbey ruins, the bells still remain, and are still heard occasionally by the superstitious, rung by invisible hands.—PARKINSON, 1st S., p. 29.

[In 'The Buried Chime' (PHILLIPS, S. K., pp. 23, 24) a third story is told. The gallant ship that brought the bells

'for the abbey on the height,
Struck and foundered in the offing, with her sacred goal in sight.']

The Eure. The Eure near Middleham, is much infested with a horrid Kelpie or water-horse, who riseth from the stream at eventide, and rampeth along the meadows eager for prey.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 96.

It is said that the kelpie claims, at least one human victim annually.—PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 106.

The Ouse. If legends deceive not, any one who came and threw five white pebbles into a certain part of the Ouse as the hour of one struck on the first morning of May, would then see everything he desired to see, past, present, and to come, on the surface of the water. Once a knight returning from the wars desired to see how it fared with his lady-love: he threw in the pebbles, and beheld the home of the maiden, a mansion near Scarborough, and a youth wearing a mask and cloak descending from her window, and the hiding of the ladder by the serving-man. Maddened by jealousy, he mounted and rode with speed; his horse dropped dead in the sight of the house; he saw

the same youth ascending the ladder, rushed forward and stabbed him to the heart. It was his betrothed. She was not faithless; still loved her knight, and had only been to a masquerade. For many a day thereafter did the knight's anguish and remorse appear as the punishment of unlawful curiosity in the minstrel's lay and gestour's romance.

WHITE, p. 318.

The Tees. 'Peg Powler,' the spirit of the Tees.

W. H., N. & Q., 8th S., vol. ix., p. 376.

It is well known to those who dwell upon the banks of the Tees that the loud sounding river, in whose gorge the depth of the water varies wonderfully, is inhabited by a malicious sprite with long green tresses and an insatiable desire for human life. The children of the district know Peg Powler well and many an urchin lingering behind the rest has run screaming after his companions at some fancied turmoil of the water betokening the rising of the sprite. There are vague tales of men beguiled to lonely places in the stream and drowned beyond all hope of rescue; and how then should little children save themselves but by flight? Far down from the higher reaches of the Tees . . . there are borne masses of white foam . . . and these too bear the name of the sprite, being called 'Peg Powler's suds.'—NORWAY, p. 170.

Witches had no power to follow their victim, if he or she crossed running water, always provided they did so at some point below the first bridge spanning its banks, otherwise the crossing of water was of no avail.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 36, as corrected by its author.

See also under WITCHCRAFT, pp. 153 and 168.

THE MOON.

Dealing with a New Moon. There seems to be a pretty general belief throughout the country that it is unlucky

to look at the new moon for the first time through any medium except the atmosphere. I remember when I was a boy often being asked if the new moon was visible through the window, it being assumed that I had seen it in the orthodox way by having previously beheld it outside the house. Housemaids, in drawing down the blinds, would shut their eyes if there was any chance of seeing it through the glass. Curiously enough, however, outside they would use a new silk handkerchief in order to see the moon through it, and as many moons as they saw so many years they supposed it would be before Hymen smiled on them. This was in the North Riding of Yorkshire.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. xii., p. 352.

According to my experience, the belief has reference only to the first new moon of the new year.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. v., p. 55.

For means of averting the evil see *Blakeborough*, p. 130.

The first new moon in the year is looked upon by the fair sex with great adoration. The wishful maiden holds up a new black silk handkerchief between her face and the moon, which she must not have seen before, and looking towards the regent of night thus pours out her petition:—

'New moon! new moon! I hail thee,
This night my true love for to see:
Not in his best nor worst array,
But in his apparel for every day;
That I to-morrow may him ken,
From among all other men.'

Having finished this petition, she retires to bed backwards, without speaking a word to any one, and if she can fall asleep before 12 o'clock, her future partner will appear in her dreams.—INGLEDEW, p. 344; YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 881.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 129.

Besides bowing or curtseying to the new moon when first seen, we hear the children of this maritime part

[Whitby] on moonlight nights, loudly reciting the couplet—

> 'I see the moon and the moon sees me,
> God bless the sailors on the sea.'

Turning the money in your pocket for luck when you first observe the new moon, may be a general practice. . . . When the new moon is first seen as a slight curve 'laid on her back,' it is said to denote a rainy month, her shape being likened to that of a water-bowl. The moon's increase or decrease was once supposed to affect the quantity of marrow in the bones, as well as the size and flavour of shell-fish; cockles, with us, by the way, being said to be the best when there is *r* in the month. Its effects upon moonlins or maniacs are credited, along with the full-moon period for administering worm remedies.—ROBINSON, xiii.

When a halo with watery clouds gathers round the moon, the seamen say there will be a change of weather, for the *moon dogs* are about.—Edward Hailstone, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. viii., p. 505.

See also under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, *Weather Forecasts*, p. 215.

There are persons who will not sow seed when the moon is waning, because, in that case, they aver, the seed would never germinate.—STONEHOUSE, p. 63.

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS.

Banishing a Rainbow. Boys in Yorkshire take two pieces of stick and lay them on the ground, placing a small stone at the end of each stick. This charm is supposed to cause the rainbow to disappear. I have also heard of straws being similarly used.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. x., p. 471.

Lightning. In this part of Yorkshire [Settrington] it is considered prudent during a thunder-storm to leave the

house door open in order to enable the lightning to get out if it should come in.

Isaac Taylor, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. vi., p. 9.

Names of Clouds. During a sojourn in the North Riding of Yorkshire some months ago, I for the first time heard certain forms of clouds designated 'Barbara and her barns' 'hen scrattins' or 'scrahlins,' and 'fish-pots.' "Barbara and her barns" were said to be a sign of stormy weather, and were defined as a thick band of cloud across the west, with smaller bands (='the barns') above and below. 'Hen scrattins' are light fleecy clouds, whilst 'fish-pots' are a kind of tub-shaped isolated clouds.—

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. viii., p. 446.

Henscrats or Filly tails.—ROBINSON, p. 93.

Summer-colt. The seeming undulation of vapour near the surface of the ground, or along the line of a wall, as on a hot summer's day.—ATKINSON (2), p. 508.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. If ever you are pursued by a Will-o'-the-Wisp, the best thing to do is to put a steel knife into the ground, with the handle upwards; and the Will-o'-the-Wisp will run round this until the knife is burnt up, and you will thus have the means of escaping.

D. J. K., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 193.

Here [Danby &c.] it is held, or was until lately, that twining one's apron was a sure defence against the mysterious power of attraction attributed to the Will-o'-the-wisp.—ATKINSON (2), 470, 471.

THE SEA AND SEA-FARERS.

"*The cruel hungry Foam.*" At Saltburne mouth, a small brooke dischargeth yt self into the sea, which lyinge lowe under the bankes serveth as a trunke or conduite to convey the rumor of the sea into the neighbour feildes, for when all wyndes are whiste, and the sea restes un-

moved as a standinge poole, sometymes there is such a horrible groninge heard from that creeke, at the leaste six myles into the maynelande, that the fishermen dare not put forth, though thirste of gayne drive them on, houldinge an opynion that the ocean, as a greedy beaste rageinge for hunger, desyres to be sattisfyed with men's carkases.—H. TR. pp. 415, 416.

Call of the Sea.

For all that the sea keeps calling me,
I'll not die this bout, my lass.

PHILLIPS, S. K., *The Dying Wrecker*, p. 50.

See also *Afloat and Ashore*, p. 59; *The Fisherman's Summons*, pp. 45, 46.

Merman at Skinningrove. Ould men, that would be loath to have theer credytes crackt by a tale of a stale date, reporte confidentlye, that sixty yeares since, or perhaps eighty or more, a Sea-Man was taken by the fishers of that towne, whome duringe many weekes they kepte in an oulde house, giveinge him rawe fishe to eate, for all other foode hé refused. In steede of voyce he skreaked, and shewed a curteous acceptance of such as flocked farre and neere to visyte him; fayre maydes were welcomest guestes to his harbour, whome he would behould with a very earneste countenance, as if his phlegmaticke breste had bin touched with a sparke of love. One daye, when the good demeanure of this newe gueste had made his hoastes secure of his aboade with them, he privily stoale out of doores, and ere he could be overtaken recovered the sea, whereinto he plonged himself; yet, as one that would not unmanerly depart without takinge of his leave, from his mydle upwards he raysed his shoulders often above the waves, and makinge signes of acknowledging his good entertainment to such as beheld him on the shoare, as they interpreted yt, after a pretty while he dived downe, and apeared no more.—H. TR., p. 416.

FISHERY FESTIVITIES.

Filey. Among the remarkable customs relating to the Fishery, is the following curious one, which is probably peculiar to Filey.

During the time the boats are on the Herring Fishery, the junior part of the inhabitants seize all the unemployed waggons and carts they can find, and drag them down the streets to the cliff top; there leaving them to be owned, and taken away by their respective proprietors on the following morning: this is carried into effect about the third Saturday night after the boats have sailed from Filey, under a superstitious notion that it drives the herrings into the nets.

Previous to the fishermen setting out upon their expedition they send a piece of sea-beef on shore from each boat to such of their friends at the public houses, as they wish '*weel teea*'; this occasions 'a bit of a supper' at which those who are going away and those who stay meet to enjoy good cheer, heightened with mutual good-will. The Sunday preceding their departure is called *Boat-Sunday*, when all their friends from the neighbouring villages attend to bid them farewell.

COLE, p. 143; HONE, T. B., p. 733; Shaw, p. 8.

BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE VOYAGE.

Filey. On going down to the sands to go off, if any of the fishermen met a pig nothing could persuade them to go to sea on that day, as such an event was considered a certain omen of coming disaster. A Filey person informed me that, when a very little girl, she ran into the house of her grandfather, an old fisherman, who was engaged in baiting a line preparatory to the day's fishing. On entering she said "Grandad, I've just seen such a great pig run up our yard." Throwing the half-baited line upon the floor, he exclaimed, 'out wi

thea, out wi thea, thou nasty hussey, thou's hindered mea ganing to sea to-day' and sure enough all idea of doing so was abandoned. To buy eggs after sunset was also considered unlucky. Indeed such a thing was next to impossible, as no one could be found daring enough to sell them. A resident, well acquainted with this place, told me that when a boy he used to visit an old lady who 'kept shop.' One night, being desirous to learn whether there was any truth in the story about the eggs he said, 'could you let me have an egg or two for my supper?' The horrified old dame replied, 'Drat thea, get out o' me shop, Ah sall hev neeah luck to neet, and I mun as weel shut up at yance.' Accordingly the shutters were put up, and business suspended until the following morning.

They had many curious notions as to what should and should not be done on board the boats. Sometimes when the nets were being 'paid out,' one of the men would cut a slit in one of the pieces of cork attached to them, and insert a coin in it. It is not uncommon even now for some of them to do so. This is to show they can *pay for the fish.* Whether it is old Neptune they have to pay, or the acknowledgment is intended to satisfy some other sea-deity or not I could never learn.

To have a pin about you was considered very foolish, and if one were to go on board of a vessel belonging to some of the 'old hands,' we should probably be invited to "toss it overboard." They also thought it unlucky to put their hands *between* the steps of a ladder to reach a biscuit out of the bread-basket that stood behind it, instead of reaching round it. To whistle was also considered very wrong as it might "fetch up a breeze." A local poet alludes to this superstitious notion in the following lines:—

'A pleasant breeze on a fine moonlight night,
Then I began to whistle with delight.

The mate he heard and soon call'd out to me,
You must not whistle when you are at sea.'

SHAW, pp. 11-13.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 147, 148.

Scarborough. Fishermen when proceeding out to sea on their business, lest it should prove ominous, will on no account whatever utter a single word—but the whole preparation as well as embarkation, is carried on in the most profound and serious silence. Whatever may from accident be necessary to express, is done by significant signs; nor does this *water pantomime* conclude, until they arrive on the fishing ground.

A new ship is by no means suffered to go to sea on a Friday—and both omens, and lucky, or unlucky days; are not yet stricken out of the fisherman's traditional calendar.

SCHOFIELD, p. 123.

Sailors have a great objection to commence a voyage on a Friday, even though the tide and wind may be exceptionally in their favour.—BAKER, p. 475.

No sailor will set out on a voyage if he finds his earthenware basin turned upside down in the morning when he is about to have breakfast. The boys sometimes turn their basins upside down on purpose when they wish to have a day's play.

T. T. Williamson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., p. 131.

Whistling at sea is considered by sailors to be unlucky, as it is commonly supposed to raise an unfavourable wind; although we are told they sometimes practise it when there is a dead calm. A whistling woman is regarded by the seafaring population on the coast of Yorkshire with especial dread; and some years ago when a party of friends were going on board a vessel at Scarborough, the captain created no small astonishment by persistently declining to allow one of the party to enter

his boat. "Not that young lady," he said "she whistles." By a curious coincidence the vessel was lost on her next voyage. So had the young female set foot on it, the misfortune, no doubt would have been ascribed to her. On one occasion, when a sailor was asked what objection there could be to whistling, he answered:—"We only whistle while the wind is asleep and then the breeze comes."—BAKER, pp. 474, 475.

See also under **Filey**, pp. 47, 48.

Staithes. It is of frequent occurrence that after having caught nothing for many nights, the fishermen keep the first fish that comes into the boat and burn it on their return home as a sacrifice to the Fates. All four-footed animals are considered unlucky, but the most ill omened of quadrupeds is the pig. If, when the men are putting their nets into the boats, the name of this innocent and succulent animal is by accident mentioned, they will always desist from their task and turn to some other occupation, hoping thus to avert the evil omen, and in many cases will renounce the day's expedition altogether, convinced that no good could come of it. The sight of a drowned dog or kitten, too, as he goes towards his coble will always keep a Staithes fisherman at home; and what is still more curious, if as he walks to his boat, his lines on his head or a bundle of nets on his shoulder, he chances to meet face to face with a woman, be she even his own wife or daughter, he considers himself doomed to ill-luck. Thus, when a woman sees a man approaching her under these circumstances she at once turns her back on him. If a fisher sends his son to fetch his big sea-boots, the bearer must be careful to carry them under his arm. Should he by inadvertance place them on his shoulder his father will inevitably refuse to put out to sea that day. An egg is deemed so unlucky that the fishermen will not even use the word, but call the produce of a fowl a

round-about; and fearless as are the fishers in their daily juggling with the dangers of the sea, yet so fearful are they of nameless spirits and bogies, that I am assured I should be unable, in the whole fishing colony of Staithes, to find a volunteer who for a couple of sovereigns would walk by night to a neighbouring village of Hinderwell, a couple of miles distant. . . . . Many of [the people]—the majority indeed—have gone over to Dissent. . . . There are in Staithes but few Roman Catholics—I have only been able to discover one, and this person is not a native of Staithes—though hard by, but a mile or two away, is a village whose inhabitants are nearly all Romanists.

Y. H., Sep. 23, 1885 [Reprinted from the *Times*].

See also under WITCHCRAFT, p. 165.

Whitby, and about. Children in our fishing towns are seen 'spelling' or leaping up and down on the cliffs for a fair wind to the home-coming boats of their relatives, while they keep chanting the following couplet,—

'Souther wind, souther!
An' blaw mah faather heeam te mah mother,'—

'souther,' by the way, being liable to alteration according to the quarter from which they wish the wind to come. On these points Lambert, the antiquary of the 16th century, relates that seafarers had recourse to an Eolus, so named after the god of the east wind, and further refers to a 'picture of St Leonard,' in a church on the coast, 'holding a fane or Eolus sceptre in his hand,' which could be turned to the point of the compass that any one sought for, 'and so after that done, and offering made, they promised themselves the desired wind, both speedie and prosperous.'

When the sea-birds fly high, we are told the fishermen say it is a sign that the price of bread is going to rise, and to counteract the omen, the housewife lets the loaf *fall* from the table to the floor—an old practice common in dear

times; while the notion respecting particular days and circumstances being lucky or unlucky for putting out to sea, as well as the unpropitious augurings for certain things crossing one's path at the beginning of a day's work, and so on, are matters regarded similarly in other quarters.

We gather from the Rev. J. C. Atkinson's *History of Cleveland*, a district running coastwise north from Whitby, that their 'yawls' or fishing boats are usually held in shares, and when the 'dole' or division of the profit takes place, which is very frequently, it is done in a most primitive fashion. 'One of the number takes charge of the money, and instead of handing his share reckoned in one sum, he commences the dole by handing a piece of money to one, another of the same value to the next, and so on all round till the whole amount is exhausted.'

ROBINSON, p. viii.

Some years ago, when the vessels in the Greenland whale-fishery left Whitby, in Yorkshire, I observed the wives and friends of the sailors to throw old shoes at the ships as they passed the pier-head.

N.T. N. & Q., vol. ii., p. 197.

Caul [or *Kell*, or *Smear*], the membrane over the face with which some children are born. A caul is worn about the person as a protection from drowning; and for those who are going to sea, as much as £5 may be instanced as offered for one in the public papers.—ROBINSON, p. 33.

Smock-turning, the old-fashioned practice of wives and sweethearts putting on their shifts inside out, for success and a fair wind to their connections at sea.

ROBINSON, p. 177.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 152.

Wossit, worsted. Housewives tell us it is not good to wind worsted or thread from the skein into a ball by candle light, 'for it raffles the sailors in steering their course at sea.'

ROBINSON, p. 223.

Scarborough. A most whimsical superstitious rite is often secretly performed on the new Pier, (as it antiently was on the old one,) with a view to appease the angry waves, and obtain a propitious breeze favourable to the voyager's safe return. His fair spouse, (or other anxious *female* friend,) proceeds unaccompanied about forty paces along the pier. Here a small circular cavity among the stones, which compose that huge mass of rocky fragments, receives a saline and tepid libation, which is poured into it while the sacrificer, muttering her tenderest wishes, looks towards that quarter, from whence the object of her anxiety, is expected to arrive. Antiquarians, mythologists, and sundry naturalists, have expressed their difficulties in accounting for this ceremony; yet they all allow it to proceed from some obscure and remote origin, if not absolute heathen superstition. Simpler tradition only records that it was first performed by one— . . . wife to a fisherman, who was given up lost in a storm; but strange to relate, the libation was scarcely cold, before the missing coble came in sight!

SCHOFIELD, pp. 62, 63.

Redcar. Of curtesye they presente their first chapman with a fishe; and if any byd money and be refused, yet, though another outbyd him, it is in his choise to be halfe in the bargaine. They have a custome every yeare to change their fellowes for good luck sake, as they esteeme yt; and upon St. Peter's daye, they invyte their frends and kinsfolks to a festyvall kepte after their fashion, with a free herte, and no shewe of nigardise. That daye their boates are dressed curuouslye to the shewe, their mastes are painted, and certaine rytes observed amongste them, with sprinkling their boates with good liquor, solde with them at a groate a quarte; which custome or superstycion suckt from their auncestors contynueth even unto this present.

H. TR., p. 414.

Scarborough. The fish-market is held on the sands, by the sides of the boats, which, at low water, are run upon wheels with a sail set, and are conducted by the fishermen, who dispose of their cargoes in the following manner. One of the female fishmongers asks the price, and bids a groat; the fishermen ask a sum in the opposite extreme; the one bids up, and the other reduces the demand, till they meet at a reasonable point, when the bidder suddenly exclaims 'Het.' This practice seems to be borrowed from the Dutch. The purchase is afterwards retailed among the regular, or occasional surrounding customers.

HONE, T. B., p. 202; SCHOFIELD, p. 122.

"Wrang 'em" or "Wrong 'em."—This word came into use by the old cobble fishermen about the year 1819. It took its rise from the fish set aside for drink, unknown to the men's wives, hence "wrong 'em." This term was also confirmed by the accident of the name of the person who they thought sold the best spirituous liquors. He was a Captain Wrangham who had a shop in East Sandgate, and the fishermen used to say as they set the fish aside "It'll de for Wrangham." The word is now used for all offal fish claimed by smack apprentices, and for what the men may catch by hook while the boats are riding by the herring nets, and which is free from auction dues.—BAKER, pp. 467, 468.

SECTION II.

TREES AND PLANTS.

Tree-worship thought possible.—That some lingering notion of veneration due to trees hung on, and was regarded as savouring of something not orthodox, is perhaps shown by the following incident, which is perfectly true. It was told me by the person concerned. A new parson had been appointed to a remote parish in one of the north-western dales of Yorkshire, under the Fells. Not being a native of Yorkshire, but a southerner, he was eyed with suspicion, and his movements were watched. Now in the parsonage garden was a large tree, and about the roots was a bed of violets. The suspicious villagers observed the pastor as he walked round the tree, and every now and then bowed, to pick a violet. The proceeding took place daily. Why he bowed they could not understand, unless it were in homage to the tree, and they actually drew up a memorial to the Archbishop of York complaining of their parson as guilty of idolatrous tree-worship.—BARING-GOULD (3), p. 231.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS : *Wells*, **Walton**, p. 32.

MAYPOLES.

Aysgarth. In it is an old may-pole about 90 feet in height. WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 389.

Carlton. The only village in Cleveland where we have noticed the Maypole.—ORD, p. 442.

The ancient custom of merrymaking and dancing round it is still kept up.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 739.

Falsgrave. There was . . a May-pole at the east end of the village, but this has . . been diverted from its original purpose.—BAKER, p. 26.

Huby. Huby is one of the solitary instances in Yorkshire which still retains its tall aspiring May-pole, though now, alas, bare and ungarlanded.—GILL, p. 412.

This relic of 'Merry England' is 22 yards high, and was erected about 20 years ago, in lieu of an older pole.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 642.

The annual meeting of the ratepayers has been held in the National School. . . . Officers were nominated to serve the township for the ensuing year. . . . Subsequently a discussion arose as to the desirability of having the village Maypole renovated during the coming spring. A proposition was made and carried *nem. con.* that such renovation be effected and a committee was formed to superintend the arrangements.—Y. H., March 25, 1891.

Newbiggin in Bishopdale. See *sub* **Thoralby**, p. 56.

Ovington. In it is one of the very few May-poles in the country: it is 21 yards high. An annual feast is held on the 14th of May.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 482.

Upper Poppleton. [In August 1893 the stump of the old Maypole, taken down almost thirty years before, was unearthed, and a new one 80 feet high planted on the spot.]—See Y. H., Aug. 8th, 1893.

Redmire. A May-pole, rare in Yorkshire, stands on the green. It was shattered to pieces by the electric fluid, during a thunderstorm in the summer of 1849.

BARKER, p. 187.

Richmond. The Maypoles in this town were placed, one opposite to the New Bank, and the other upon the Green. The maypole was resorted to at all other seasons of festivity and mirth, as well as during May. It generally marked the place where refreshments were to be obtained, and where the sports of the season were to be celebrated. They were taken down at the time of the Commonwealth.

CLARKSON, p. 295.

Sinnington. On the green in the centre of the village are a May Pole and the old wooden stocks.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 923.

Slingsby. This is one of the three villages in Yorkshire which still retains its rustic may-pole; an emblem of the festivities held by our forefathers to commemorate the return of spring, and the genial month of May. The village festival is still held on old May day, and it was formerly the custom to take down the old May-pole annually on this day, and to erect a new one in its stead; but the present which was erected in 1815 and is sixty-nine feet in height, has not been renewed since that period.

EASTMEAD, p. 235.

Thoralby and Newbiggin, in Bishopdale. At the last-mentioned place, as well as at Thoralby, there were formerly lofty May-poles. An old man who remembers the Thoralby one being set up some 50 to 60 years ago, told me that it consisted of two tall larches, which the young men of the neighbourhood obtained from Heanings Gill. Nearly 40 men were engaged in removing the trees, and when the pole was erected there was a general holiday and fête in the village.—SPEIGHT, p. 449.

GARLANDS.

Askrigg. Askrigg Hill Fair, is celebrated throughout the district; it occurs on the 11th and 12th of July, and seldom terminates without a faction fight between the Yoredale

and Swaledale men, who, for a long number of years have been in a state of rivalry, if not hostility. Here in old time, the 'Garland Courses' were annually run; a custom which I will describe in the words of a young native writer of talent; Mr. Grover Scarr of Bainbridge 'On the 16th of August, St Oswald's Day, the day of the village feast, a large garland woven expressly for the purpose was run for, directly up the brow of a steep hill, on the common, to the north of the town. Since its enclosure, the spot is known by the name of 'Garland Pasture.' The custom is said to have originated with a lady, some few centuries ago, who, having suffered a disappointment in love, instituted it for the perpetual punishment of the men of Wensleydale, by leaving a field, the rental of which was to be expended in the sports of the day, so long as it was observed—a somewhat remarkable instance of feminine vengeance.'—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée*, Nov., 1850, p. 308.

BARKER, pp. 226, 227.

The endowment . . . is now lost, and although on one or two recent occasions attempts have been made to revive the custom of garland racing in a modified form, it may be considered to be practically extinct.—WHALEY, p. 31.

Grinton. *Garlands in Churches.*—At Grinton Yorkshire, a garland used to be hung up for which the young men of the place used to run a race yearly up a steep hill. It was given in the last century by a young woman of Askrigg. The competitors were regaled at a garland feast.—Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. ix., p. 425.

Old Malton. [On the south wall of Old Malton parish church] is hung up a garland, made of hoops, crossed at right angles, and covered with paper; inside of which is a paper cut in imitation of gloves, on which is written Grace Porter, 1786, aged 58. This is the remains of an ancient custom, which was intended as an honour paid to those

females who had lived a life of celebacy. . . . These garlands were carried at the funeral of the deceased, before the corpse, by two maids.—EASTMEAD, p. 361.

Topcliffe. "Burial Garlands in Topcliff Church" mentioned.—THIRSK, *Appendix*, No. iii., p. 156.

See also under CEREMONIAL: **Filey, Hinderwell, Robin Hood's Bay, Whitby,** pp. 310, 313.

Whitby. A garland or hoop fluttering with ribbons, was the joyous signal at the mast-head to denote a well-fished ship when our whalers returned about August from the Greenland fishery.—ROBINSON, p. 75.

Kissin' Bush. See under FESTIVAL CUSTOMS: *Christmas*, pp. 279, 280.

SUNDRY TREES AND PLANTS.

Apple-blossom Omen. If part of an apple-tree blossoms when the fruit on other portions is nearly formed, it betokens death in the owner's family within the year.

ROBINSON, pp. 4, 5.

Even-ash. In the north riding of Yorkshire, the *even-ash* is employed as a charm in the following manner: A young woman desirous of ascertaining who her husband will be, pulls an even-ash privately from the tree repeating at the moment these lines

> 'Even-ash, even-ash, I pluck thee,
> This night my own true love to see;
> Neither in his rick [rich?] nor in his rare,
> But in the clothes he does every day wear.'

The twig is placed under her pillow at night, and the future husband, of course, makes his appearance in her dreams.

BRAND, vol. iii., p. 290.

Cf. MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 209.

Mountain Ash. Rowantree or *Roantree*, the mountain ash or witchwood. A piece is worn in the pocket to thwart the influence of the witch,[1] as well as tied to the horns of cattle and affixed to their stalls, for 'witches have no power where there is rowantree wood.' Some say the mountain ash is found, more than any other tree, near the stone circles of the Druids, and is supposed to have been made use of in their magical arts. . . . Stumps of the tree are frequent in old burial places; and rustics have rowantree whipstocks to preserve their teams from being overthrown. . . . We find 'Witch wood day' is the 13th of May when (under certain formalities) pieces of Rowantree are gathered. This day is also called 'the feast of St Helen' but really answers to the 2nd of May (Old Style) which was the Eve of the Invention by St Helen of the Holy Cross.—ROBINSON, pp. 156, 157.

See under LEECHCRAFT: *Witch-Sores*, p. 177.

In Cleveland the rowan-tree . . . must be gathered with peculiar observance and at a particular season. The 2nd of May, St Helen's Day, is Rowan-tree-day or Rowan-tree Witch-day, and on that day, even yet with some, the method of proceeding is for some member of the household or family to go the first thing in the morning, with no thought of any particular Rowan-tree—rather, I believe it might be said till some Rowan-tree is fallen in with of which no previous knowledge had been possessed by the seeker. From this tree a sufficient supply of branches is taken, and (a different path homewards having been taken, by the strict observers, from that by which they went) on reaching home twigs are 'stuck over every door of every house in the homestead,' and scrupulously left there until they fall out of themselves. A piece is also always borne

[1][See *Atkinson*, pp. 74, 75 for instance of this, and pp. 97-99, for information as to the special way in which the charm is to be acquired. *Blakeborough* (p. 168) tells of a girl protected from witch by wearing "wicken berries" which he renders, mountain ash berries.]

about by many in their pockets or purses as a prophylactic against Witching. Not so very long since, either, the farmers used to have whip-stocks of Rown-tree wood—Rown-tree-gads they were called—and it was held that, thus supplied, they were safe against having their Draught fixed, or their horses made restive by a witch. If ever a Draught came to a stand-still—there being in such cases no Rown-tree-gad in the driver's hands, of course—then the nearest Witchwood-tree was resorted to and a stick cut to flog the horses on with, to the discomfiture of the malevolent witch who had caused the stoppage.

ATKINSON (2), p. 417.

A story is told of a certain supposed witch, who stopped a lad's ploughing-team in the middle of a field. But the lad was amply prepared, having a whipstock of wicken-tree. With this, he touched his horses, in turn and broke the spell, whereupon the old lady gave way in angry rhythmical exclamation

'Damn the lad, wi' the rôan-tree gad'

and disappeared.—C. C. R., p. 47.[1]

Aspen. Espin, the aspin [*sic*] tree, *Populus tremuli* [*sic*] 'He trembles like an aspin leaf' as a person having the ague. Christ's cross is said to have been partly made of aspin wood, and the leaves of the aspin ever since that circumstance have continued to tremble!—ROBINSON, p. 61.

Bay berries. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Diagnosis*, p. 172.

Blackberries. Brummels or *Bummelkites*, the fruit of the bramble, hedge-blackberries. An abundance in Autumn denotes a hard coming winter; a similar prophecy applying to the red produce of the hawthorn, or 'cat haws,'

'As many haws
So many cold toes.'

[1] 'Woe to the lad
Without a rowan-tree gad.'—*Old Saying.*
—R. O. Heslop's *Northumberland Words*, vol. ii., p. 585.

Brambles are not to be eaten after Michaelmas, for by that time 'the devil has waved his club over the bushes!'
ROBINSON, p. 28.

See under LEECHCRAFT: *Witch-Sores*, &c., p. 177.

Box. For virtue of leaves of that used by "Vessel cups" see under FESTIVALS: *Christmas*, p. 276.

Briza. Trimmling Jockies, Doddering Dickies or *Quaker grass*, the *Briza* or shaking grass.

'A trimmling-jock i' t' house
An you weeant hev a mouse.'

Dried in bunches, with its brown seeds on a tall stem, it is commonly stuck on the mantel-piece, as believed to be obnoxious to mice.—ROBINSON, p. 202.

Bullace. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Witch-Sores*, &c., p. 177.

Bulrush. „ „ „ „ „ *ib.*

Cress. „ „ „ *Dentistry*, p. 171.

Daffodil. „ „ JINGLES, p. 425.

Daisies. „ „ LEECHCRAFT: '*Pynn & Webb*,' p. 177.

Dandelion. Clock, the downy head of a dandelion. . . Children . . in their play, pluck the plant at this stage of its growth, to blow away the down, in order to tell 'what o'clock' it is. This is done by repeated efforts, and the time of day is reckoned by that last breath which releases the last particle of down.—C. C. R., p. 22.

"*Devil's glut.*" See under LEECHCRAFT: *Witch-Sores*, p. 177. [There is no mention of this in Britten & Holland's *Dictionary of English Plant Names*; but varieties of *Cuscuta* and of *Convolvulus* are known as *Devil's Guts*].

Docks and Nettles. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 276, 277.

Elder. Bur-tree, or Bore-tree, the elder-berry tree. To be crowned with elder is noted as a mark of extreme

degradation, because Judas, the betrayer of Christ is said to have hung himself on an elder-tree.—ROBINSON, p. 29.

See under LEECHCRAFT as *Botterey*, p. 177.

Elm at **Thirsk.** There is a tradition that the Earl of Northumberland [1489] was massacred under the elm tree on St James' Green in Thirsk, but it does not appear to be supported by any evidence, although Rapin alludes to the subject.—GRAINGE, p. 74, *note.*

Haws. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION: *Weather forecasts*, p. 216.

Hazel Catkins. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Lambing-time*, p. 182.

Hemlock. „ „ „ *'Pynn & Webb,'* p. 176.

Henbane. „ „ „ *Witch-Sores, &c.*, p. 177.

Holly and other Evergreens. See under FESTIVAL CUSTOMS: *Christmas*, pp. 231, 272, 276, 277.

Kernel &c. Double, in North Yorkshire, . . . the wish is supposed to be gained if the finder of a double kernel in a nut, or the person to whom he gives it, simply eats the kernel. The same idea prevails with regard to double cherries, or any double fruit.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. iii., p. 272.

Mistleto. See under FESTIVAL CUSTOMS: *Christmas*, p. 280; and LOCAL CUSTOMS: **York**, p. 354.

Myrrh. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Diagnosis*, p. 172.

Oak. See under FESTIVALS: *May 29th*, p. 249.

When you see a large hole in an oak you may be sure the tree has been haunted.

D. J. R., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 193.

Oak at **Binso.** In the centre of the green is a curious conical shaped hill or tumulus, on the crest of which stands a

very old tree, which has probably witnessed the passing of a thousand years; by the natives this old monarch is known as "Binso Church."—BOGG (3), pp. 280, 281.

Oaks at **Newburgh.** There is a legend that all the oaks on this estate were decapitated by order of Cromwell, as a punishment of the loyalty of its noble owner,—the punishment being transferred from the 'lord' to the trees,—and that only on this propitiation did Cromwell consent to give his daughter in marriage to Lord Fauconberg.

GILL, p. 184.

Oak at **Sheriff Hutton.** Around it [Sheriff Hutton House] are many fine oaks of ancient growth, and venerable appearance. One of these trees which was blown down many years ago, is said to have been standing in the reign of Richard III.; it was called the "Warwick Oak," from having been (according to the tradition of the neighbourhood) the limit to which the unfortunate Earl of Warwick was permitted to extend his walks, during the period of his confinement in the Castle of Sheriff Hutton.

CAST. HUTT., pp. 39, 40.

Onion. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Convulsions*, p. 170.

Parsley-seed. There is a saying in the North Riding of Yorkshire that "parsley seed (when it has been sown) goes nine times to the devil" a phrase which seems to have originated in the fact that it remains some time in the earth before it begins to germinate.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. xi., p. 467.

Plantain leaves. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Dentistry*, p. 171.

Rose-galls or *Bedeguars. Seeave-whallops*, the hedge briar warts; it is an excrescence worn by schoolboys as a charm to save them from a flogging.—ROBINSON, p. 165.

Rowan. See *sub Mountain-Ash*, p. 59.

Rosemary and Ash. The rosemary-tree. . . . is 'an *impish* thing,' and will not grow on any soil. Hence the common

country saying, that it is only to be found about a house where the mistress is master. This is said, too, of the herb *rue*.—C. C. R., p. 65.

Rosemary. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Witch-Sores*, p. 177.

Rue. Rue was hung about the neck as an Amulet against witchcraft.

WHITBY REPOS., vol. i., New Series (1867), p. 325.

Spurge. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Dentistry*, p. 171.

Tormentil. „ „ *Diagnosis*, p. 172.

Yule Clog, or Log. See under FESTIVALS: *Christmas*, pp. 273, 274, 275, 276, 277.

SECTION III.

ANIMALS.

Ass. A friend of the editor writing to him in 1819 says: 'There is a superstition in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that the streak across the shoulders of the ass was in consequence of Balaam's striking it, and as a reproof to him and memento of his conduct.'—BRAND, vol. iii., p. 363.

See also under LEECHCRAFT: *Measles*, pp. 175, 176; *Whooping-cough*, pp. 179, 180.

Bees. Bees told of death of their owner and of the coming in of his successor.—See *Atkinson*, p. 128.

At the funeral of a country bee-owner, the bees must have a portion of everything given to them pertaining to the funeral repast, otherwise they will die! This practice is continued; and the outsides of the hives are seen hung in mourning with crape for their deceased possessor.

ROBINSON, p. 14.

Instance of this, see *Atkinson*, p. 127.

Sundry superstitions, see *Atkinson*, p. 126.

I remember on one occasion talking to the widow of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Egton . . . and was somewhat amazed by her telling me of the ritual they thought proper to observe at the time of her husband's death with regard to their own bees. She dilated on the nature of the feast, and went through a long string of viands, a sort of 'bill of fare' of what they set before the bees, winding up at the last, as if she quite enjoyed the

relating of it, by adding 'Aye! bacca an' pipes an' all!' 'What!' I ventured to observe in astonishment, 'do you mean to say that the bees ate the tobacco?' 'Aye,' she added, 'ah seed it mysen.' I could say no more on that point. . . . But the pipes were not yet accounted for, and so after a pause I said, 'Well! at all events the bees could not eat the pipes.' 'Bud,' she replied, 'they did 'owivver.' 'How in the world could they do that?' was my interrogation. 'Aw,' she exclaimed 'they teeak a steean an' mash'd 'em up intiv a poodher an' minced it wi' t' stuff an' gav it tiv 'em!' 'And did they eat it clean up?' I asked. 'Aye, hivvry bit; ah seed it mysen.' *Eee preeaf*, or in other words, ocular demonstration cannot well be got over. . . . It was evidently thought that it was their being fed in this way alone that had preserved them from dying with their master.—MORRIS, pp. 234, 235.

Example of this, see *Atkinson*, pp. 127, 128.

See under FESTIVALS: *Christmas*, p. 274.

Beetle (*Anobium tesselatum*). *Death-warner*, the 'death-watch' whose insect tick is taken for a sign of death.

ROBINSON, p. 51.

Road beetle, a sign of rain if trodden on.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 130.

Birds on St. Valentine's Day. There is a tradition, that on this day every bird chooses its mate.

RICHMOND, p. 302; INGLEDEW, p. 345.

See also under FESTIVALS, p. 236.

Birds at Easter. Sitting on the box of a coach the other day, in North Yorkshire, a youth who sat by me called my attention to certain droppings on his knee, just inflicted on him by a passing bird. 'It's a pity this isn't Easter Day' said he; 'for we say in Cleveland that if a bird drops on you on Easter Day you'll be lucky all the year after.' He added that on Whitsunday, if you don't put on at least one brand-new article of dress, the birds will be sure to come

and 'drop' on you. Which seems to show that in Cleveland the birds are angels at Easter, but only harpies at Whitsuntide.—A. J. M., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. x., p. 287.

But see under FESTIVALS: *Easter*, p. 246.

Cat. See under CEREMONIAL CUSTOMS, p. 294, and LEECHCRAFT: *Whooping-cough*, pp. 179, 180.

Black Cats. It is curious that at Scarbrough for years back sailors' wives liked to keep black cats in their houses to insure the safety of their husbands at sea. This gave black cats such a value that no one else could keep them; they were always stolen.—BAKER, p. 475.

A stray black cat, taking up her abode in a new house, betokens luck to the place!—ROBINSON, p. 33.

Calf-licked. When the hair on a man's forehead grows perpendicular and stiff, he is said to be *cawf-licked.*

ROBINSON, p. 33.

Cock-crowing. [That the crowing of a cock at a house-door foretells the arrival of strangers is a piece of folk-lore that prevails in North Yorkshire.—Cf. N. & Q., 6th S., vol. v., pp. 46, 178.]

There is a widespread belief that if the cock crows in the house, or if the fowls enter it, visitors may be expected. I remember very well going to a farm house in Cleveland once, and being told by the farmer that they had been looking for a visitor because the cock had been crowing on the doorstead.—MORRIS, p. 249.

Use of young cockerel in marriage customs.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

'Cock's' egg.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 149.

Cockles and Mussels **(Cleveland).** There were some countrymen present that held an opinion that I mentyoned a lytle afore, to produce cockles and mussells; for by their experyence they had founde (if they were not deceaved) that parte of the earth being removed and layd in a good

heape, close rammed together, that after some yeares, in the openinge thereof they discovered shells half made, some newly begun, and others almoste finished but for want of due concoctyon soe tender, that beinge roughlie touched imediatly they fell aparte.—H. TR., p. 424.

Cod. Spraggy, adj. splintery; bony. 'Spraggy fish.'

'A spraggy cod will grow no fatter,
Till it gets a drink o' new May watter.'—*Local saying.*

ROBINSON, p. 182.

Cows, etc. Should a cow in one of our Cleveland dairies so far and so undesirably anticipate the usual spring calving of the herd as to "pick her cauf" (cast or slink her calf), the untimely calf is still, in some parts of the district, carefully buried beneath the threshold of the cow-byre; the admitted object being to avert the like disaster—one by no means unlikely to befall if a cow set the bad example—from the rest of the cows in the byre. . . . Another Cleveland usage is, when a mare foals to hang up 'the cleansings' (the placenta) in a tree, preferably in a thorn or failing that a crab tree; the motive assigned being to secure 'luck with the foal.' Should the birth take place in the fields, this suspension is most carefully attended to, while as for the requirements of such events at the homestead, in not a few instances there is a certain tree not far from the farm-buildings still specially marked out for the reception of these peculiar pendants. In one instance lately, I heard of a larch tree so devoted, but admittedly in default of the thorn; the old thorn-tree long employed for the purpose having died out. Again, a lamb that is dropped dead, or that dies while still very young, is customarily hung up in a tree—properly in a thorn, though any fruit- or berry-bearing tree will do. In the last case under my notice, the tree was a rowan-tree or mountain-ash. In all these cases the same principle is, I think, beyond question involved. Certainly in the case of the mare the offering would

originally have been to Odin; probably in all cases of suspension on a berry-bearing tree the same may be true.—J. C. Atkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol ii., pp. 556, 557.

In Cleveland the belief is that where a cow has twin calves the first-born will be fruitful and the second barren, be they of whatever sex, unless such alleged barren animal meets with another born as itself.

Eboracum, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. viii., p. 322.

Young calf dies if over-stridden.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 146.

A Yorkshireman, resident in the North Riding of his native county, forgot to tell his cow that his wife was dead. The cow died, and the death was attributed to the fact that the poor beast had not been told of the death of the woman!—R. D. Dawson-Duffield, LL.D., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., p. 212.

When the cows are to be turned out to summer grass, the old practice is to choose the nearest Sunday to May-day, upon the principle—'better day, better deed.'

ROBINSON, p. 109.

Bisslings or Beastlings, the first milk of a newly-calven cow. 'A bottle of *bissling*-milk to make a *bissling*-pudding' is a common present among country neighbours; but it is unlucky to return the bottle rinsed, for the death of the young calf is sure to follow!—ROBINSON, p. 18.

Witches in the form of hares, milk cows, see *Atkinson*, pp. 87-90.

Crow. The following charms are repeated by children throughout Yorkshire . . .

'Crow, crow, get out of my sight,
Or else I'll eat thy liver and lights.'

Lady-bird. 'Lady-bird, lady-bird, eigh thy way home;
Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam,
Except little Nan, who sits in her pan,
Weaving gold-laces as fast as she can.'

I remember as a child, sitting out of doors on an evening of a warm summer or autumn day, and repeating the crow charm to flights of rooks, as they winged home to their rookery. The charm was chaunted so long as a crow remained in sight, the final disappearance being to my mind proof 'strong as Holy Writ' of the efficacy of the charm.

The lady-bird charm is repeated to the insect (the *Coccinella septempunctata* of Linnæus)—the common seven-spotted lady-bird. . . . The lady-bird is placed upon the child's open hand, and repeated until the insect takes to flight.

N.B.—The lady-bird is also known as lady-cow, cow-lady, and is sometimes addressed as cusha-cow-lady.

Robert Rawlinson, N. & Q., vol. iv., p. 53.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 277.

Watching flight of crows at Easter.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 78.

Cuckoo. What to do when you hear one.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 130.

Dog. A dog barking at night is regarded as a sign of death.—ROUTH, p. 70.

Dog-howling portent.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 127. Prince Rupert's Dog, see under WITCHCRAFT, pp. 147, 148, 149.

Dog's tongue. See under LEECHCRAFT: *King's Evil*, p. 175.

Eel-skin. „ „ „ *Cramp*, p. 171.

Frog. „ „ „ *Bleeding*, p. 170; *Weakness*, p. 179.

Geese. 'If t' geease-breest at Michaelmas be dour and dull
We's hev a sair winter te t' sure an' te t' full';

if the breast of the roast goose when held up to the light shows dark upon the whole rather than otherwise, we shall have a severe winter throughout; if mottled variable; the lighter aspects betokening snow, the darker, frosts. The general transparency of the bone denotes an open winter,

the front part foretelling the state of that season before Christmas, the inner part the weather after Christmas.

ROBINSON, p. 77.

See also under MAGIC AND DIVINATION: Weather *Forecasts*, p. 215.

Wild Geese, etc., at **Whitby.** Not farre from Whitby is a piece of grounde, called Whitby stronde, over which the inhabitantes affyrme that noe wild-goose can flye; yf the reporte be as true as yt is olde, there must needes be some secret antipathie betweene the ayre of that place and that kinde of fowle; if yt be a tale, I wonder much that soe palpable a lye should from many adges be nurished by many men of worthe, whome yt ill beseemeth to give vent to such ware.—H. TR., p. 419.

It is . . . ascribed to the power of her [S. Hilda's] sanctity, that those wild Geese which in the winter fly in great flock to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts; to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several very credible men. But those who are less inclin'd to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the Geese, such as they say is between Wolves and Scylla-roots. For that such hidden tendencies and aversions as we call Sympathies and Antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature, for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that every body grants it.—CAMDEN, p. 751; POLY-OLBION, Song 28; MARMION, Canto ii.

According to a Whitby superstition of the present day, all sea-birds drop down dead if they cross the Abbey because of a curse laid on them by [St Hilda].

ATHENÆUM, Dec. 30th, 1899, p. 896.

Gabriel hounds, the flocks of yelping wild geese high in

the air, migrating southward in the twilight evenings of autumn, their cry being more audible than the assemblage is visible. As the foreboders of evil, people close their ears and cover their eyes until the phalanx has passed over.

ROBINSON, p. 74.

Instance of this see *Atkinson*, p. 70.

Here in Cleveland, the name is sounded Gaabr'l ratchet, which probably may be a phonetic form of Gabriel ratchet; but what is remarkable is, that the superstition connected with the name is two-formed. The Gaabr'l ratchet is either the nocturnal sound resembling the cry of hounds, and betokening death in the house near which it is heard, or to some friend or connection of the hearer; or, it is a mysterious single bird, which shows itself, as well as utters its mournful and startling cry, or rather shriek, before some friend of a person whose death is nearly approaching. I have quite recently conversed with persons—whose faith and whose good faith it was equally impossible to doubt—who declare that they have seen the bird; and add to the statement the further one, that in each case the death of such and such a neighbour or relation followed closely after. . . .

I find among the Cleveland traditions one that the Gabriel rachet originates in a gentleman of the olden times, who was so strangely fond of hunting, that on his deathbed he ordered his hounds all to be killed and buried at the same time and in the same tomb with himself: a tradition interesting enough from its coincidence with some of the German forms.—J. C. Atkinson, GENT. MAG., Pt. ii., 1866; pp. 189, 190.

It was not a rare thing to find [old Hannah] dispirited by an unusual dream, an omen, or a presentiment; the mysterious side of nature had great attractions for Hannah. On winter nights by the kitchen fire she would perplex old James and amuse Susan by the hour together with legends and charms, stories of bahrgeists and haunted houses, wonderful dreams that had come true of ill-luck that

people had brought upon themselves by neglecting certain little ceremonies propitiatory to the maleficent powers; but it was seldom she was so really self-oppressed as she was to-day. By slow degrees however she unfolded the cause. . . . The previous evening she had been standing on the step of the kitchen-door; quite late, she said it was, and she had gone out to look at the stars before going to bed to see what kind of weather they were likely to have for the school-feast. As she stood, thinking how cloudy it was, and what evident signs of change were apparent, Carlo came up to her; she began stroking him and suddenly right overhead, far away up above the house and the trees, they heard the wild shrill unearthly yelping of the 'Gabriel Hounds.' The dog heard it too, she said, for he shivered and trembled under her hand as if stricken with terror. There was nothing to be seen. The young moon was only just rising through watery clouds and the stars were few and faint. There was no wind, no other sound—nothing but the ominous cries of the spectral pack as they went rushing on through the distant sky. Old Hannah's face had grown ashy-grey as she told her story; but when she looked up and saw the merry smile on Mrs. Wynburn's face, the poor old withered cheeks flushed crimson with anger and disappointment, 'Weel, weel, Miss Mary (Mrs. Wynburn was always 'Miss Mary' in Hannah's heart) may ya' allus hev as little cause to greet as ya' hev just noo. Ah hevn't lived my three-scoöre years withoot sorrow, nor yet withoot warnin' o' sorrow; an them flyin' hounds niver yet passed over the hoose ah lived in but trouble or sickness, or death came in at the doör.'—YORKE, vol. i., pp. 115-117 (*Cornborough Vicarage*).

Haddock. The legendary tale of Filey says, that the devil in one of his mischievous pranks determined to build Filey bridge[1] for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen, but that in the progress of

[1] [See p. 18.]

his work he accidentally let fall his hammer into the sea, and being in haste to snatch it back caught a haddock, and thereby made the imprint, which the whole species retains to this day.—T. C., Bridlington, Sep. 27, 1827, HONE, T. B., p. 733.

Hen-crowing. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 126, 127.

Horses. In Yorkshire, the ill-luck attendant [on meeting white horses] is supposed to be averted by spitting on the ground.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. vi., p. 178.

Behaviour within sight of a piebald horse, see *Blakeborough*, p. 131.

Lady-bird. See p. 69.

Lobster-louse. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Fits*, p. 173.

Magpie. Nanpie, or Pie-nanny, the magpie. The unusual appearance of nanpies in a place is said to be ominous.

> 'One is a sign of mischief,
> Two is a sign of mirth;
> Three is the sign of a wedding,
> Four is a sign of death;
> Five is a sign of rain,
> Six is the sign of a bastard bairn!'

However, by making as many crosses upon the ground as there are birds, you may avert these indications; but if you set out on a journey and a magpie comes across your path, it is a token of ill-luck for the day!—ROBINSON, p. 129.

The appearance of magpies is significant, and are [*sic*] said to betoken—*one* for sorrow, *two* for mirth, *three* for a wedding, and *four* for a birth.—ROUTH, p. 70.

Concerning one magpie or two, see *Blakeborough*, p. 130.

Raising hat to magpie, see *Atkinson*, p. 71; also

We hear from time to time of a person raising his hat or making a bow if a magpie crosses his path; nay, of even turning back from a commenced journey or expedition for the same or some like reason; like that is, as being

connected with the appearance or action of a magpie or more than one.—ATKINSON (2), p. 348.

Tell-pie-tit or *Tell-piet* or *Tell-pienot* or *Tell-pie* or *Pienot* or *Pie-ot* or *Nan-pie.* The magpie gets these various names which differ even in neighbouring villages, and are difficult to refer to locality. The first four also designate a *tale-bearer.*

'*Tell-pie tit,*
Thy tongue'll slit,
An' every dog i' t' town 'll get a bit.'

'*Tell-pie tit,*
Laid a' egg, an' couldn't sit,'

are samples of children's rhymes in connection with this bird of imagined omen.—C. C. R., p. 142.

The 'Mother Shipton' Moth. Amongst the portraits of Mother Shipton we must not omit to name that which is borne on the wings of the *Euclidia Mi,*—a handsome moth, which is common in many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Figures of it will be found in Newman, Wood, and Westwood, and other writers on Entomology. On the figure is what looks like the eye, hooked nose, and curved chin that has become traditionally associated with the Yorkshire prophetess.—SHIPTON, *Introd.*, p. xxvii.

Mouse. How to behave when a mouse runs across the room.—See *Blakeborough,* p. 150.

See also under LEECHCRAFT: *Whooping Cough,* pp. 179, 180.

Owl. Seeing and hearing an owl. See *Blakeborough,* pp. 130, 131. *Owl Broth.* See under LEECHCRAFT, p. 180.

Oxen on S. Stephen's Day. In some places, until comparatively recently, it was commonly believed that the oxen knelt in their stalls on St. Stephen's Eve; this of course was supposed to be in honour of the birth of the Saviour. It was so lately as this present year (1891) that I was speaking to a native of Westerdale about old customs, when I was told that it was quite within the recollection of my

informant that people in that dale used sometimes to go out at midnight on St. Stephen's Eve to try and see the *owsen* kneel as they were tied up in their byres.—MORRIS, p. 218.

See also under FESTIVALS: *Christmas Eve*, p. 278.

Oyster Shell. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Deafness*, p. 171.

Peacocks' Feathers. Some years ago, when I was visiting in North Yorkshire, I remember that one day an old servant came to the house where I was, and found some peacock feathers above the mantel-piece of one of the bedrooms. She expressed her horror to the young ladies of the house and said that they need never expect to be married if they kept such things for ornament.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. iv., p. 531.

Pigeon's Feathers. It used to be a common belief, . . . and is so still with many old people, that a sick person cannot die if laid upon a bed composed of the feathers of pigeons or of any wild birds. I was told not long since of one Jane H——, from the neighbourhood of Westerdale, that she was lying upon a bed of that description; that she was *in extremis* for a week, and when it was thought she could not die in consequence of being upon a bed of wild birds' feathers they took her off it and laid her on a *squab*,[1] where, as I am informed, she died at once!—MORRIS, pp. 237, 238.

See under CEREMONIAL: *Death*, p. 300.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 120.

Pig. Use of jawbone in medicine. See LEECHCRAFT, *Diarrhœa*, p. 181.

Robin. Ruddock, the redbreast. Some say the ruddock loses his red breast when he retires for the summer, and regains it before returning to our precincts in the winter.—ROBINSON, p. 157.

[1] ["*Squab*, a plain cushioned couch without back or ends, generally set on one side of the fire-place in the common room, the sofa being a refined article for the parlour."—ROBINSON, p. 183.]

Not to be robbed of its eggs.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 278.

Serpents. **Handale Priory, Lofthouse.**—A curious stone coffin (*qy.* if this be not the coffin of Sir John Conyers, the Serpent-killer?) was . . . discovered, on the lid of which appeared an inscription, much injured, but meaning, as my informant said, 'Snake-killer!' whilst underneath was a sword about four feet long. This sword was the sword of Sir William Bruce, temp. Queen Elizabeth, and lately remained in the possession of Mr. Beckwith of York, F.S.A., a descendant probably of the Beckwiths of Handale. There is a representation of the same weapon carved in stone (apparently a coffin-lid), visible in the wall of a game-larder, which we recognised at once from having seen a drawing of the original. We mentioned the fact to Mr. Marr (tenant at Handale of John Bell, Esq., M.P., the present proprietor); but that worthy gentleman scouted our heterodoxy with much scorn and indignation, bringing history, tradition, and even the Scriptures, to overturn our hypothesis. "In ancient times," he told us, "but whether among the naked Britons, the Greeks, or Romans, was unknown, the neighbouring wood was infested by a huge serpent of singular fascination, who had the gift, like the first tempter of Eden, to beguile young damsels from their duty, and afterwards fed on their dainty limbs. Now, there lived in these parts a brave and gallant youth, named Scaw, who felt greatly incensed at the ravages which the serpent made among his fair acquaintance, and determined to eradicate the vile ravisher from the land, or perish in the attempt. Therefore, amid the tears and prayers of his friends and sweethearts (for he was a smart, proper young man), he buckled on his armour, and proceeded to the serpent's cave. Striking the rock with his sword, the huge reptile immediately issued forth, breathing fire and death from his nostrils, and rearing high his crested head, to transfix the bold intruder with his poisonous sting.

Nothing daunted, the young hero, resolving to conquer or perish, fought bravely and for a long time, and after a deadly contest the fell destroyer was destroyed. Young Scaw forthwith married an earl's daughter, found in a cave, and rescued by his valour; he obtained by this marriage vast estates; the wood where he slew the serpent is called Scaw-wood to this day and *that*" quoth my informant, "is a representation of the identical sword with which Scaw killed the *sarpint*." Mr. Marr also informed me that the skeleton of this hero, including his skull, was found in a coffin along with his sword; and that an old picture existed in Lofthouse during his memory, representing this tradition, viz. a warrior with a naked sword in his hand; also the warrior's faithful dog; and a dead serpent newly slain. Of course we could not gainsay these facts, especially as they were recited with a determination that rendered argument dangerous; therefore if any of our readers remain unbelievers, we must refer them to our original informant, Mr. Marr.—ORD, p. 282, 283.

Loschy Hill.—In the church of Nunnington, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is an ancient tomb, surmounted by the figure of a knight in armour in a recumbent posture, the legs crossed, the feet resting against a dog, the hands apparently clasping a heart, but no inscription to determine to whom it belongs. The traditional account current in the neighbourhood is that it is the tomb of Peter Loschy, a famous warrior, whose last exploit was killing a huge serpent or dragon which infested the country and had its den on a wooded eminence called Loschy Hill near East Newton in the parish of Stonegrave. The details of the combat as related by tradition are as follows. Having determined to free the country from the pest, the redoubted Peter Loschy had a suit of armour prepared; every part of it covered with razor blades set with the edges outwards, and thus prepared, armed only with his sword, and accompanied by a faithful dog, he went forth to seek the

destroyer which he quickly found in a thicket on Loschy Hill. The dragon, glad of another victim, darted upon the armed man, notwithstanding a wound from his sword, and folded itself round his body, intending, no doubt, as it had often done before, to squeeze its victim to death, and afterwards to devour it at leisure; but in this it was disappointed; the razor blades were keen and pierced it in every part, and it quickly uncoiled itself again; when, to the great surprise of the knight, soon as it rolled on the ground its wounds instantly healed, and it was strong and vigorous as ever, and a long and desperate fight ensued between the knight and the serpent without much advantage to either. At length the sword of the knight severed a large portion of the serpent, which the dog quickly snatched up and ran across the valley with nearly a mile, and then left it on a hill near Nunnington church, and immediately returned to the scene of combat, and snatching up another fragment cut off in the same manner, conveyed it to the same place, and returned again and again for other fragments until they were all removed, the last portion conveyed being the poisonous head. The knight now rejoicing at his victory, stooped to pat and praise his faithful dog; the latter overjoyed, looked up and licked the knight's face, when sad to relate the poison of the serpent imbibed by the dog was inhaled by the knight, and he fell down dead in the moment of victory, and the dog also died by the side of his master. The villagers buried the body of the knight in Nunnington Church, and placed a monument over his grave, on which were carved the figures of the knight and his faithful dog to witness to the truth of the story.—L. H., May 4, 1878, p. 279.

Mowbray, a dragon-slayer.—[Roger de] Mowbray whose valour as well as piety was of a very romantic cast, undertook a second pilrimage to the Holy Land, where according to Hoveden, whom I consider as the best authority, after being taken prisoner in a general overthrow of the

Christians by Saladine, he died and was buried. This probable account however, is encountered by another which I suspect to be a fabrication of the monks of Byland; namely, that on his return to England, having met with a lion fighting with a dragon he took part with the king of beasts, and mortally wounded his antagonist, which so engaged the gratitude of the former, that he spontaneously followed his benefactor into England; after which, Mowbray having survived fifteen years, died, and was interred in Byland Abbey.

WHITAKER, vol. ii., pp. 97, 98.

Sexhow.—Sexhow is a small hamlet or township in the parish of Rudby, some four miles from the town of Stokesley in Cleveland. Upon a round knoll at this place a most pestilent dragon or worm took up its abode; whence it came or what its origin was no one knew. So voracious was its appetite that it took the milk of nine cows daily to satisfy its cravings, but we have not heard that it required any other kind of food. When not sufficiently fed, the hissing noise it made alarmed all the country round about; and worse than that, its breath was so strong as to be absolutely poisonous, and those who breathed it died. This state of things was unbearable, the country was becoming rapidly depopulated. At length the monster's day of doom dawned: a knight clad in complete armour passed that way, whose name and country no one knew; and after a hard fight slew the monster and left it dead upon the hill, and then passed on his way. He came, he fought, he won, and then he went away. The inhabitants of Stokesley took the skin of the worm and suspended it in a church over the pew belonging to the hamlet of Sexhow, where it long remained, a trophy of the knight's victory and their own deliverance from the terrible monster.—L. H., May 4, 1878, p. 279.

Slingsby. Slingsby, a small parish town, in the North

Riding of Yorkshire is distinguished for three things; the ruins of a castle, a maypole, and the tradition of an enormous serpent. . . . Our business is with the serpent alone. The road through Slingsby from Hovingham to Malton, instead of proceeding in a direct line, to which there is no natural obstacle, makes a singular and awkward bend to the right. This deviation was observed by Roger Dodsworth the antiquary, and in reply to his inquiries he received the following story 'The tradition is that between Malton and this town there was sometime a serpent that lived upon prey of passengers, which this Wyvill and his dog did kill, when he received his death-wound. There is a great hole half a mile from the town, round within, three yards broad and more, where the serpent lay. In which time the street was turned a mile on the south side, which does still show itself if any takes pains to survey it.' This tradition written down in 1619, by one of the most painstaking of antiquaries, is current among the villagers to this day who yet point out the place where the serpent had its den, declaring that the said serpent was a mile in length; and in support of this story point to the effigies of Wyvill and his dog yet remaining in this church. Both Wyvill and his dog perished in the fight, or died soon afterwards, and were commemorated by this monument. Dodsworth saw it, and says when speaking of Slingsby Church 'There is in the choir a monument cross-legged of one of the Wyvills, at his feet a talbot coursing.'

L. H., May 4, 1878, p. 279.

Well. There is a dim tradition still existing in this village of an enormous dragon having once had its lair in the vicinity, . . a source of terror to the inhabitants, until a champion was found in an ancestor of the Latimers, who went boldly forth like a true knight of olden times, and after a long and terrible fight . . slew the monster, hence a dragon on the coat of arms of this family.

BOGG (3), p. 296.

Snail. How it may smoothe the way to matrimony. See *Blakeborough*, p. 133.

Snail-Charms. See *Blakeborough*, p. 277.

Spiders. The belief that spiders are poisonous prevails in North Yorkshire.—N. & Q., 6th S., vol. v., p. 197.

Money-spinner, the little spider that lowers itself by its single thread from the overhead ceiling, and swings before your face as 'a sign of good luck.'—ROBINSON, p. 125.

Toad. See under LEECHCRAFT: *Bleeding*, p. 170; *Falling-sickness*, p. 173; *Lask*, p. 175.

Weasel. Omen of weasel crossing path and means of counteracting it. See *Blakeborough*, p. 150.

Worms. See under LEECHCRAFT; *Dentistry*, p. 171; *Diagnosis*, p. 171.

Worm, Hairy. What to do when you meet one. See *Blakeborough*, p. 130.

See also under LEECHCRAFT; *Whooping-cough*, pp. 179, 180.

SECTION IV.

GOBLINDOM.

WRAITHS.

Waft, a ghost; a passing shadow. . . . We have heard of the wafts of people being seen, who were living at a distance, when the death-news to their friends at home were found to agree with the time of the shadow's appearance.—ROBINSON, p. 210.

Appearance of the wraith of a person a sign of his approaching death.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 122.

It was a common belief that the wraith of a dying maid, could work ill on any man, who tried in any way to injure a true maid about to be married, *i.e.* during the time the banns were being published.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 36.

Not very many years have gone by since a man of Guisborough entering a shop in this old fishy town [Whitby] saw his own wraith standing there unoccupied. He called it a 'waff.' Now it is unlucky in the highest degree to meet one's own double; in fact it is commonly regarded as a sign of early death. There is but one path of safety; you must address it boldly. The Guisborough man was well aware of this and went up without hesitation to the waff. 'What's thou doing here?' he said roughly; 'what's thou doing here? thou's after no good, I'll go to bail. Get thy ways yom, wi' thee, get thy ways yom' whereupon the waff slunk off abashed

and the evil design with which it came there was brought happily to nought.—NORWAY, p. 139.

EXORCISMS.

Some say that none but a Catholic priest can lay a ghost effectually.—ROBINSON, p. 112.

Anecdote concerning this, see *Atkinson*, p. 59 *footnote.*

See **Aldwark**, p. 85; *The Bainbrigges*, p. 86.

Success of the Rector of Burneston in exorcism *Blakeborough*, pp. 160, 161. See also **Mortham Tower**, p. 95.

Charm or Exorcism on a Slip of Parchment concealed within the Figure of Christ on a Crucifix[1] found at **Ingleby Arncliffe.**

✠ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{I}{a}$ In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen. Conjuro vos elphes et demones et omnia genera fantasmatis, per patrem et filium et spiritum sanctum, et per sanctam Mariam matrem domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per omnes apostolos dei, et per omnes martires dei, et per omnes confessores dei, et per omnes virgines dei Jesu Christi, et viduas et omnes electos dei, et per quatuor evangelista (*sic*) domini nostri Jesu Christi, Marcum, Matheum, Lucam, Joheannem (*sic*), et per nacionem (*sic*) domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per passionem dei, et per mortem domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per decensionem dei ad inferos, et per resurrectionem domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per passionem (*sic, lege* ascensionem) domini nostri Jesu Christi ad celos, et per quatuor evangelistas domini nostri Jesu Christi $\frac{a}{I}|\frac{G}{a}$ (*sic*) Marcum $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{I}{a}$ Matheum $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{I}{a}$ Lucam $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{I}{a}$ Johannem $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{I}{a}$ et per virtutem domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per magna nomina dei

[1 "From the form of the crown, the character of the workmanship, and the appearance of the enamel," says ORD, p. 137, "I should judge it to be somewhere about 500 years old." He states that "the parchment slip was nearly a foot long and the writing a great deal better than the Latin."]

✠ A ✠ G ✠ L ✠ A ✠ ON ✠ tetra ✠ Gromaton (*sic, lege* tetragrammaton) ✠ sabaoth ✠ adonai ✠ et omnia nomina,—ut non noceas (*sic, lege* noceatis). Huic famulo (famula *interlin.*) dei Adam osanna, nocte neque die, sed per misericordiam dei Jesu Christi maximam, adjuvante sancte Maria matrem (*sic*) domini nostri Jesu Christi, ab omnibus malis predictis et aliis requiescat in pace. Amen. ✠ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$. In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen. $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ et requiescunt in Domino suo (*requiescunt* interlin.) requiescat iste isti (*sic*) famulus dei Jesu Christi Adam Osanna, adjuvante sancta Maria Matrem (*sic*) domini nostri Jesu Christi, ab omnibus malis predictis et aliis, Amen ✠ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ Quinque (*supple* vulnera) domini nostri Jesu Christi, et sancte marie de osanna (*sic*), sanctus dunstanus, sancte andrea (*sic*), sanctus nicholaus, sancta Margareta, sancte petre, sancte paule, sancte mathea, sancte bartholomee, sancta (*supple* vulnera) domini nostri Jesu Christi, sancta brigida $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ Christus vincit $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ Christus regnat $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ et Christus inperat (*sic*) $\frac{a}{G}|\frac{l}{a}$ et Christus Adam Osanna ab omni malo defendat. Amen.—ORD, p. 138.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 94, 95, 96, for detailed account of a charm in which the word *Agla* appeared. For further information, cf. ORD, p. 140, N. & Q., vol. iv., pp. 116, 370; JONES, pp. 137, 138.

MANIFESTATIONS.

Aldwark. A short distance from Chapel-garth in a hollow place is a large stone called the 'conjuring stone.' In the days of superstition and witches, a troubled ghost . . . frequented this lonely spot and the neighbouring road and so terrified the natives, that it was deemed necessary for the peace of the town and the comfort of the 'poor ghost' to ease it of its troubles by aid of the priest, who after various ceremonies, exorcised the spirit

and fastened it down with what is now designated the 'conjuring stone' which remains to the present day.

GILL, p. 398.

Nr. Barnard Castle. *The Bainbrigges.*—Of the last of the old squires . . . tradition relates something. His name was Roger. He hailed from Vallance Lodge, Friar House and Step-Ends. . . . He used frequently to cross the Tees in high flood, in the middle of dark stormy nights on a favourite bay mare, with his wife sitting on a pallion behind him,—when passing to and from his Durham and Yorkshire places of residence. Madam Anne was a little person, and according to the fashion of the day wore a red cloak with a hood. She was often nearly frightened out of her wits on these occasions. It is said that these repeated frights hastened her death, and that after her decease, her troubled spirit might be seen, by the gifted ones, at the proper hours of the night,—and in flood times crossing the Tees at Step-Ends—habited in the red cloak and seated upon the shoulders of what seemed to be her husband. The Ghost of Old Roger too, was not unfrequently seen both there and at Friar House, especially at the latter place,—where he at last became so troublesome that the inhabitants were obliged to procure the assistance of popish priests to lay him at rest.—FITZHUGH.

Beningbrough. In 1670 Beningbrough Hall, a fine Elizabethan red-brick mansion, stood in a park near the junction of the Ouse and Nidd. The old house has been pulled down. . . . It is said that at night a pale female figure is seen to steal along the bank of the Ouse, where the avenue stood in olden time, and to disappear in the churchyard of Newton, which adjoins the park.

BARING-GOULD, vol. i., pp. 222, 228.

Over two centuries ago the owner of the property kept up a full set of servants, and being a man who from choice

or necessity was frequently from home, his house was left in the care of the steward and the housekeeper. The steward was a man of middle-age, shrewd, prudent, and trustworthy; the housekeeper was of similar age, comely, and pleasant, if not actually pretty. Consequent on circumstances we need not stop to repeat the latter was cruelly murdered one night at the instigation of the former, whilst she walked in an avenue of beech trees near the house, and her body was afterwards discovered in the bosom of the Ouse. Suspicion attached itself first to one and then to another, but eventually the gamekeeper on the estate, who, it was known, paid considerable attention to the housekeeper and frequently met her at this spot, became the victim of the people's jealousy and a tide of popular indignation at once set in against him. Another circumstance, however, occurred which freed him from the taint of suspicion, and brought to justice one of the guilty parties, and led to the suicide of the other. For generations afterwards it was said that now and again a tall, genteel figure, with gentle step and measured tread, walked the neighbourhood, clad in the habiliments of the grave. She was ever downcast, mournful, casting her eyes upon her hands, as if engaged in counting her beads and reciting her rosary. She perambulated the neighbourhood in which the foul deed of blood was enacted, and after a given time quietly retired to the habitation of the dead. For long and weary hours in the cold nights of winter, as the midnight hour approached, people went out to see her, and although some declared they saw her glide before them, others failed to discover her, and then wearied with repeated watching and continued failure the quest was abandoned, until now the ghost sleeps undisturbed, and nobody dreams of her coming. Her murderer confessed his crime prior to his execution at the Tyburn, outside Micklegate Bar, and also confessed attempting to rob and murder the gamekeeper. Long after that confession she was credited with nightly

walks, which always terminated at her graveside in the lonely country churchyard, where her body had been laid. New owners have built a new house, and though the story of the ghost is oft repeated still, yet nobody goes out to see her or seeks to know if she still appears.

CAMIDGE (3), pp. 36, 37.

Coatham. At Coatham, in Yorkshire, is a house where a little child is seen occasionally—it vanishes when pursued.

BARING-GOULD (2), p. 23.

Cockmill Nr. Whitby. Cockmill, a place to our fancy of great picturesque beauty; now a place of sweet tranquillity, but formerly of revelry and dissipation; and like many bad things it had a still worse character. But no fear now of Jack Harbat's black cats seen by topers at dead of night,—very fortunate if they reached home without meeting 'a Bargest with eyes as large as saucers!' Jack himself must have been dead many a year; and the cats if they ever had more than a visionary existence have long since gone the way of all flesh, and the Clapping Gate which struck terror into many a brave soul now moves only when it is moved. Cockmill with its waterfall . . . was from its central situation and secluded character a choice place for the rude and sometimes not very creditable sports of our forefathers. Amongst these cockfighting occupied a prominent place succeeded as a matter of course by drinking and card-playing. Many strange tales were related respecting these orgies which we need not repeat; but it was very currently reported that a certain gentleman in black often took his seat amongst the rest and appeared very much interested in the game and it was even said that when one person was looking under the table for a lost card, he, to his great horror, spied two cloven feet.—SIMPSON, p. 9.

Easingwold. [In the former dining-room of the Hall or Manor House] behind the ceiling or casement, was discovered the perfect skeleton of a cat in a sitting

posture, whose imprisonment may, no doubt, go far to account for the mysterious noises which at times alarmed the inmates, and caused the apartment to be designated as the 'haunted room'; though there was a tradition of a poor boy, flogged to death by a not very remote proprietor, which gave the like ill repute to a little room adjoining the kitchen and near the entrance to the cellar, as well as of a victim to ecclesiastical cruelty, under the name of discipline, in earlier days, who was buried beneath a large stone in the adjoining ground, called after his name, 'Gregory's stone,' to the present day.—GILL, pp. 94, 95.

Filey. A native of Filey as a general rule has a great dread of the churchyard after dark; the place teems with tales of people who have 'come back again,' as it is described. For the following, I can vouch, one of the principals in the story being for many years a church-warden. A shipwreck once took place on the Welsh coast, and a father and son seemed doomed to a watery grave. The son escaped as by a miracle, but on returning home he found he was not a very welcome guest, as the mother had heard from one of the rescued sailors that the son had not done all he might to save his father. The estrangement continued for some years, and was a matter of public knowledge, when one day a reconciliation took place. The deceased husband had 'come again' and exonerated his son from all negligence with regard to his death, and the widow immediately accepted his evidence as conclusive.

COOPER, p. 30.

Fors Abbey. Our conductor looked solemn as he showed us the Bell Chamber, and when we went back to the narrow stone passage into which it opened, he said half to himself: 'No one durst carry a light through here' 'Why?' was asked 'T' light goes out,' he said looking sheepish, 'allus.' There was clearly a mystery; but the passage is open at both ends, so I said: 'The draught puts the light

out, you mean' but he looked still graver and shook his head. 'Have you ever tried to carry a light through the passage?' 'Noa—Ah'd be feared.' Evidently the spirits of the monks are considered to haunt the place; and it was strange to see how this big strong fellow was affected by the local tradition; he was clearly afraid of ghosts. Next minute he pointed over his shoulder. 'There be summat in yonder 'at puts out t' light.' Then he walked on in front; he had had enough of the old abbey, and wished to be out in the sunshine again.

MACQUOID, pp. 101, 102.

Galtres, Forest of. The story of Bishop Bek of Durham, and Hugh the black hunter of Galtres, will not be forgotten, "how the busshop chasid the wild hart in Galtres forest, and sodainly ther met with him Hugh de Pontchardin that was afore deid, on a wythe horse; and the said Hugh loked earnestly, on the busshop, and the busshop said unto him, 'Hughe what makethe thee here' and he spake never word, but lifte up his cloke, and then he showed Sir Anton his ribbes set with bones and nothing more; and none other of the varlets saw him, but the busshop only. And the said Hugh went his way, and Sir Anton toke corage, and cheered the dogges, and shortly after he was made Patriarque of Hierusalem, and he saw nothing no more. And this Hugh is him that the silly people in Galtres doe call Le Gros Veneur, and he was seen twice efter that by simple folk, afore yat the forest was felled in the tyme of Henry, father of Henry yat now ys."

DEPOSITIONS, p. 161 *note.*

Guisborough. In the churchyard was . . . a slab, or gravestone, surmounted by an iron girth. In the days of ghosts and witches, the spirit of the person interred beneath was supposed to be 'doomed for a certain time to walk the night.' . . . It was necessary, therefore, to ease the 'poor ghost' of its troubles; and accordingly a full divan of wise men and divines was held, and, after long consultation, it

was resolved to exorcise the spirit, and chain it down with iron which was done accordingly; and so this slab remained till within a few years.—ORD, p. 228.

Lartington. Near Lartington there is a knoll crowned with a few trees called the Priest's Hill. This is a haunted spot, for here in the reign of Elizabeth, an old priest dwelt who used to administer the rites of his church in secret to those of his flock who clung to the old faith. But after the Rising in the North had been quelled the peaceful old man was betrayed and proscribed. . . . Very soon his house was surrounded by soldiers, who ruthlessly hanged him on the tree that overshadowed his cottage. Sometimes on a summer's evening the figure of a priest is said to visit the knoll.—MACQUOID, p. 75.

Marston. The lane, still called Moor Lane, leading from the village to the moor, was the scene of one of the sharpest struggles in the battle; and here the belated villager meets phantom horsemen, headless, or blood-covered, galloping to and fro, as if in the hurry and heat of battle.

PARKINSON, 1st S., p. 194.

The one ghost which was most in evidence was said to be a headless officer, who each night came forth on a phantom horse, and rushed to and fro as if in the search of the scene of action. His uncommon appearance was particularly dreadful, to the persons who supposed they saw him and they were terribly frightened. . . .

So long as the visitor was said to come he always chose the hour of midnight for his appearance; as the village church clock, a mile or two away, chimed the midnight hour, the spectre rose majestically from the ground, safely seated on his charger, and wearing the uniform which distinguished his rank and regiment; then, as if in thought, he lingered a little while, after which he applied his spurs to his horse's flank, and with lightning speed traversed the lane for a mile or two. Suddenly halting, he waited again,

and then, forcing his animal into a gallop, he rushed still further along until another mile or two was covered, repeating the action until considerable distance had been travelled, when he quietly returned. His quest had been vain, his effort without success, so he returned, like a weary and disappointed hunter, slowly over the miles he had travelled, and in an hour or more sought the seclusion from whence he had come, so that he and his steed might rest for re-appearance when the midnight returned again. The villages lying around this lane possessed not an inhabitant who from choice or necessity would use the road as the midnight grew nigh. . . . A few good schools in the surrounding villages, and the education they afford, have laid the nocturnal visitor to rest.—CAMIDGE (3), pp. 38, 39.

Middlethorpe Nr. York. In 1385 a duel was fought in this township. Richard II. was on his way with an expedition against the Scots. He remained some time in York. Sir John Holland, the half-brother of Richard, and Lord Ralph Stafford, eldest son of the Earl of Stafford, accompanied the army. They had a quarrel, which became so serious that it ended in a challenge and a duel, which was fought in a field adjoining the parish of Bishopthorpe. Lord Stafford was worsted in the encounter, being killed by his antagonist. After the duel, the neighbourhood was said to be haunted for generations; and the people kept up a story that the ghost of Lord Stafford walked the road about the spot where the fatal encounter took place. It was said that at 'the witching hours of night' especially, clad in military uniform, his tall figure strode along, and appeared, or disappeared, to the terror of the people.

CAMIDGE, p. 190.

On the opposite side of the river [Ouse] another duel was fought on Sunday morning, the 11th of June, 1797, between Mr. George Crigan, surgeon to the 46th Regiment of Foot, and Mr. Bryan Bell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment,

then stationed at the York Barracks, on the Fulford road. In the encounter Surgeon Crigan lost his life, with the consequence that his antagonist was arrested, along with William Cooper Foster, the Captain of the regiment, and Owen Evans, servant to Colonel Bell, who had taken part in the conflict. They were all three tried before Baron Thompson, at the Guildhall of this city [York], at the Summer Assizes, for the crime of wilful murder, but the jury by their verdict reduced the crime to manslaughter. Lieutenant-Colonel Bell was fined 6s. 8d., and ordered to be confined in Ousebridge Prison for one month—a prison capable of inflicting death on any person confined within its walls for any length of time. Captain Foster and Owen Evans were both discharged. The spirit of Doctor Crigan, either dissatisfied with the punishment inflicted on his antagonist or with the people of the city, made appearance as a ghost, and stalked about . . . to the terror of the midnight wanderer: . . . for a long time nothing has been heard of his doings.—CAMIDGE (3), pp. 15, 16.

In the hauling lane a lady without a head walked every dark night, to the terror and dismay of many people. She was invariably clothed in white, and the tale told of her death gave effect to her appearance. It was asserted that long years ago she walked by the river one summer night, and, coming to the hauling lane, where a clump of trees has braved the storms of centuries, she was cruelly murdered by decapitation. Bent on pursuing her murderers, she came forth . . . just as the boom of the Minster clock broke upon the still hour of midnight, and wandered to and fro in the vain hope that she would find her murderers and discover their crime. Headless, but wrapped in her winding-sheet, she wandered to and fro as if in search of missing treasure. . . . Every inhabitant of the two villages of Middlethorpe and Bishopthorpe could a century ago, tell of seeing her and describe minutely her walk, her waiting and her headless form. . . . The most

veritable ghost however was the one which was supposed to be the ghost of Archbishop Scrope, who for many ages walked the road to conduct his own funeral procession, and perhaps the most persistent story told of his appearance was that told by a man who made his living as a slaughterman, and by doing odd jobs for the butchers of the city. . . . He used to speak with confidence of what he saw. . . .

This Robert Johnson, accompanied by a boy who was apprenticed to a Jubbergate butcher, was sent one night to a farm beyond Bishopthorpe to fetch some sheep. As they returned in the darkness, nearing the hauling lane, each suddenly saw a coffin suspended in the air, and moving slowly along in the direction of York. It tilted occasionally, as if borne on the shoulders of men who were thrown out of step by the rugged character of the roadway. The coffin was covered with a heavy black pall of velvet, fringed with white silk, and was in size and appearance the resting-place of a full-grown man. Behind it with measured tread, walked a Bishop in lawn bearing on his hands a large open book, over which his head bent, but from his lips no sound came. On went the procession, with the steady precision observed in bearing the dead to the grave, whilst the sheep kept pace, and would not be driven past the strange sight. Nobody could be mistaken in the apparition. The night though dark was too light to admit of mistake. . . . The spectre procession moved at a leisured pace for some considerable distance till it came to the field where the Archbishop was beheaded. Then it disappeared as hastily as it had come, and returned to its rest. But not so with the man and the boy. . . . Having arrived at their destination . . . after very few particulars, spoken amid much fear, they were taken off to bed where they remained for many days wrung in mind and body by the terrible shock. . . . When sufficiently restored their story was repeated with particular detail, and gained

universal credence from the fact many villagers and many citizens had experienced like sight and sensation. The boy forsook his business and took to the sea lest he should ever again be compelled to take a similar journey, and be subject to like experience, whilst the man ever after avoided that road at nightfall, but never swerved from declaring his story true. . . . More than once after this, men who had sat late at their cups were frightened into sobriety by the reappearance of the strange funeral procession, but the ghost has done its work, for in our day it never appears.—CAMIDGE, pp. 199-201.

Mortham Tower, Rokeby. The Dobie of Mortham is a female spectre, the spirit of some mythic lady who was murdered in the wood, she whose blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower of Mortham.—LONGSTAFFE, *p. 128.*

Connected with this old tower is a legend, grim and hoary. Once on a time a certain Lord of Rokeby, in a fit of jealousy, murdered his wife in the glen below, and the blood-stains, yet to be seen on the tower stairs, and which story says, cannot be effaced, were the blood droppings from his dagger as he mounted the stair, after committing the fearful deed; and for years after the spirit of the murdered woman haunted the tower and vale of the Greta adjoining. At length the spectral visitor appeared so often that the services of the parson were called into request, and he, with book in hand, read the spirit down and confined her under the bridge. During the great flood of 1771 the structure was swept away, and with it the spirit, so at least it is thought, for it has not been seen or heard since that time.—BOGG (4), p. 93.

Whether she [the lady aforesaid] was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted the estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.—ROKEBY, *notes* to Canto ii., p. 334.

Nappa Hall. [When Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner at Bolton, she was permitted to spend two nights at Nappa as guest of Sir Christopher Metcalfe. Her spirit is said to visit Nappa]. I will give the account of her appearance to a lady who was staying at Nappa in 1878: 'I was in the hall,' she writes, 'playing hide-and-seek with the farmer's little girl, a child about four years old. The hall was dimly lighted by a fire and by the light from a candle in a room in the east tower. While at play some one entered the hall from the lower end, and walked towards the dais. Thinking it was the farmer's wife, I ran after her and was going to touch her when she turned round, and I saw her face; it was very lovely. Her dress seemed to be made of black velvet. After looking at me for a moment, she went on and disappeared through the door leading to the winding stone staircase in the angle turret of the west tower. Her face figure and general appearance reminded me of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots.' At the time of this vision the bedstead slept in by Mary was still at Nappa. There is also a haunted bed-chamber at the eastern end of the house. . . . The walls are panelled and painted a dull green; one or two of these panels open and reveal closets within them. The wife of the farmer who now tenants Nappa laughed, however, as she showed them, and said she never saw any ghosts.—MACQUOID, p. 118.

Nunnington. Of all the houses Annie visited none attracted her imagination more than did Nunnington Hall itself, an old Manor House, deserted for the time by its owners, which had a tale belonging to it, and about whose shady avenues, and through whose empty, tapestried rooms Annie loved to wander and dream. The story told about the Hall had a stepmother in it, and a sick child and some horrible catastrophe, with a suspicion of murder lurking about it, and a ghost—a lady in silk, who came and went with awful faint rustle up and down the broad oak staircase,

and looked with pale face from an upper turreted window upon the silent sward below. Annie introduced her into *Mia and Charlie*, where she slightly sketched the legend. She had a half-formed intention of working up the details some day into a full-grown romance; that purpose however, she never fulfilled, but she had the pleasure of seeing the story receive shape and beauty at her suggestion, by the hand of a sister novelist [Mrs. Macquoid] in the pages of *Doris Barugh*.—KEARY, pp. 45, 46.

I asked her [Nanny] how it was that the room hung with painted leather was so much more untidy than all the rest? Why the hangings were torn and dirty, and the floor fallen in, and the fireplace broken? She would not answer me at first; but I coaxed her, and at last I heard a long story. She said that once there lived in this house a proud lady. It was long before Nanny was born, but her grandmother knew her, and she told the story to Nanny when she was a little girl. This proud lady's husband was dead, but she had two sons; one was a step-son, and the other quite a little boy—her own son. She loved the little boy very much indeed, and wanted above everything to have all the land and money for him; and for that reason she hated the step-son, and was very cruel to him, and wished that he might die. Every one knew this, and pitied the poor eldest son, but they dared not help him, or speak kindly to him, for they were all afraid of the proud lady. She kept a strict watch over every one. The sound of her step was never heard as she moved about, Nanny says, for she trod very lightly, only the rustle of her silk gown. She was always dressed in rich silks and satins, while her eldest son had scarcely enough food to eat or warm clothes to wear. The only one who dared to comfort him was his little brother, and he loved him very dearly indeed. Whenever he could get away from his mother he used to steal up to the painted leather room, where the eldest boy was shut up by himself, and bring him cakes or playthings.

One day, when he went, the painted room was empty; the brother had gone. No one knows how he got away, or where he went to. Nanny thinks he must have run away to the sea-coast, and got on board some ship, and been drowned. At all events he was never heard of afterwards. The proud lady was so glad; but the little boy was very sorry: no one could comfort him. They used to tell him how he was a great lord now, and had money and lands; but he always said he did not care for that; he wanted nothing but his brother. He never would believe that his brother had really gone away. He used to go up and down the oak stairs a great many times every day, and walk round and round the leather room, and call for his brother out of the window; though of course no one ever answered him. At last, one evening, he leaned too far out of the window to see if his brother was coming, and he fell out, and his poor little head was dashed to pieces on the gravel-walk. After that the proud lady was never happy again; she became quite changed; she would sit for hours, talking in a low voice to herself; and every now and then she used to jump up, and hurry up the oak stair as if she were looking for something; and go into the painted room and look out of the window on to the place where her son was killed; then she would sigh very deeply, and walk slowly back, and in five minutes return to do the very same thing again. At last she died too, and quite different people came to live in the house; but Nanny says—and this is the strange part of the story, brother—that often, even now, at night, you may hear the rustle of the proud lady's silk dress as she hurries up the stair; and she has been seen to open the door of the leather room, and look out of the broken window, and then you hear a faint rustling of silk as she goes slowly back.

MIA AND CHARLIE, pp. 54-57.
MACQUOID, pp. 289, 291-3.

Raskelf. About the year of our Lord 1623 or 24 one Fletcher of Rascal, a Town in the North Riding of Yorkshire near unto the Forest of Gantress, a Yeoman of good Estate, did marry a young lusty Woman of Thornton Brigs, who had been formerly kind with one Ralph Raynard, who kept an Inn within half a mile from Rascall in the high road way betwixt York and Thuske, his Sister living with him. This Raynard continued in unlawful lust with the said Fletchers Wife, who not content therewith conspired the death of Fletcher, one Mark Dunn being made privy and hired to assist in the murther. Which Raynard and Dunn accomplished upon the May-day by drowning Fletcher, as they came all three together from a Town called Huby, and acquainting the wife with the deed she gave them a Sack therein to convey his body, which they did and buried it in Raynards backside or Croft where an old Oak-root had been stubbed up, and sowed Mustard-seed upon the place thereby to hide it. So they continued their wicked course of lust and drunkeness, and the neighbours did much wonder at Fletchers absence, but his wife did excuse it, and said that he was but gone aside for fear of some Writs being served upon him. And so it continued until about the seventh day of July, when Raynard going to Topliffe Fair, and setting up his Horse in the Stable, the spirit of Fletcher in his usual shape and habit did appear unto him Oh Ralph repent repent for my revenge is at hand; and ever after until he was put in the Goal [*sic*] it seemed to stand before him, whereby he became sad and restless: And his own Sister overhearing his confession and relation of it to another person did through fear of losing her own life, immediately reveal it to Sir William Sheffield who lived at Rascall and was a Justice of Peace Whereupon they were all three apprehended and sent to the Gaol at York, where they were all three condemned and so executed accordingly near to the place where Raynard lived and where Fletcher

was buried, the two men being hung up in irons, and the woman buried underneath the gallows.

WEBSTER, p. 298.[1]

It appears that Fletcher had suspicions that the three confederates contemplated his destruction from the following doggrel rhyme addressed to his sister a short time before the event,

> 'If I should be missing or suddenly in wanting be,
> Mark Ralph Raynard, Mark Dun, and my own wife for me.'

GILL, p. 112.

Raydale House, Nr. Semmerwater. Raydale House is . . . noted for its ghost, locally known as Auld 'Opper. One elderly woman told us, with all seriousness, that in her young days she dwelt there, and the ghost from its unearthly knocking on the various articles of furniture was a source of continual terror. This woman had *not only* heard Auld 'Opper knock, but actually had seen him, she said 'mony a time.'—BOGG (2), p. 177.

Richmond Castle. See PLACE, ETC., LEGENDS, p. 406.

Rufforth. [Murder] committed by William Barwick upon the body of Mary Barwick his wife. . . .

The murder was committed on Palm Monday, being the fourteenth of April, about two of the clock in the afternoon, at which time the said Barwick having drilled

[1] [WEBSTER adds 'I have recited this story punctually as a thing that hath been very much fixed in my memory being then but young and as a certain truth, I being (with many more) an earnest witness of their confession and an eye-witness of their Executions and likewise saw Fletcher when he was taken up where they had buried him in his cloathes, which were a green fustian doublet pinkt upon white, gray breeches and his walking boots and brass spurs without rowels.']

his wife along till he came to a certain close, within sight of Cawood-Castle, where he found the conveniency of a pond, he threw her by force into the water and when she was drowned [drew her] forth again by himself upon the bank of the pond. . . . He concealed the body . . . and the next night when it grew duskish, fetching a hay-spade from a rick that stood in a close, he made a hole by the side of the pond and there slightly buried the woman in her clothes. . . .

He went the same day to his brother-in-law, one Thomas Lofthouse of Rufforth, within three miles of York, who had married his drowned wife's sister, and told him he had carried his wife to one Richard Harrison's house in Selby, who was his uncle and would take care of her. But Heaven would not be so deluded, but raised up the ghost of the murdered woman to make the discovery. And therefore it was upon the Easter Tuesday following, about two[1] of the clock in the afternoon, the forementioned Lofthouse having occasion to water a quickset hedge, not far from his house; as he was going for the second pailfull, an apparition went before him in the shape of a woman, and soon after sat down upon a rising green grass-plat, right over against the pond: he walked by her as he went to the pond; and as he returned with the pail from the pond, looking sideways to see whether she continued in the same place, he found she did; and that she seemed to dandle something in her lap, that looked like a white bag (as he thought) which he did not observe before. So soon as he had emptied his pail, he went into his yard, and stood still to try whether he could see her again, but she was vanished. . . . The woman seemed to be habited in a brown coloured petticoat, waistcoat, and a white hood; such a one as his wife's sister usually wore, and that her countenance looked extremely pale and wan, with her

[1] ['About half an hour after twelve of the clock' according to Lofthouse's evidence at the Assizes.]

teeth in sight, but no gums appearing, and that her physiognomy was like to that of his wife's sister, who was wife to William Barwick.

But notwithstanding the ghastliness of the apparition, it seems to have made so little impression in Lofthouse's mind, that he thought no more of it, neither did he speak to anybody concerning it, till the same night as he was at his family duty of prayer, that the apparition returned again to his thoughts, and discomposed his devotion; so that after he had made an end of his prayers, he told the whole story of what he had seen to his wife, who laying circumstances together immediately inferred that her sister was either drowned, or otherwise murdered, and desired her husband to look after her the next day, which was Wednesday in Easter week. Upon this Lofthouse recollecting what Barwick had told him of his carrying his wife to his uncle at Selby, repaired to Harrison beforementioned, but found all that Barwick had said to be false; for that Harrison had neither heard of Barwick, nor his wife, neither did he know anything of them. Which notable circumstance, together with that other of the apparition, encreased his suspicions to that degree, that now concluding his wife's sister was murdered, he went to the Lord Mayor of York; and having obtained his warrant, got Barwick apprehended, who was no sooner brought before the Lord Mayor, but his own conscience then accusing him, he acknowledged the whole matter.[1] . . . On Wednesday the sixteenth of September, 1690, the criminal William Barwick, was brought to his trial, before the Honourable Sir John Powel, Knight, one of the judges of the northern circuit, at the assizes holden at York, where the prisoner pleaded not guilty to the indictment. . . . He was found guilty, and sentenced to

[1] 'He made a free and voluntary confession, only with this addition at first; that he told the Lord Mayor, he had sold his wife for five shillings.'—AUBREY, p. 99.

death, and afterwards ordered to be hanged in chains.—AUBREY, pp. 96-99, etc.; BARING-GOULD, vol. i., pp. 56-61.

Semmerdale Hall. A rough road from Bainbridge to the north side of the lake passes Semmerdale Hall, where the dale's folk say that on dark nights ghosts, arrayed in white apparel, are still to be seen wandering.—BOGG (3), p. 211.

Stainmoor. The natives still fearfully tell you of strange sights and strange sounds, as of men in tumult, and eerie forms of ghost and warlock, or peradventure a headless horsewoman gallops swiftly across the moor; concerning the latter is the following tradition. . . . Two parties [Norman and Saxon] had more than once come to blows whilst hunting, and in one encounter several retainers and the daughter of Fitz-Barnard, a beautiful young lady of some twenty summers, were taken prisoners. The object of the chieftain was to make her his wife. . . . All his attempts to win her love were, however, fruitless and after remaining a prisoner for some time, she was rescued by stratagem, and was being borne triumphantly across the moor, when the Saxon appeared on the scene with a number of retainers and charged madly into the group of rescuers, who were unable to stand the onslaught, and the chieftain, furious at the thought of losing his fair captive, with one savage stroke severed the head of the young lady from her body; hence the reason of the headless horsewoman often seen galloping over the dreary moor at midnight.—BOGG (4), pp. 106, 107.

Staithes. Many legends are current that have been handed down from times gone by, and amongst them one of peculiar horror, which graphically illustrates the character of the locality and the superstition of the inhabitants. It is to the effect that, years ago, a young woman was standing at the foot of Colburn Nab, the promontory that encloses the little bay on the west, when

a mass of rock fell from the overhanging cliff, and, striking her on the neck, cut her head completely off, throwing it to some distance. The villagers believed that, several nights in the year, the headless body of the unfortunate girl was to be seen crossing the bridge which spans the small brook that enters the sea close to the spot.—SALTBURN, p. 45.

[An] accident occurred lately to a poor fisherman, named Harrison, who fell over a cliff 600 feet high and was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. The superstitious disposition of those simple and ignorant people was amply exhibited on this occasion, many averring that they had actually beheld the 'waif' of the unfortunate deceased, not only by night but by day. . . . His own relatives visited the unhappy ghost, conversed familiarly with it, saw it in different shapes and attitudes, and by the dress, manner, speech, and appearance, pronounced it publicly to be the identical James Harrison. The 'poor ghost' after frightening great multitudes of people, was at length exorcised by a Roman Catholic priest in the neighbourhood, and has never been heard of since.—ORD, p. 301.

Stokesley. In common with every other place, Stokesley has had its haunted places . . . who is there amongst us who does not recollect the traditions of Broughton Bridge —Lady-Cross—Tweddell's Stripe—Neasham's Lane—Tanton Dykes—and other places in the immediate neighbourhood? At Broughton Bridge the apparition assumed the form of a mounted horseman, richly caparisoned, and whose clattering armour excited the fears, and haunted the path of the traveller on that road! In Tweddell's Stripe a narrow lane at the commencement of the field-road from Stokesley to Seamer—the Ghost appeared as a flaming carriage drawn by six grey-hounds. These fleet steeds used to whirl the carriage with its occupant, a woman without a head, up and down the stripe with a velocity unknown in those days when railway engines

were unknown. . . . Lady-Cross where the Broughton and Ayton roads branch off from the common one leading from Stokesley, appeared to be the rendezvous of everything evil; here the most daring feats of demoniac agency were exhibited. This place, surely, was the tabernacle of Satan:—here, night after night, Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Witches, Warlocks, and even Pluto himself reigned triumphant,—here he held undisputed sway! One benighted wanderer was suddenly confronted with a headless lady, dressed in blazing garments *yet unconsumed*—step by step she accompanied him from the Cross until he reached the entrance of Kirby lane, where with a most terrific screech she disappeared!—another gentleman on a dark night was wending his way from Ayton to Stokesley, when arriving at the fatal spot, his ear was accosted with a demoniac yell, and there appeared before him, dressed in white, and mounted on a white horse,—a Lady fair! she rode by his side for some distance, then urging her charger passed instantly from his sight.—CLEV. REP., vol. i., pp. 5, 6.

There's lots o' fooaks wants te say 'at there is neea ghooasts. They say 'at t' railways hez freeten'd all on 'em away. Bud they mooan't tell me. Ah's tonn'd eeghty, an' Ah've heeard fooaks tell about 'em ivver sen Ah wer a bairn; an' Ah've been flay'd me sel' mair ner yance. They was yah tahm, Ah wer rahdin' fra Broughton te Stowslay; an' when Ah'd getten ommest tit brig, ther wer a thing like an ass's fooal com an' trotted alang sahd o' mah; an' all at yance Ah tummell'd reet ower t'awd meer's heead on tit grund; an' when Ah gat up ageean, t' thing wer geean. Ah's seer it wer summat uncanny, or Ah sud nivver hev tummell'd off t' meer i' that way. . . . Then ther was Jack Raby: he wer yance gahin' alang at neet wiv a dog, an' ther wer a thing raze up like a white rabbit; an' t' dog teeak away efter 't. It ran ower a fielt, an' went in tiv a coo-house at yah sahd, an' com out at t' udder: an' t' dog ran te Jack, wiv hiz tail atween hiz legs, an' seeam'd flay'd—

an' seea was Jack, an' he teeak off yam his hardist. It awlus had a bad neeam had Broughton Brig. Ther wer an awd blacksmith 'at use te liv at Broughton; an' he oft stopp'd varry leeat at Stowslay on t market neets; an' then he did n't like gahin' yam for fear o' t' ghost at t' brig. Howivver, yah neet he had a leg o' mutton wiv him; seea what did he deea bud tied a band teeah 't, an' when he was gettin' neegh te t' brig, he let it doon on tit grund, an' trailt it efter him, an' kept geeaping out all t' way as he went alang t' rooad—'Thou can tak t' mutton deeaval, if tha nobbut lets me aleean!—tell he gat hiz sel' a canny bit ower t' brig; an' then he gedder'd it up ageean. Bud nowt melt o' nowther him ner t' mutton that tahm—Then ther was a spot aboon Broughton, te be seen yit, at t' reet hand sahd o' t' rooad as yah gan up t' lonnin' tit Wainsteens, 'at 's call'd Fairy Hill: and mah granmudher's seen fairies dancin' ther hersel'—seea ther's nut a word of a lee aboot that. Bud some fooaks weea n't believe 't.

TWEDDELL, pp. 51-63.

Thoralby. About two miles distant from [Thoralby], will be seen by the road side, an old shed, which bears the curious name of the 'Devil's Hull'; adjoining is a peculiar shaped tree, better described as a triplet of trees. . . . In bygone days, and even unto this day, many people fear to pass this spot after nightfall, for a mysterious being, in the form of a spectral shade, hobgoblin, others say the devil himself, has been seen there. The apparition appears in divers forms and manner, just to suit the different temperatures [sic] of the dales-folk. Some few years ago, a woman was passing the spot, and she saw what she imagined to be the figure of her husband standing against the tree, and naturally expecting he had come to meet her, she spoke, but receiving no reply and still believing him to be there, she approached the apparition, which suddenly dissolved into space. On another occasion, a servant from the Rookery was passing the spot, late one

night, when he was confronted by an apparition with fearful glaring eyes, and as he afterwards said, 'I was in a fearful state of fright and agony.' Luckily he was a Roman Catholic, and as a last thought crossed himself; immediately on so doing, with a fearful yell, the spirit fled, and disappeared with a loud hissing sound into the dark pool of stagnant water, known as 'Devil's Hole.'

BOGG (3), pp. 232, 233.

Topcliffe and Thirsk, Between. John M— once, when I was in his house, told me a curious tale about himself. He was riding one night to Thirsk, when he suddenly saw passing him a radient boy on a white horse. There was no sound of footfall as he drew nigh. Old John was first aware of the approach of the mysterious rider by seeing a shadow of himself and his horse flung before him on the high-road. Thinking there might be a carriage with lamps, he was not alarmed till by the shortening of the shadow he knew that the light must be near him and then he was surprised to hear no sound. He thereupon turned in the saddle and at the same moment the radiant boy passed him. He was a child of about eleven, with a bright fresh face. 'Had he any clothes on, and if so, what were they like?' I asked. But John was unable to tell me. His astonishment was so great that he took no notice of particulars. The boy rode on till he came to a gate which led into a field. He stopped as if to open the gate, rode through, and all was instantly dark.

BARING-GOULD, vol. ii., pp. 105, 106.

Nr. Upsall. There is a tradition yet current in the Vale of Mowbray, that John de Mowbray after the battle of Boroughbridge, attempted to escape to the Manor House of Upsall, then held by one of his retainers, but was overtaken and seized in *Chop-head Loaning*, between the town of Thirsk and Upsall; that an ash tree there growing was cut down, and part of its trunk extem-

porized into a headsman's block, and that the unfortunate baron was beheaded by one of the enemies' soldiers in pursuit. The same authority goes on to say, that his armour was torn from his body, and suspended on the branches of a neighbouring oak; and though both oak and armour have disappeared, yet during the witching hour of midnight, the gyves may be heard creaking as if yet swinging on the branches, when the east wind comes soughing up the road from the heights of Black Hambleton.—GRAINGE, pp. 58, 59 *note*.

Whitby. I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Streanshalh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year, (viz. in the summer months) at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sun-beams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the Abbey, past the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflexion, caused by the splendor of the sun-beams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be the appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state.

CHARLTON, p. 33.

Confirming the possibility of such an *apparent* apparition the writer may state he has in his possession a photograph, taken by W. Stonehouse, of the exterior portion of the east end of the chancel, in which through the southern lancet of the top tier an interior trefoil ornament is seen in the distance; when the photograph

is placed under a lens, this object gives the exact appearance of a human face peering out of the window!

FRANKS, p. 229.

It would be an endless task to attempt a detail of all the absurd local traditions, and all the haunted houses in the district. An excellent house in Baxtergate stood long empty, as it had obtained the character of being visited by ghosts: it is now frequented by spirits of another kind, having been converted into an inn.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 883.

Apparitions, both before and after death, are of course, not unfrequent in Whitby. Many a valuable house has stood untenanted for years on the suspicion of its being haunted; the last residents therein having experienced considerable alarm and anxiety: the bed curtains having been undrawn, the bed clothes torn off, the window shutters unloosed, the china broke, the furniture demolished, and numerous other supernatural occurrences are stated to have taken place. Strange traditions exist of certain yards, lanes, and alleys; of some terrible homicide there committed; of departed spirits that have there walked for several nights successively, deprived of their rest, desirous of being addressed by some one, but none daring; of hearses and mourning coaches that have been seen to drive past at midnight, the horses without heads, or with white sheets on their backs; and numerous other equally credible reports; the whole of which, most of the inhabitants fearfully believe.

It is customary, at the death of an individual in the lower ranks of life, for some person to sit up with the corpse on the night previous to interment. This is what is commonly termed a wake, and is universally allowed to be a time of high unction in the ghastly world. The company is usually composed of two or three females, perhaps, one rather of an advanced age; these make it their business, on such occasions, to discuss the

whole annals of spectrism; all the knowledge they possess of such subjects is here brought forward; till at length rendered nervous and timid in the highest degree by listening to each other's enervating accounts, they are led to suppose that they are about to witness a confirmation of the fact, that departed spirits actually do

'Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon'

and are ready to fancy that the corpse moves, and is about to rise and lay hold of them. This, of course, furnishes them with topics of conversation on another similar occasion; where they are persuaded Willy Such-an-one is not at rest, for at his wake, his corpse appeared to move frequently; that the candles were nearly extinguished divers times; that shrouds were formed round them, pointing to some one, of whose husband there had been no account since he sailed; that on entering the room where the corpse was laid they were just in time to prevent the candle which is always kept burning in that room from being overturned upon the corpse, by some invisible supernatural power; and numerous other distressing occurrences.

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., pp. 179, 180 (1828).

York. We come to the quiet and aristocratic city of York, and with the 'Judges House' as it is there called, associate the strange incident alluded to in the heading of our short paper. . . . As it happens to be the only ghostly reminiscence with which we have had any direct connection, we naturally take more interest in relating it. It was upon a bitterly cold evening in November, 18—, we arrived officially in York; we had had a freezing ride from London, and looked forward with pleasure to our warm sitting and bedroom at the old York lodgings.[1] It was a Winter Assize,

[1] [Where were these lodgings?]

At the commencement of the street we now call Spurriergate, and opposite the street we formerly called Jubbergate, a few of us may

and we had no question to ask ourselves as to the comfort of our night's quarters, there being but one judge and his marshal, and all the rest of the dormitories at our disposal, to choose whichever we pleased. On arriving we found appropriated to our use a large and decently furnished apartment on the second floor, immediately over the bedroom of the circuit judge. It was, we were informed, formerly the senior marshal's bedroom. There was nothing whatever peculiar about the room, except that it seemed rather hastily prepared for an occupant, and strangely enough, as it seemed to us at the time, although we knew the old house well, we had never been shown this particular bedroom ; the maid who accompanied us upstairs informed us, however, that the apartment was very seldom used, and was only called into requisition now in consequence of part of the ceiling of the ' proper room ' having suddenly fallen in. We thought little of the matter at the time, and after a wash, and luxuriating, as only a chilly individual after a long winter's journey can, before a blazing fire piled half up the chimney, we proceeded downstairs and entered into the discussion of a good dinner, our colleague being our only companion, and then, he having a bad cold, and being extremely averse to conversation under the circumstances, we pitied his condition, and at an early hour we both retired to our respective bedrooms. Eleven o'clock, and we were snugly in bed, with candle carefully extinguished, and the

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remember a large antique-looking timber house. . . . In the 16th century it was the residence of the Appleyards. . . . At a later period this mansion, it is said was appropriated to the accommodation of the judges of the assizes, previously to their occupying the house in Coney Street opposite to the George Inn, which is yet known by the name of the Old Judges Lodgings.—DAVIES, p. 72.

Upon part of the site of the church and churchyard of St. Wilfrid we now see a handsome brick mansion of rather uncommon design, which for the last half century [counting from 1854] has been appropriated to the accomodation of the Judges at the Assizes.

DAVIES, p. 44.

flickering light of the fire alone illuminating the room. A little later, and we were fast asleep and dreaming of our home and young family far away in the south, all unconscious of assizes in general, and judge's lodgings in particular. Two a.m., and we were wide awake in bed, with heart thumping against the side 150 to the minute, and with a vague and undefinable terror possessing us. The fire was out, the room in black darkness, and the horrible sensation known doubtless to many of our readers, came across us that there was some one besides ourselves in it, near to us, a some one who had just left our bedside, and whose receding feet we heard moving very quietly and yet rapidly towards the door. At the same time a sudden sharp voice sounded apparently from the lower part of the house, a cry of 'Henry, Henry,' twice repeated, as of some one calling up the staircase. Again we heard the 'paddle' of slipperless feet, now in the passage outside our room; then descending the staircase; then succeeded a murmuring sound as of two voices talking together, a scuffle, a loud, piercing shriek, and then a heavy stumbling back again upstairs, as of a wounded person feebly ascending; steps along the passage: steps approaching our room; steps in our room (though we had up to the time neither heard the door open nor shut); a heavy fall on the floor; and then—we became unconscious. When we awoke—from sleeping or fainting we know not which—the first streaks of the wintry morning were piercing through our window curtains, an attendant in due time brought our hot water, and from between the sheets (for we had been far too much occupied with our troubled meditations to arise) we bade him enter. We turned the latch in vain, our door was fast locked as we remembered then to have left it the night before! Our hostess appeared whilst we were at breakfast, for our colleague was still a sufferer from his cold, and breakfasted in bed, and, with a little tremor in her voice, hoped we had passed a 'comfortable night.' A moment's hesitation, and we told her all. She

heard our ghostly experiences; there was a look of mingled vexation and alarm on her face as she fell into a seat and offered us all the explanation in her power. The room was haunted, of that there could be no doubt; it had never been occupied to her certain knowledge, during the housekeepership of her predecessor or herself, extending over half a century, and the want of repair in the other room spoken of by her maid, together probably with some wish to test the truth of her ghostly tale, had determined her to appropriate it to the officers of the present assize. The tradition was, as she related it to us, that some 150 years before, a strange and sullen old bachelor judge had taken the York Assizes. He was accompanied round circuit by his nephew, who acted as his marshal, a young unmarried orphan gentleman of large expectations, whose immediate heir the old judge was. The judge's butler, sleeping in a room separated only by a thin wooden partition from that of his master, had been awakened in the night by the judge rising and walking in the neighbouring bedroom. He had heard the door open and the judge's voice calling to his nephew by his Christian name, 'Henry' twice; he had also heard a door open above, steps descending the stairs, a struggle, a cry as of one in mortal pain, ascending footsteps, and a return of some one into the adjoining bedroom. In the morning (for the man was too frightened to alarm the household at the time), on attending to valet his lordship, he found him strangely nervous and disturbed, while his marshal, not appearing at the breakfast table, was sought for in his chambers, and found lying on the floor curled up in death, with a deeply-inflicted knife-wound in his bosom. The matter was attempted to be explained as a case of suicide, and was hushed up with little enquiry, inquests being rare in those days, and the judge himself being *ex-officio* principal coroner of the county, and taking the inquiry into his own hands; but for many assizes afterwards strange noises and appearances were said to be seen and heard in the fearful

old room until it was locked up and disused, and not again occupied until our unfortunate advent to the city. Such was the story—true or false we know not—told us. The nightly visitation we can vouch for, and what is quite as remarkable is, we had never previously heard a word about the mysterious occurrence until told us the following morning as we have related it.—L. H., Dec. 6th, 1879, pp. 775, 776.

Castle.—At one time, it is said, ghosts greatly abounded in this prison, and played many pranks with the prisoners and other quietly disposed people. The ghost of Mary Bateman was particularly active, and was credited with many wonderful things done at the witching hour of night.

CAMIDGE, p. 156.

See also *sub* WITCHCRAFT, pp. 143, 144.

Streets.—Sixty or eighty years ago most streets had their particular ghost. . . . A very quiet street in the centre of the city had in it a large, old-fashioned, but commodious and comfortable mansion, which for a generation never had a tenant. Its forlorn appearance and unoccupied condition lent credence to the theory that it was haunted, and according to the tradition, as the boom of the midnight bell died on the air, a lady of beautiful appearance with all the habiliments of her class sallied forth. She had long flowing hair, a fine figure, a genteel appearance, and a firm but delicate step. She appeared first at the door, and if her road was clear she walked the street, alongside the neighbouring churchyard, at the end of which she stood and gazed into space. She was shy in manner, and if a stout heart confronted her she disappeared without taking the trouble to return to the place from whence she came, but if she created fear, and put to flight any ill-fated passer-by, she maintained her ground. A little lingering at the churchyard end, as if waiting for some expected visitor, and then she perambulated to and fro until one o'clock was tolled, when her night's work was done, and from the

streets she withdrew to the lone old mansion to rest for the hours till midnight came again. So positive was the belief in this ghost that, according to the tradition, nobody would occupy the house from which she was said to come, and into which she was said to retire. For a considerable number of years unoccupied and forlorn, growing dirtier and drearier as the years went by, it remained unlet until a site for another form of building was required, and then the owners gladly sold it to persons who razed it to the ground, and with its removal away went to tradition the long-sheltered ghost.—CAMIDGE (3), pp. 32, 33.

A series of ghosts, existed in what is a street now, but until little over forty years ago was a square. The first effort at housing the aged and impotent poor of this city was made about 1575, when beds were provided for the lodging of this class of people under the 14th Elizabeth (1570), when six persons were allowed shelter, and with it eightpence per week; another was allowed one shilling and fourpence per week, two had one shilling per week, four had sixpence each, and two had fourpence each per week. After a while this institution was removed, and a master or governor appointed, whose cruelty was said to be such that several young people died in the home, and to visit the sin upon the head of the master their ghosts appeared nightly in batches of three or four or more, to the great fright of beadledom. They did not confine their appearance to him only, but others saw them, especially at midnight, when in frolic and fun they gambolled to the amusement of passers-by. It was also asserted that unearthly noises and strange appearances were manifested inside the house, especially in and about a closet where the bodies of the dead were said to be kept, until opportunity presented itself for interment, which was not always made hurriedly. Report used to assert that when the poorhouse was removed to the bottom of Marygate the bodies of several dead persons were discovered in the old house,

which had to be cleared before other occupants could enter into possession. The old house has given way to the march of improvement.—CAMIDGE (3), p. 33.

[In Skeldergate, York] there is a passage variously called 'Hagworm's Nest,' 'The Devil's Entry,' and 'Beedham's Court.' Its first name may have been derived from some form of worm existing in the locality. Its second and third names come from incidents associated with it. The second name came from a circumstance said to have occurred about a century ago, which was believed in, and held firm hold of the public mind at one time. Previous to the days of the policeman, the Corporation, somewhat with a view to terrorize the housebreaker, and also with a view to protect the city, kept a band of musicians, who during the winter months perambulated the streets of the city calling the hour, and with musical instruments, playing as they went, and occasionally standing to display their skill and charm the sleepless horde. . . . These men were five in number, and had salaries of £4 a year with livery, coats and hats once in six years. At the time to which the story refers they had an uncommon good violinist, and one night in their perambulations he played charmingly. Coming to the passage which is now called Beedham's Court, he rose to the height of his skill, but when his performance was completed, he suddenly disappeared. His companions deserted their duty, and sought for him all night, and sought for him next day, but all their seeking was in vain. He was never seen more, and all the evidence of his going was a strong smell of brimstone, from which it was inferred that his Satanic majesty needed a good violinist. . . . For many years afterwards, and even yet, this passage is called the 'Devil's Entry' by old people.—CAMIDGE, pp. 127, 128.

Within a short distance of a very interesting church [St. Crux, now pulled down] a woman lived some years ago whose life and character did not commend her to

the favour of either her neighbours, dependents, or customers. Her grasping spirit, her miserable habits, her unprincipled business systems, her dishonest and dishonourable transactions, and her general wickedness of life, all contributed to make her not only unpopular, but to weave about her the people's hatred. She was tall and handsome, but yet forbidding both in aspect and utterance. At the time of her death her room is said to have resounded with strange noises, and her death-bed was said to be encircled by strange unearthly visitants; whilst her terror and agonised expressions were horrifying to those who surrounded her. Acts of injustice and deeds of wrong committed or connived at by her crowded in upon her memory, and the pains of death had bitter hold upon her calling into existence most distressing scenes. In a badly-lighted room, at the back of a great pile of buildings, at the hour of midnight, she passed away, amid screaming protests against death, and with cursing assurances of coming again. Agreeably to her threat, she is credited with paying nightly visits to her old home, evidencing her presence by unearthly noises similar in character to those heard at her dying bed, and every now and then revealing herself with charges of guilt to and against those who had assisted her in her wrong-doing, laying much of her wickedness to the creative or suggestive power of others, who left her to work out their schemes of wrong, and to battle with those so wronged. For many years she is said to have continued her nocturnal visits, and nobody ever dared to occupy the room, much less the bed, she had died upon, for they feared the repetition of the experience attending her last hours, or the fright of a visit. Conscience makes ghosts by waking memories of the past and creating spectres to wrong-doers. From the time that the actors or the assistant actors in this woman's wrong-doing died she rested in her grave.—CAMIDGE (3), pp. 40, 41.

All Saints' Church (Pavement).—Churches always had connected with them some story of ghostly visitation, and the two churches of Ye Oulde Streete of Pavemente [All Saints and St. Crux] were no exception to the rule. The church of All Saints had attributed to it a ghost which appeared in the day time as well as at night; it was a female with a very red face, and an unsettled and restless disposition. She always wore her hair, which was very long, in curls, and she had a marvellous anxiety to see the burying of the dead, for it is said that she never by any perchance neglected to attend the funerals in the church, and could at those times always be seen by the mourners; at other times she satisfied herself by revealing herself to an old woman who sat every day opposite to the shop of the late Mr. Richard Burdekin in High Ousegate, where she sold oat-meal from a washing-tub. This old woman had great power over the All Saints' Ghost, for she was able to call up the 'lady of the church' as she called her whenever she saw fit; and if nobody else could see the ghost the old woman declared that she could, whilst with wonderful minuteness she used to describe the appearance, size, dress, gait, and actions of the ghost. . . . On the death of the stall woman the ghost disappeared, and has not returned; nobody else has been able to conjure it into being, and it looks very much as if the ghost-seer and the ghost had both arranged to settle and sleep together, and never disturb the earth again.—CAMIDGE (2), p. 93.

St. Crux' Church.—The old watchman had a box in Pavement, from which he journeyed at his will on errands of protection. He was visited by the city waits on their nightly rounds, and one of the latter 'protectors' used to tell a story that so soon as they left his box and protection and recommenced their musical parade, the ghost of a female nightly came forth from St. Crux' Church. It was clearly distinguished as the figure of a

lady, and, of course, it was dressed in the proverbial white. She had evidently musical tastes, for she invariably followed the company along Whip-ma-whop-ma-gate, Colliergate, and King's-square, into Goodramgate, about the centre of which street she disappeared. For several years she paid particular attention to one of the band, and by those attentions inspired considerable fear in the heart of her favourite. When the waits ceased their nightly parade, she kept her dusty bed, and now for a generation or more she has quietly slept, paying no heed to the measured tread, or stately perambulations of the gentlemen of the 'blue.'—CAMIDGE (2), p. 191.

St. Crux' Church used to be credited with having more than one ghost, but the most notable one was always to be seen through the church windows, where it occasionally lingered in its visitations for hours beyond the time usually allotted to the appearing of these unearthly people. It was a male ghost tall in stature, and bold in character; generally speaking, these visitants disappear when spoken to, but the St. Crux ghost was credited with strange confidence and courage, for according to the legend maintained respecting it, it would not disappear when spoken to like other ghosts, and it could not be tempted outside the sacred edifice. By the window side it stood revealing its presence to the very occasional passer by, but more especially to the charwomen who at that time went to their day's work in the early hours of the morning.—CAMIDGE (2), p. 93.

St. George's Church.—Close by a Churchyard within the walls of the city, a very singular manifestation was accredited in years gone by. At midnight, especially, when the nights were dark and drear, an unresting spirit came forth and took the shape occasionally of a white cat, at other times of a white rabbit, and wandered through the silent streets in solitude. If perchance some midnight wanderer passed that way the ghost put a

respectable distance between itself and the intruder, whilst if the new comer gave chase then the ghost made its way rapidly to the churchyard and amongst the tombs it disappeared.—CAMIDGE (3), p. 31.

[The ghost was said to be that of Dick Turpin, there buried].

Holy Trinity Church (Micklegate). Whilst staying in York at this time last year (1865) or perhaps a little earlier, I first heard of the apparitions or ghosts supposed to be seen in Trinity Church, Micklegate. I felt curious to see a ghost, I confess, if such a thing is to be seen without the usual concomitants of a dark night and a lone house. Accordingly I went to the church for morning service on a blazing hot Sunday morning in August last, with a girl about 13 years old and her little brother. The east window of the church, I must explain, is of stained glass, rather tawdry, and of no particular design, except that the colouring is much richer in the centre than at the sides, and that at the extreme edge there is one pane of unstained glass which runs all round the window.

The peculiarity of the apparition is, that it is seen on the window itself, rather less than half way from the bottom (as I saw it from the gallery), and has much the same effect as that of a slide drawn through a magic lantern when seen on the exhibiting sheet. The form seen—I am told invariably—is that of a figure dressed in white walking across the window, and gives the idea of some one passing in the churchyard in a surplice. I say a figure, for the number is generally limited to one, and I was told that only on Trinity Sunday did more than one appear, and that then there were three.

But I can vouch for the larger number appearing on other occasions, as on the day I was there, which was one of the Sundays after Trinity, there were rarely fewer than three visible. The figures began to move across

the window long before the commencement of the service, when in fact there was no one present but ourselves. They did so again before the service began, as well as during the 'Venite' and subsequently as many as 20 or 30 times, I should suppose, till the conclusion of the service. Of the three figures two were evidently those of women, and the third was a little child. One was tall and very graceful, and the other middle-sized; we called the second one the nursemaid, from her evident care of the child during the absence of the mother, which relationship we attributed to the tall one, from the passionate affection she exhibited towards the child, her caressing it and the wringing of her hands over it. I may add that each figure is perfectly distinct from the others, and after they have been seen once or twice are at once recognisable.

The order of their proceedings, with slight variation was this.[1] The mother came alone from the north side of the window, and having gone about half-way across, stopped, turned round, and waved her arm towards the quarter whence she had come. The signal was answered by the entry of the nurse with the child. Both figures then bent over the child, and seemed to bemoan its fate; but the taller one was always the most endearing in her gestures. The mother then moved towards the other side of the window, taking the child with her, leaving the nurse in the centre of the window, from which she gradually retired towards the north corner, whence she had come, waving her hand, as though making signs of farewell, as she retreated. After some little time she again appeared, bending forward, and evidently anticipating the return of the other two, who never failed to reappear from the south side of the window where they

[1] [The writer says, p. 2, with reference to this account] I am not quite satisfied in my own mind that I have given the order of the incidents exactly as they occurred.

had disappeared. The same gestures of despair and distress were repeated, and then all three retired together to the north side of the window.

Usually they appeared during the musical portions of the service, and especially during one long eight-line hymn, when—for the only occasion without the child—the two women rushed on (in stage phrase), and remained during the whole hymn, making the most frantic gestures of despair. Indeed, the louder the music in that hymn, the more carried away with their grief did they seem to be. . . .—[A correspondent of] BARING-GOULD, vol. i., pp. 3-5.

The Sunday-school children who sit in the gallery, see the forms so often as to be quite familiar with the sight, and call them 'the mother, nurse, and child.' The legend I have heard told of it is that a family consisting of a father, mother, and only child, lived here once upon a time. The father died, and was buried at the east end of the church, under or near the organ window. After a while the plague broke out in York and carried off the child, and it was buried outside the city,[1] as those who died of plague were not allowed to be laid in the churchyards for fear of communicating the infection. The mother died afterwards, and was laid in her husband's grave, and now as in her lifetime continues to visit the grave of her child and bemoan the separation. The child is brought from its grave in the plague-pit by the mother and nurse, and brought to the grave of its father, and then it is taken back to where it lies outside the walls.—[Another correspondent of] BARING-GOULD, vol. i., p. 12.

[The apparition] is said to have haunted the church for 150, 200, and some authorities say 300 years,[2] and there

[1] [In the burial ground of the old church of Fulford.—CAMIDGE, p. 211.]

[2] [The late Canon Raine told the compiler that the idea of the apparitions is quite modern. Matter, in addition to that which is

are many pretty legends connected with it. One of the many traditions says that 300 years ago, during religious disturbances, a party of soldiers came to sack the convent[1] attached to this church; that the abbess, a woman of great virtue and courage, stopped them. as they were entering, declaring that they should enter over her dead body only, and that, should they succeed in their sacrilegious purpose, as they afterwards did, her spirit would haunt the place until the true Church were re-established and a convent built on the same spot.—[Correspondent of *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* quoted by] BARING-GOULD (1890 ed.), p. 15.

The apparition in Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate, York, has not been visible for some years. When the church was enlarged, about two years ago, the window at which it usually appeared was taken away. The present sexton [Dec. 1889] has seen it several times; and even now when he finds any of the church windows open says that the Trinity ghost has done it.

J. Nicholson, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. viii., p. 455.

Beyond the Walls.—A little way from the walls of York in the direction of Middlethorpe there stood, in years gone by, a large old house of baronial dimensions and Elizabethan character. . . . A secret of considerable importance was said to have belonged to one of the families occupying this house, which had been maintained for several generations, but was never known to more than one member of the family, and only transferred from sire to son or daughter at the moment when the holder of the secret was dying.

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here cited, will be found in Mr. Baring-Gould's *Yorkshire Oddities*. The revised edition (Methuen & Co., 1890) gives rationalistic explanations of the phenomenon. The author of *From Ouse Bridge*, etc., writes 'The legend is very pretty as an illustration of maternal devotion, but somebody behind the ghost of Holy Trinity could tell another and a true story of their appearance.'—CAMIDGE, p. 212.]

[1] [Holy Trinity stands on the site of a Benedictine Priory.]

As the story runs one of the family, who for the time was the keeper of this concealed incident, was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and before she could reveal her keep to some other member of the family, she passed away, and with her the secret so long sustained. The family must have had some experience of ghosts or some suspicions of prospective troubles for they took especial pains to save themselves from the truant tenant of the grave, and secure for themselves immunity against any intruder. They had learnt the theory prevalent in those days that if a corpse is taken out of a house by some other than the ordinary way of ingress and egress it will never find a means of access again, and cannot haunt the inmates or even the inside of the dwelling. . . . They determined to break a hole through the wall at the back part of their home; and then to take the coffin containing the corpse out of the habitation by that new and singular way. Having completed their arrangements they carried off the corpse to the grave followed by mourning friends. A few nights after, at the witching hour of night, moaning sounds broke on the night air, as if coming from somebody in distress, and waking the members of the family, they could, on looking out, see a ghost wandering in apparent bewilderment, seeking some way or road into the house. Round about the spot where the hole had been made the spirit wandered, making noises which betrayed anxiety and despair. The family was thrown into a state of deep concern, and after submitting to the trouble for many months they left the residence, but not so the ghost. For years the neighbourhood bore the character of being haunted, and persons living close by or passing that way at midnight were persuaded that the belief was well founded. Night by night those who had sat late at their cups, and drunk well if not wisely, and those on whom business or pleasure had made demands only satisfied at midnight, reported visions of the ghost, whilst companies of young folk sometimes made visits to

the spot in the hope of seeing the spectre. Occasionally they were gratified, but more generally disappointed, for the ghost was shy and would not do the bidding of a crowd. Many stories were rife of the freaks of this ghost, and many a fireside was encircled in the long winter nights to recite what had been seen, and to guess what was intended by the unrest of the poor dead woman. . . . She invariably appeared in white, with long flowing hair; her step was quick yet steady, her aim was unmistakably an entrance into the house she had formerly occupied, and so far as could be deciphered her features bore an expression of anguish mingled with despair. The house was old and unsuitable to general occupancy, with the consequence that it went so much out of repair that some years ago it was razed to the ground, and with its demolition there was an end to the ghost.—CAMIDGE (3), pp. 7-9.

BARGUESTS AND THE LIKE.

York. As the heathen had their good genii, so likewise their evil ones are traditionally handed down to us; by those many idle stories of local ghosts which the common people do still believe haunt cities, towns and family seats, famous for their antiquities and decays. Of this sort are the apparitions at Verulam, Silchester, Reculver, and Rochester; the Demon of Tedworth, the black dog of Winchester, the Padfoot of Pontefract and the Barguest of York.—DRAKE, p. 58, (*&* see *Appendix* vii.).

From verses compiled in 1644 of 'a cruell battell fought . . . between a parliament soldier and a sowe.'

> In Yorke the sixth day of October,
> When I am sure the guard was sober,
> Being far distant from the day
> When the soldiers had their pay,
> About midnight when they saye

Greislye ghosts have leave to playe,
And dead men's soules with courage brave,
Skipp from out each severall grave,
And walke the roundes; when the barr-guest[1]
Comes tumbling out of's smoakye nest,
Sometymes haveing suche a face
As promiseth an human race;
Sometymes he bee a beare, a dogg,
Sometymes the lykenes of a hogg!

[1] The local ghost of the city of York. The 'gheast' or ghost of the bars.

WHITAKER, vol. i., pp. 167, 168.

[Simon, a servant disguised in an ox's hide tries to scare Squire Modish, a gallant.]

Squire Mod. As you tender your Bones, tell me who you are and whither you are going.

Simon. I am vulgarly call'd the *Bar-Guest*, am on my Perambulation to see a Brother Goblin called *Raw-Head* and *Bloody-Bones*; therefore stand out of my way.

Squire Mod. Look 'ee Mr. *Bar-Guest*, I shall make a *Raw-Head* and *Bloody-Bones* of you, if you don't answer me.

Simon. Stand out of my Way I say, or I shall spew forth Fire and Brimstone on you directly.

LUCKY DISCOVERY, p. 16.

Whitbywards. *Barguests or Boh-ghosts*, terrifying apparitions, taking shape human or animal. See *Boh-ghost*, which is, perhaps, a more general term, and the two words may be distinct. Some say, Barguest signifies Castle-spectre (most ancestral buildings having their haunting inhabitant), from A.S. *burh*, a fortified place, and *gast*, a ghost; others consider it to be bier ghost, as being a harbinger of death, from A.S. *bere* a bier; but we are rightly told to be cautious about etymologies. According to the popular version, the *barguest*, whether dog or demon

glares with large eyes 'like burning coals;' and Grose informs us (evidently by guess), that they haunt the streets and lanes at night and take their stand at gates or styles, [*sic*] which in Yorkshire, he adds, are called *bars*! Be this as it may, the *barguest*, like the *church-Grim*, is a harbinger of death to those who happen to hear its shrieks in the night; for they are not audible except to people 'whose times have nearly come.' So and so will die soon, 'for last night he heard the *barguest*.' See *Grim* [*post*, p. 128].—ROBINSON, p. 11; MACQUOID, **Teesdale**, p. 4; BARKER, **Wensleydale**, p. 263.

[Other names of like horrors gathered from ROBINSON, boggle, boggle-boh, bogie, bogle, boh-boggle, boh-chap, boh-creature, boh-ghost, boh-fellow, boh-man, boh-thing; knocky-boh, who taps behind the wainscot and frightens the juvenile portion of the household; scriker.]

pp. 22, 108, 163.

Swaledale. Numerous *barguest* tales are current in Swaledale. . . . On winter evenings, when the hill-sides are covered with a mantle of snow, and when communications with the other parts of the world are closed with a bar of ice, the Swaledale people assemble by their neighbours' firesides and tell weird tales, about mischievous ghosts and old world apparitions. In this way they will frequently sit until midnight. . . . Sitting night (as it is locally called).—ROUTH, p. 69.

It is currently believed among the fishermen, that whenever a seaman of Whitby is buried, on the night following the funeral, a bargheist coach, drawn by six coal-black horses, with two outriders, clad in black, and sometimes bearing blazing torches,—the driver so enveloped in a black velvet pall as to render his features undiscoverable—and sometimes without either driver or horses, starts from a particular part of Green Lane, pursuing its course heedless of opposing barriers, till it reaches the church-yard, where it stops; a long train of mourners encircle the grave

thrice, and then, re-entering the coach, accompanied by the recent dead, they drive, thundering and rattling down the church steps, along Haggerlythe, and plunging headlong over the cliff, are lost to view.—WHITBY REP., vol. i., N.S., p. 103 (1831).

N.E. Yorkshire. *Grim*, a ghost. A skeleton, 'a *grim's* head,' a death's head. Evidently a part of 'Church-*grim*,' a term we have only once heard used in this quarter, though that may tend to countenance the notion of its former day currency, especially as it stands associated with our 'Barguest.'—ROBINSON, p. 83.

Egton. Here the old folk tell of a 'bargest' (bier ghost) or 'kirkgrim,' which aforetime haunted the neighbourhood of Egton Church—one of the strange fearsome ghost-like creatures, 'neither beast nor human' that Yorkshire had many of, and whereof the footfall foreshadowed death.

LEYLAND, p. 93.

THE DEVIL.

Scrat, Satan; generally with the prefix old, 'Aud Scrat.'

ROBINSON, p. 162.

Hoorniman, or *Aud Hoorny*, the old one with the horns; the devil.—ROBINSON, p. 97.

Donnot (that is dows-not), a name of the Devil.

MARSHALL, p. 26.

Night-spells, prayers or ejaculations of the olden time for spiritual or angelic guardianship through the night. Heard mentioned forty years ago.—ROBINSON, p. 132.

See *sub* MAGIC AND DIVINATIONS, *Rural Charms*, p. 214.

I am told of the people under the Hambledon Hills, Yorkshire, that 'they are very superstitious and always say

their evening prayers aloud that the Devil may hear them and they be safe for the night.'

W. H., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 74.

FAIRIES.

A correspondent from the borders of the North and West Ridings tells me of the strong belief in fairies that existed among the people of his district when he was a boy. It seems he used to talk to an old inhabitant who, as he confessed had often 'seen the fairies.' Figures of men and women gaily clad, of full size, and in rapid confused motion, he said he had often watched in early summer mornings. He used to tell of an unbelieving horse-dealer who had stayed the night with him. At dawn the old farmer saw the fairies, as he had so often done before and called up his guest who unbeliever though he declared himself to be, hurried out as he was, very lightly clad and sat so long on a wall watching them that he caught a rheumatism that he never was cured of.

MORRIS, p. 240.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS: **Grinton *and* Harmby Wells**, pp. 27, 35; **Pudding-pye Hill**, p. 2; LEECHCRAFT: *Awfshots*, pp. 181, 182.

The fairies still visit the secluded glades of East Yorkshire. My informant stated that he had often seen the rings left on the grass where they had been dancing, but he had never seen any of the little folks himself. When he was a boy he was told of a young man who fell in with a group of fairies dancing when he was passing over Scalby Wold towards Whitby. They were holding their revels in a secluded hollow not far from the footpath, and he saw them dancing in a ring to the strains of some delightful music. During one portion of the dance they all cried out "Whip! Whip!" and then cracked their small hunting-whips. The looker-on also cried out "Whip! Whip!" in

amazement. This caused the fairies to give up their amusement, and in revenge they whipped him along the way for a considerable distance toward Whitby.

T. T. Wilkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., p. 132.

Fairy Butter. A species of yellow soft fungus [*Tremella arborea*] that grows on decayed wood and often in other situations has obtained the name of fairy-butter from a notion that it is deposited by fairies. When found in houses it is reckoned very lucky! To another species of fungus we are indebted for the fairy-rings, those dark circular marks in the grass abounding in the cliff fields supposed to indicate the spots where the fairies danced in days of yore!—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 795.

Story about.—See *Atkinson*, p. 53; also

A well or spring in Baysdale is mentioned as the site of butter-washing by the fairies, and Egton Grange has (as alleged) been famous within the memory of living persons for the nocturnal proceedings of the said elves; one of their pranks being to fling their butter so as to make it adhere to the doors and gates of the premises.

ATKINSON (2), p. 167.

Laundry-Work. The fairies are said to mangle their clothes; and at Claymore well on our coast the strokes of the *bittles*[1] on washing nights have been heard for a mile beyond the scene of their operations!—ROBINSON, p. 18.

Fairy Rings. At Fairy Cross Plains and observances connected therewith.—*Atkinson*, pp. 51, 52.

See also *Blakeborough*, pp. 143, 163.

Stayed by running-water. A very mischievous fairy yclept Jeanie of Biggersdale, resided at a place so called

[1] 'A bat or club; 'Bittle and Pin' the mangle in old-fashioned houses for minor articles of linen. The bittle is a heavy wooden battledore; the pin is the roller; and with the linen wound round the latter, it is rolled backwards and forwards on a table by hand-pressure upon the battledore.'—ROBINSON, p. 18.

at the head of Mulgrave woods. A bold young farmer, perhaps under the influence of John Barleycorn, undertook one night, on a wager, to approach the habitation of this sprite, and to call her: but his rashness nearly cost him his life; Jeanie angrily replied that she was coming, and while he was escaping *across the running stream*, he fared worse than Burns's Tam O'Shanter, when pursued by Nanny the witch; for Jeanie overtaking him just as his horse was half across, cut it in two parts though fortunately he was on the half that got beyond the stream! Another aerial being, which we may suppose to have been a *hob*-goblin, had his dwelling in Hob-hole near Runswick. He was more benevolent than Jeanie; for his powers were exercised in curing young children of the hooping cough. When any child in Runswick or the vicinity was under that disease, one of its parents carried it into the cave, and with a loud voice, thus invoked the demi-god of the place 'Hob-hole Hob! my bairn's got kink-cough: tak't off; tak't off!' It is not very many years since this idolatrous practice was dropt.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 882.

For story of Nanny of Danby tending to prove that a witch may cross running water see *Atkinson*, pp. 84-86 and *note*. This is not supported by other relations the author has heard in the same district.—*Ib.* and p. 107.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 41; WITCHCRAFT, p. 153.

HOBMEN.

Whitbywards.—*Brownie*, a household sprite of the good and useful sort when well used; said to be a shaggy being. Hid in the house by day, he comes forth by night, and on the following morning he is found to have done various turns for the maids in domestic work. More an inhabitant of Scotland, he is now seldom heard of in these parts. His good treatment by the household

consists in leaving him victuals in nightly portions.—ROBINSON, pp. 27, 28.

There is a Hob Hole at Runswick, a Hob Hole near Kempswithen, a Hob's Cave at Mulgrave, Hobt'rush Rook on the Farndale Moors, and so on. Obtrush Rook, as well as Hob Hole and the Cave at Mulgrave, is distinctly said to have been 'haunted by the goblin' who being a familiar and troublesome visitor to one of the farmers and causing him much vexation and loss he resolved to quit his house in Farndale and seek some other home [See pp. 133, 134, *post.*].—ATKINSON (2), p. 262.

Nr. Saltburn, Upleatham, from whence there is a straight road along the crest of Hob Hill to Saltburn.—SALTBURN, p. 37.

Cf. **Hob Moor York** under Section xv.

Hob at Hart Hall in Glaisdale was, as the legend bears, a farm-spirit 'of all work,' thrashing, winnowing, stamping the bigg, leading, etc. Like the rest of the tribe who ever came under mortal eye, he was without clothes—nāk't—and having had a Harding-smock made and placed for him, after a few moments of—it would seem ill-pleased—inspection, he was heard to say

> 'Gin Hob mun hae nowght but a hardin' hamp
> He'll come nae mair nowther to berry nor stamp.'
>
> ATKINSON (2), p. 263.

See also *Atkinson*, pp. 54, 55.

Over Silton. In the precipitous cliffs, a short distance north-west of the village, called 'the Scarrs,' is a cave in the rock, known by the name of Hobthrush Hall, which was formerly the abode of a goblin of somewhat remarkable character, who appears by the stories yet current relating to him, to have been possessed of great agility, as he was in the habit of jumping from the hills above his dwelling to the top of Carlhow Hill, about half a

mile distant. He was not of the malignant kind. . . . On the contrary he was one of those friendly to man. . . . The Silton goblin was a true and faithful servant to a person named Weighall, who kept the village inn, and rented the land on which his hall was situate. It was Hob's invariable practice to churn the cream during the night, which was prepared for him the evening before, for which his reward was a large slice of bread and butter, always placed ready for him when the family retired to bed, and always gone in the morning. One night, the cream was put into the churn as usual, but no bread and butter placed beside it. Hob was so disgusted with this piece of base ingratitude, that he never came to churn more, and appears to have entirely left the neighbourhood. His dwelling yet remains, a rugged cave among the rocks, dark, wet, and uncomfortable, but extending a considerable distance underground.

GRAINGE, pp. 325, 326.

Near the line of road [from Kirby Moorside through Gillamoor to Ingleby] . . . a conspicuous object for many miles round, was the large conical heap of stones called Obtrush Roque. In the dales of this part of Yorkshire we might expect to find, if anywhere, traces of the old superstitions of the Northmen, as well as their independence and hospitality, and we do find that Obtrush Roque was haunted by the goblin,[1] But Hob was also a familiar and troublesome visitor of one of the farmers, and caused him so much vexation and petty loss, that he resolved to quit his house in Farndale and seek some other home. Very early in the morning, as he was trudging on his way, with all his household goods and gods in a cart, he was accosted in good Yorkshire by a restless neighbour, with 'I see you're flitting.' The reply came from Hob out of the churn 'Ay, we're flutting.' Upon which the farmer concluding that change of air would

[1] Hobthrust, or rather Hob o' the Hurst a spirit supposed to haunt woods only: Grose *Provinc. Gloss.* Roque = Ruck, a *heap.*

not rid him of the dæmon turned his horse's head homeward. This story is in substance the same as that narrated on the Scottish Border,[1] and in Scandinavia; and may serve to show for how long a period and with what conformity, even to the play on the vowel, some traditions may be preserved in secluded districts.

PHILLIPS, pp. 210, 211.

[Canon Atkinson of Danby who never heard this story from the mouth of the "folk," takes sundry exceptions to the way in which it is here related by Professor Phillips and objects to the use of "flutting" which he says is alien to the district: "a Farndale man would be fully as likely to say 'hutting' for 'hitting,' 'sutting' for 'sitting,' or 'mutten' for 'mitten' as 'flutting,' for 'flitting.'" See *Atkinson*, pp. 66, 68. It is however Hob, who utters the word, and he may be held to be *super grammaticam*, though, as we see above, his vowel supports a theory. Possibly Professor Phillips copied from the version of the incident given under TALES, BALLADS, etc., pp. 364-367: it contains interesting episodes unrelated by him.

Mr. Blakeborough tells a like story of the family of Oughtred of Hob Hill, Upleatham, and gives the date of the event as 1820.—See *Blakeborough*, pp. 203-5.

Tennyson took up the theme in 'Walking to the Mail.']

Tale of Hob of Hob Garth attributed to *cir.* 1760. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 207-209.

"Survivals of 'Fairy,' 'Dwarf,' 'Hob' Notions." See *Atkinson*, pp. 51-55.

Fairy bairn found by haymaker; see *Atkinson*, p. 54.

Dwarfs in houes near Roxby and Mickleby. See *Atkinson*, p. 54.

[1] Antiquities of the Scottish Borders [*sic*] by Sir W. Scott, Bart.

SECTION V.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT AND THE LAW.

Inquiratur pro domina reg. Si Marg' L. de A in Com̄ E. *Spinster* 24 die Jun̄. anno reg. dn̄e nr̄æ Eliz. 15. ac diuersis alijs diebus & vicibus, tam antea quam postea, Deum prae oculis suis non habens, sed instigatione diabol' seduct', quasdam malas diabolas artes, Anglice voc' *Witchcrafts, Inchantments, Charmes, and Sorceries*, nequiter diabolic' & felon̄ apud H. p'd', in Com' E. p'd', ex malicia sua p'cogitat' vsa fuit, practicauit & exercuit, in & super quendam W. N. p'textu cuius pred' W. à p'd' 24. die Jun̄ anno suprad' vsq; 24 diem Dec' anno regni dict' dn̄æ regin̄ Eliz. &c. 35 p'd' languebat, quo quidem 24 die Dec' suprad', pred' W. ratione practicationis & exercit' diabolic' artiū p'd' apud H. p'd' in com̄ E p'd', obijt. Et sic p'd' M. ipsum W. apud H. p'd', in Comitat' E. p'd' modo & forma suprad', & ex malicia sua p'cogitat' interf. contr̄ pacem dict' dn̄e reg. & contra formam statuti &c.

Inquirat p' domina regina, Si Sara B. de C. in Comitatu Eb. vidua, 20 die August. anno regni dict' dn̄æ nr̄æ Eliz. &c. 34 quasdam artes nequissimas (Anglice vocatas *Inchantments and Charmes*) apud C. pred' in Comitatu Eb. prædicto, maliciosè, & diabolice, in, super, & contra quendam equum, coloris albi, precij 4 li. de bonis & catallis cujusdam I. S. de C. pred' in dicto Comit' E:

generī existentem, exercuit, & practicauit. Per qd idem equus dict' I. S. 20 die pred' apud C. p'd' omnino peioratus est, et vastatus: contr̄ pacem dict' dom' reg. et contr̄ form' stat' in eiusmodi casu prouis. ac editi.

WEST: Part ii., pp. 134, 135.

Richmond, Oct. 13, 1606. Ralph Milner of Rashe, yoman, being accused of sorcerie, witchcraft, inchantment, and telling of fortunes, shall make his submission at Mewkarr Church upon Sonday next in the time of Divine Service, and confesse that he hath heighlie offended God and deluded men, and is heartily sorie and will offend no more.—RECORDS, vol. i., p. 58.

Thirske, July 3, 4, and 5, 1611. Elizth. wife of John Cooke of [Thirske was presented] for a common scold and disquieter of her neighbours with continyuall banning and cursing of her said neighbours and their goodes, insomuch that the said goodes and themselves whom she curseth oftentimes presently die (as they verily think) by her said ill words.

RECORDS, vol. i., p. 213.

Oct. 1, 1625. [Was presented] Elizth. wife of Tho Crearey of Northallerton for exercising most wicked arts, in English, inchantments and charmes, on a black cow (value 50s.) belonging to Edw. Bell of Northallerton, by which the cow was sorely damaged and the calf in her totally wasted and consumed etc.

RECORDS, vol. iii., p. 177.

Elizth. Crearey [found] guilty of most wicked and diabolical arts called inchantments and charmes [p. 178]. She is to be sett on the pillorie one a quarter in some markett towne in the Ridinge upon some faire daie or markett day and after her release and year of good behaviour she is to stand to such further Order as the Courte shall sett downe therein.—*Ib.*, p. 181.

New Malton, July 9, 1640. A New Malton mason and his wife [were presented] for uttering opprobrious and scandalous words against one Elizth. England, saying she was a witch and they would prove her soe.

RECORDS, vol. iv., 182.

Ryedale, 1649-50. Before Isaac Newton, Esq. *William Kirkham of Rivis*, sayth, that one Wm. Mason of Newless did relate to this informant that he brought a woman unto his brother's Robert Mason's bedd syde at Olde Byland, in the night time, as they were in bedd together. This informer then asked him whether or noe it was a substantiall body, and how he could see or perceive her in the darke? Whoe answered that when it was darke to this informant it was light to him. He asked the said Mason howe he dared to doe these and other straunge matters amongst the soldyers least they should fall upon him and kill him? He answered that he had fixed them soe that they had neither power to pistoll him, stabb him, kill or cutt him. This informant further telling the said Mason that, . . . he did believe the justices at the sessions would [for a slander] comitte him to the gaole or house of correccion. Whereunto he answered, if they did soe he would make some others followe him; and when they were fast, he would goe out at his pleasure. Further, asking the said Mason whether or no there should be a King in England, he answered he would warrant there should bee a King, and that very shortely.

DEPOSITIONS, p. 25.

Scarborough, 1651. Witchcraft is another of the superstitions once prevailing in Scarbrough, and the following cases among others demonstrate the truth of the folk lore respecting it, and will be sufficient to prove the hold it had on the people. The depositions were taken before the bailiffs, and end with the denial on the part of the supposed witch.

'Margery Ffish, of Scarbrough, widdow, informeth upon oath saith that John Allen of Scarbrough, hath a woman-child of about fower yeares of age that is strangely handled by ffitts, namely, the hands and armes drawne together contracted, the mouth some tyme drawn together, other tymes drawne to a wonderfull wideness, the eyes drawne wide open and the toung rite out of the mouth (almoste bitten of), looks black and the head drawes to one side, the mouth drawn aurye, and makes noise, with trembling; and when itt is out of the ffitts itt starts often as if in ffeare; and saith that the childe took about six of these ffitts as this informant thinks in one houre's tyme in this informant's presence, upon the Wednesday was a fort-night; this informant does believe the sd. child to be bewitched, and saith that the mother of this child was advised to send for one Elizabeth Hodgson, of this towne, to looke or charme the sd. childe, as this informant heareth by the mother of the sd. childe to which woman the mother Ann Allen came to hear, who told her the child shd. mend before twelve of the clocke that night, and saith that the sd. mother did tell this informant that the child did mend accordingly all that tyme, and this informant did know the childe strangely mended, and this informant saith that the mother of the childe did tell this informant that the sd. Eliz. Hodgson did tell the sd. mother that the childe was bewitched by one Ann Hunnam, or Marchant, of Scarbrough, and that Ann Marchant did gett power of the sd. childe in the father's armes as he was bringing itt from the faire; and further that the mother of the childe saith Eliz. Hodgson did tell her, the sd. mother, that she had cured the child, but because the sd. mother did tell her of that cure the said child is not curable.' her

MARJORY FFISH.
mark.

Taken by LUKE ROBINSON, Bailiff.

Mary Weston informeth upon oath, that by the commande of her dame, Anne Smallwood, of Scarbrough, she, this informant, did sit and watch all the last night at John Allen's house with John Allen's woman childe and a woman, when that childe as this informant believeth the last night had fforty ffitts, namely, the childe was sometymes drawne together in a rounde little lump, and sometymes soe stiffe thruste out as this informant and another could not bend her; sometymes her hands and knees drawn together, and the mouth sometimes wide open and other tymes shutt, and the toung hanging out, and blood came out of the mouth, and the eyes extremely staring, and the head drawne on one side, for as itt could not be sett straight untill the ffit was over.'

Taken by LUKE ROBINSON the 19th day of Mary Weston.

'Margery Ffish, widdow, further examined after she was commanded to make searche upon ye bodye of Anne Hunnam, otherwise Marchant, the wife of Oswald Hunnam, informante upon oath, saith that this daye she beinge commanded to searche the bodye of Anne Hunnam otherwise Marchant, who was accused for witchcraft, and for bewitching the child of John Allen; she, this informante, and Elizabeth Jackson, and Eliz. Dale, did accordingly searche the body of the saide Anne Hunnam, otherwise Marchant, and did finde a little blue spott upon her left side, into which spott this informant did thrust a pinne att which the sd. Ann Hunnam never moved nor seemed to feel it, which spott grows, out of her ffleshe or skin at her waste of a greate bignesse.' her

MARGERY W. FFISH.
mark.

'Elizabeth Dale informeth upon oath, that she did, together with Margery Ffish, searche Ann Hunnam, otherwise Marchant, her bodye and saith that their was

found on her left buttock a blue spott growing out of her fleshe or skin like a greate warte.'

1651, 19th March. her
ELIZABETH C. DALE.
mark.

Taken by LUKE ROBINSON and CHRISTOPHER JARRATT, Bayliffes.

'Anne Marchant, otherwise Hunnam, of Scarbrough, examined before Luke Robinson and Christopher Jarratt, Baleffes, then denyeth that she by witchcraft or any other wayes did any hurt to the child of John Allen, for which she is accused; she denyeth to practising any conjuracions, witchcraft, or evil intents.'

7th Aus 1652.

Taken before us—LUKE ROBINSON.
CHRISTOPHER JARRATT.

It does not appear from the judicial records that Anne Marchant underwent any punishment.

Jane Nicholson was one of the Scarbrough witches, and of great repute, and was much feared. If any sailor met her in the morning he would not go to sea. Her mother was a "Southcotean" and believed that she was destined to be the mother of some great prince, but in this was greatly disappointed when her offspring was only a girl.

BAKER, pp. 481-483.

Helmesley, Jan. 12, 1657. [Among "the names of those that were indicated or presented and submitted and were fined."] Rob. Conyers, late of Gisbrough, gentn. being charged with certain detestable arts called witchcraft and sorcery wickedly to practise the same.

RECORDS, vol. v., p. 259.

In 1662 six [persons were executed] at York [for witchcraft].—ANNALS, p. 62.

York, *Apr.* 1, 1670. Before Fr. Driffield, Esq., *Ann Mattson* saith, that yesterday, Mary Earneley, daughter of Mr. John Earneley, of Alne, fell into a very sicke fitt,[1] in which shee continued a longe time, sometimes cryinge out that Wilkinson wyfe prickt her with pins, clappinge her hands upon her thighs, intimatinge, as this informant thinketh, that she pricked her thighes. And other times she cryed out, 'That is shee,' and said Wilkinson's wyfe run a spitt into her. Whereupon Mr. Earnley sent for Anne Wilkinson, widdow; and when the said Wilkinson came into the parlour where the said Mary Earnley lay, the said Mary Earnley shooted out, and cried 'Burne her, burne her, shee tormented two of my sisters.' Shee saith further that two sisters of the said Mary Earnleye's dyed since Candlemasse last, and one of them upon the 19th of March last dyed, and, a little before her death, there was taken out of her mouth a blacke ribbond with a crooked pinne at the end of it.

George Wrightson of Alne, saith, that yesterday Mary, dau. of John Earnley, gent. fell into a virulent and sicke fitt, and continued therein one houre and more, all that time crying out in a most sad and lamentable manner that Anne Wilkinson was most cruelly prickinge and tormentinge her with pins, as the said Anne was sittinge by her owne fire upon a little chaire; and presently Mrs. Earnley sent this informant to the said Anne Wilkinson's house, whoe brought word shee was then sittinge by the fire upon a little chaire when he suddenly came into her house.

Anne Wilkinson of Alne, widdow, saith that shee never did Mr. Earnley, nor any that belonged him, any harme, nor would shee doe; and, as for the bewitchinge of any of his children, shee is sacklesse.

Margaret, wife of Richard Wilson, sayth, that in her

[1] An old woman is charged with witchcraft, but was acquitted at the assizes.

former husband John Akers' lifetime, she once lost out of her purse 5os. all but three halfe pence ; and, shortly after, there hapened to be a great wind, and after the wind was downe, she, this ex^t^, mett with Anne Wilkinson, who fell into a great rage, bitterly cursing this ex^t^., and telling her that she had been att a wise man, and had raised this wind which had put out her eyes, and that she was stout now she had gott her money againe, and wishing she might never thrive, which cursing of the said Anne did soe trouble this ex^t^. that she fell a weeping, and, coming home told her mother what had hapened, and her mother bad her put her trust in God, and she hoped she could doe her noe harme. And the next day she churned but could gitt noe butter ; and, presently after, this ex^t^. fell sicke, and soe continued for neere upon two yeeres, till a Scotch phyt sitian came to Tollerton, to whom this ex^t^. went, and the phisityane told her she had harme done her. And she further sayth that her then said husband, John Acres, fell shortly after ill, and dy'd of a lingering disease, but, till then, he was very strong and healthfull.

DEPOSITIONS, pp. 176, 177.

March 7 [1686] I would venture to take Notice of a private Occurrence which made some Noise at *York*. The Assizes being there held, an old Woman was condemned for a Witch. Those who were more credulous in Points of this Nature than my self, conceived the Evidence to be very strong against her. The Boy she was said to have bewitched, fell down on a sudden, before all the Court, when he saw her, and would then as suddenly return to himself again, and very distinctly relate the several Injuries she had done him ; But in all this it was observed, the Boy was free from any Distortion ; that he did not foam at the Mouth, and that his Fits did not leave him gradually but all at once ; so that, upon the whole, the Judge thought it proper to reprieve her ; in which he seemed to act the Part of a wise Man. But tho' such

is my own private Opinion, I cannot help continuing my Story: One of my Soldiers being upon Guard about eleven in the Night, at the Gate of *Clifford Tower*, the very Night after the Witch was arraigned, he heard a great Noise at the Castle, and going to the Porch he there saw a Scroll of Paper creep from under the Door, which as he imagined by Moonshine, turned first into the shape of a Monkey, and thence assumed the Form of a Turky Cock, which passed to and fro by him. Surprised at this he went to the Prison, and called the Underkeeper who came and saw the Scroll dance up and down and creep under the Door, where there was scarce an Opening of the thickness of half a Crown. This extraordinary Story I had from the Mouth of both one and the other: and now leave it to be believed or disbelieved as the Reader may be inclined this Way or that.

RERESBY, pp, 237, 238.

Bedale 1691. [Among the] Presentments at Beedall July 21, 1691, Timothy Wainde, late of Friby yeom[n] for uttering of false and scandalous words to the defamation of a certain Alice Bovill, viz. 'Thou bewitched my stot.'[1]

RECORDS, vol. ix., p. 6.

York, 1809. At the Assizes held at York, in March, 1809, Mary Bateman a celebrated 'Yorkshire Witch,' was tried and condemned for murder. This wretched creature had previously lived in York as a servant, but left it in disgrace, being charged with a petty theft, and retired to Leeds, where she married. For a long period she prac-

[1] This is worth notice. I believe it is correct to say that in this case the finding of the Grand Jury was 'No bill.' And the suggestion is that had we the Sessions Rolls throughout to refer to, it might be found that many bills of the sort were thrown out, and that thus the paucity of witchcraft cases previously commented on might be explained.

tised the art and mystery of fortune telling at Leeds, deluding multitudes, defrauding them of their property under the false pretence of giving them 'a peep into futurity.' To enable her to accomplish her villany, and in order to prevent detection of the fraud, there is reason to believe that, with the aid of the poisonous cup, she closed the mouths of many for ever. For one of these murders she was committed to York Castle, tried, found guilty, and on Monday, the 20th of March, she was executed at the new drop behind the Castle, in the presence of an immense concourse of people; and such was the stupid infatuation of the crowd, that many are said to have entertained the idea, that at the last moment she would evade the punishment about to be inflicted, by her supernatural powers. And to view her lifeless remains—perhaps with a view of proving that she was of a verity dead—crowds of people assembled at Leeds, though the hearse did not arrive there till near midnight, and each paid threepence for a sight of the body; by which thirty pounds accrued to the benefit of the General Infirmary.

WHELLAN, vol. i., pp. 274, 275.

Her body was afterwards dissected; and in compliance with the then custom in Yorkshire, her skin was tanned and distributed in small pieces to different applicants.

CHAPBOOK, p. 32.

It is certainly startling to hear that not only 'Parts of the body of Mary Bateman the 'Yorkshire Witch' were sold to her admirers at her execution in 1809, but that some of them were actually on sale at Ilkley in 1892.—Review in *Guardian* of 'Lives of Twelve Bad Women,' Aug. 4th, 1897.

See also under GOBLINDOM, p. 114.

A piece of Smith's[1] tanned skin is still preserved in the museum of Kirkleatham.—BLACKBURNE, p. xxviii.

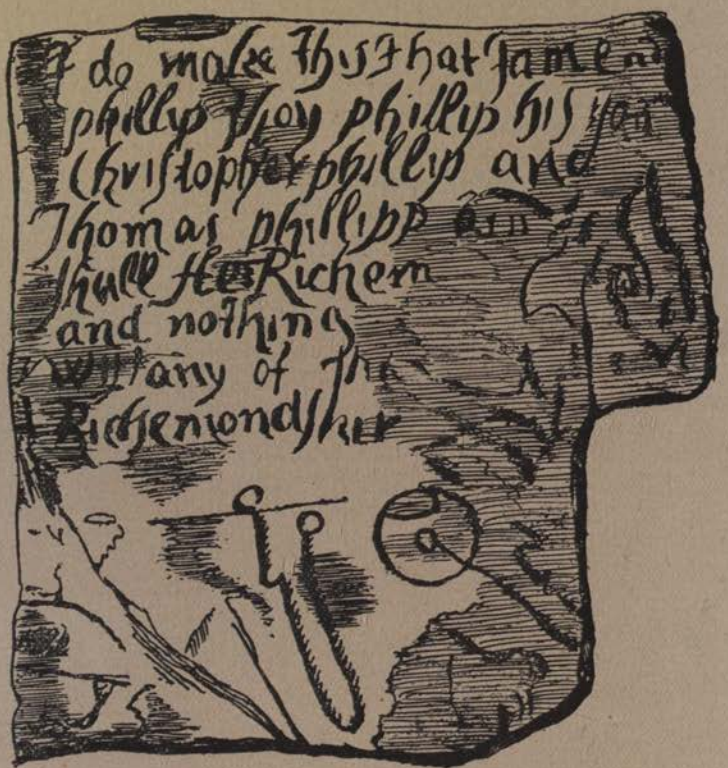
[1] [The murderer, by means of Good Friday cake; see *post* pp. 243, 244.]

THE GATHERLEY MOOR MAGIC-TABLES

(*Copied from* WHITAKER, vol. i., p. 195.)

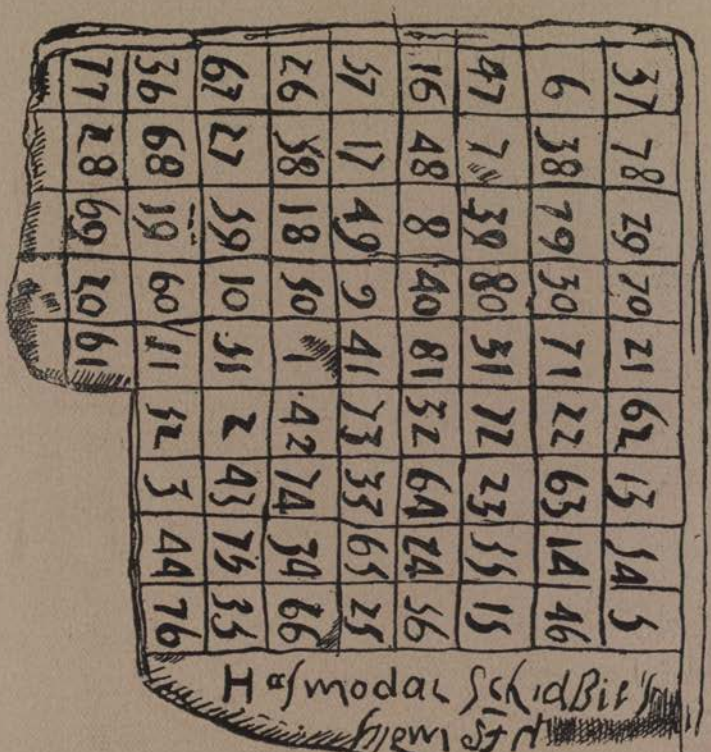
See page 145.

FIG. 1.



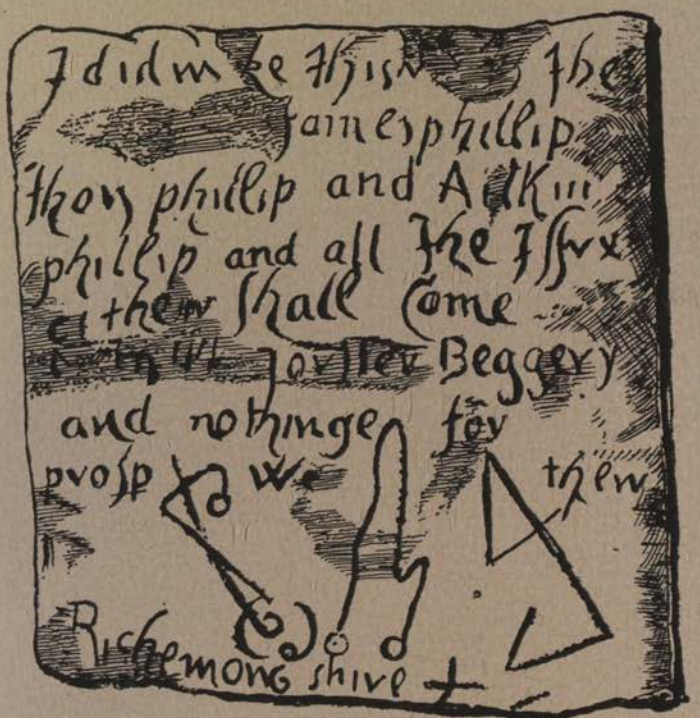
No. i. Obverse.

FIG. 2.



No. i. Reverse.

FIG. 3.



No. ii. Obverse.

FIG. 4.

No. ii. Reverse.

INSTANCES OF WITCHCRAFT.

Whitby. Francis [Cholmley] . . . was exceedingly overtopped and guided by his wife,[1] which it is thought she did by witchcraft, or some extraordinary means.

MEMOIR, p. 13.

Brignall, 16th Century. Brignall is associated with a diabolical tale. About the year 1789, two curious specimens of supposed Magical Tables, on lead, were found by Wm. Hawksworth, Esq., enclosed in a tumulus near the Roman road Watling Street, which crosses Gaterley Moor, in Middleton Tyas parish, north of Richmond. Each of the tables is quadrangular, with several planetary marks, rude scratches, and an inscription on one side ; and on the others are figures set in an arithmetical proportion from 1 to 81, and so disposed in parallel and equal ranks, that the sum of each row, as well diagonally and horizontally as perpendicularly is equal to 369. On account of these tables having been sent to John C. Brooke, Somerset Herald, he discovered that they related to the family of Philip, of Brignall in Richmondshire, and contained denunciations against several members of that family, in these words :—'*I do make this, that James Philip, John Philip his son, Christopher Philip and Thomas Philip, his sons, shall fle Richemondshire, and nothing prosper with any of them in Richemondshire.—I did*[2] *make this, that the father James Philip, John Philip and all kin of Philip, and all the issue of them, shall come presently to utter beggery, and nothinge joy or prosper with them in Richemondshire.*'

Henry Philip of Brignall, had two sons, Charles and James, and although the eldest, Charles, had two sons John and Cuthbert, the second son James appears to have possessed the family estate at Brignall in 1575. This

[1] [She died Ap. 28, 1586, he having predeceased.]

[2] I do make this, that the father James Phillip, John Phillip Arthur Phillip and all the issue of them, etc.—WHITAKER, vol. i., p. 195.

miserable but terrible malediction, which is signed *J. Philip,* appears to have arisen out of the circumstance of the property not being in the hands of the rightful owner. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, after the curse, no branch of the family flourished. All the sons of James and their issue died out, and their sister Agnes carried the representation of the Philips to the Robinsons afterwards of Rokeby.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 474 *note.*

The curiosity of some person led him to inquire into the real fate of the family of Philips. This application was made to the late ingenious John Charles Brooke, Somerset herald, when the event appeared from the records of the college of arms to have been what follows: From the visitation of the county of York by William Flower, Norroy A.D. 1575 it seems that James Philips was then living at Brignall and entered his pedigree, whence it also appears that he had five sons, John, Richard, Henry, Christopher, and Thomas. James was the son of Henry Philips of Brignall, by Agnes Aislaby his wife, who had an elder brother Charles, which Charles had two sons, John and Cuthbert. Now as James is styled of Brignall, though the younger brother of Charles, the most probable account which can be given of the matter is, that he had supplanted John the son of Charles, in his birthright, which drew upon him and his family this secret execration. It is observable that Henry, the third son of James, is not included in the curse[1] of which the most likely reason which can be

[1][Nor is Richard, ED.] It seems doubtful whether Whitaker's identification of the persons against whom the imprecations in the tablet were aimed is correct. There are discrepancies between the names of James Phillips' sons as given by Whitaker and those mentioned in the tablet. The tablets were derived from *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, by Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, published in 1532, and translated into English in 1651. It is more probable that the use by provincial wizards of this work would be subsequent to the publication of the English translation, than at the date to which Whitaker's identification would throw back the tablets. A similar

assigned is that he was then dead. But says my author, the anathema denounced against this family must have had its full effect, as these brothers and their children all died without issue. . . . The probability is that John Philips injured and disappointed, and perhaps debarred by some legal impediment from recovering his inheritance by course of justice, resorted to some impostor, who persuaded him to pursue this diabolical way of revenge. If he lived to see the event, his malignity would be gratified by the supposed effect of the curse.—WHITAKER, vol. *i.*, p. 196.

Marston Moor, 1644. Witches . . . were not the sole proprietors of familiar spirits, for the Roundheads declared that Prince Rupert had one, in the shape of a large white poodle dog, a present from Lord Arundel, whose name was Boy. Boy accompanied his master in many an engagement, but seemed to bear a charmed life, even having the credit given him of catching bullets and bringing them to his master. This evidently must be a dog of no common breed, and it was not thought so, as we read in one of the Commonwealth tracts, which was a reputed dialogue between Tobie's and Prince Rupert's dogs:

'TOBIE'S DOG. . . . I hear you are Prince *Rupert's* White Boy.

P. RUP. DOG. I am none of his White Boy, my name is *Puddle.*

TOB. DOG. A dirty name indeed, you are not pure enough for my company; besides, I hear on both sides of my eares that you are a Laplander, or Fin Land Dog, or

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tablet was found at Dymock in Gloucestershire a few years ago. I described it in *The Reliquary and Illustrated Archæologist*, vol. iii., p. 140. Another has been more recently found at Lincoln's Inn, and exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. W. Paley Baildon, F.S.A. His account of it will be found in the *Proceedings* of the Society, 2nd ser., vol. xviii., p. 141. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

truly no better than a Witch in the shape of a white Dogge.

* * * * * * * * *

P. RUP. DOG. No Sirrah, I am of high Germain breed.

TOB. DOG. Thou art a Reprobate and a lying Curre; you were either whelpt in Lapland, or in Finland; where there is none but divells and Sorcerers live.'

Poor Boy met his fate at Marston Moor, by a silver bullet fired 'by a valliant Souldier, who had skill in Necromancy.' Judging by the hail of bullets by which he is surrounded,

he must indeed have borne a charmed life, the loss of which an old witch deplores.—ASHTON, pp. 162, 163.

How sad that *Son* of *Blood* did look to hear
One tell the death of this shagg'd *Cavalier*
He rav'd he tore his Perriwigg and swore
Against the Round-heads that he'd fight no more

. . . . . .

[At birth] 'Twas like a Dog yet there was none did know
Whether it Devill was, or Dog or no.

. . . . . .

He could command the Spirits up from below
And beride them strongly, till they let him know
All the dread secrets that belong them to
And what they did with whom they had to doe

. . . . . .

To tell you all the pranks this Dogge hath wrought
That lov'd his Master and him Bullets brought
Would make but laughter in these times of woe
Or how this Cur came by his fatall blow
Look on the Title-page and there behold
The Emblem will all this to you unfold.

ELEGY, pp. 3-6.

[Tobie's Dog thus further expressed himself to Puddle, who is made to say "Some call me *Boy* but my name is *Puddle* And I can do strange things and change myself into many shapes."]

Come not neer me, for I can give a bite and that boldly though thou look like a Lyon with long shag haire yet I fear thee not bragging Courtier, thou popish profane Dog, thou art more than halfe a divell, a kind of spirit that doth helpe Colledges to their lost spoons and two-card pots, when they are lost or stolne. . . . It is known that at Edghill you walke invisible and directed the bullets who they should hit and who they should misse and made your Mr. Prince Rupert shott-free.—DIALOGUE.

Newton. Upon the Twelfth of *May 1675* in the Town of *Newton*[1] in *York-shire*, one *Elizabeth Johnson* Servant to Goodman *Wilford* of the aforesaid Town was commanded by her Dame to go into one of the Out-houses to do some certain Work, but no sooner was this poor Maid about her Business, but she was affrighted by a Stone that hit her, which she thought might have bin flung from the hand of some unlucky Boy, therefore did not desist in her imployment, till on a suddain she was struck with another stone, and hearing a great noise in the Yard frightened her more than before, which caused her to go to the Door to see if she could discern who it was that dealt so rudely with her, but comming to the door she was struck with

[1] [There are many Newtons in Yorkshire and this wonder is only doubtfully at home, in the present collection.]

another, and the Room she was in was darkned, which much affrighted her, but coming into the yard, she espyed a very comely Gentleman, the like for Gallantry and Stature she never saw, and least he should go away unknown, she attempts to acquaint her Dame therewith, but was prevented by the Gentleman, who wisht her to desist calling her Dame for sayes he I am known by her, as likewise by the best in the Town, and shall stay till better known by you ; so the Maid fearing to disoblige one that represented a person of Quality returned, but no sooner got to her work, but she heard a great noise calling out *I will not, I will not,* with that she ran to the door, and see three more hanging upon the former, but he still crying out *I will not, I will not:* she seeing the Gentleman thus abused, was resolved to venter by him to acquaint her Dame though with the hazzard of her life, and as she was going up to acquaint her Dame, she heard the Gentleman cry out, *Pity me, pitty me,* and going about to tell her Dame what had hapned she found her more affrighted than her self, yet told her maid she see and took notice of all that hapned since the Gentleman cried out *I will not, I will not,* and moreover told her maid she knew him well, and that the night before she Dream'd she saw him in the Garden or a statue of Stone like him, which she much admired for he was so Comely and beautiful a Person that she thought it impossible to have made anything so like him, and she thought it beyond Art to counterfit him, and would have gone farther in praising him but hearing him cry out *I cannot I cannot* and looking out of the Window, see the Three other Worring him, whereupon the Maid would have had her Dame went down with her to the relieving him, her Dame refused and said he could take no harm by any three men, yet never gave him any Name, but stood as one much concern'd ; presently after came her Husband through the Yard where this Crew was, but saw nothing, till comming into the House he found his Wife

and Servant in a strange affrighted manner: he demanded of his Wife what was the matter? She answered nothing at all, and the Maid was fearful to declare least she should incur her Dames displeasure, on a suddain he heard a strange Cry *O must I, O must I*; he asking the matter? the Maid reply'd, pray look into the Yard, where he saw four Men, but one much braver in Apparrel than the other three, which he lamented much but being affrighted durst not stand to his rescue; Notwithstanding he see him to his thinking much abused, but said he admired who they were and what should be the meaning of such rudeness? the Maid answered that her Dame knew the gentleman that was so abused, and told him that she acquainted her how she dream'd of him the night before, but she denied all, and said she never spoke a word to her of any such thing, the Man Goodman *Wilford* imagining his Maid had told him a Lye, was very angry with her, but the maid was Justified, for the Voice came again crying *Tell me how long, and I will*, and the Woman in a fright, made answer looking out of the Window, *I do not desire it although it was your Contract.* Upon which her Husband charged her with the knowledge of him, which she confessed, but would not declare his Name; Night came on, and they were not seen any more, but by two poor labouring Fellows which came that way from their days Labour who declared they saw four persons in the Yard, but knew them not: The Man of the House and the Maid Report they heard the same voice about twelve of the Clock at Night, which much affrighted them, but he further declares his Wife lay shaking by him all night, but would not acknowledge she heard any thing although she see them so much concerned. In the morning when the Maid arose, she looked out of the window, and told her master, the Gentleman that was abused yesterday was all alone in the Garden; Goodman *Wilford* rose and went with his maid into the Garden, to know of the Gentleman what

was his meaning, but speaking to him and having no answer, nor seeing any mooving in him, touched him and found him to be absolute stone. The roads about *Newton* are crowded, people coming and going continually, day and night, to see this strange (but true) Prodegy, and return again with no less Admiration. *Goodman Wilford* remembering his wives dream, went to her and told her of it as she lay in her bed, but she (if not really) has framed herself speechless, and hath continued so ever since, where we will leave her and desire you to judge charitably of her until we hear farther which I am promised shall be if she makes any confession. The person my friend that gave me this account lives within a mile of the house and has seen the Statute several times, it being confirmed by the hands of the eminentest men in *Newton*, but desired me if I put it into print to omit their names at length, till such time they hear something from the woman's mouth, or if she will by sign discover the meaning of this strange (but as I have said before) true Relation.—WONDER, pp. 4-8.

Ayton. A good many years ago[1] there was an old witch lived in a tumble down cottage near the waterfall (Ayton), and she was a mean old thing. Very often nothing nor anyone could please her. At that time there was a young fellow living in Newton, called Johnny Simpson, who was desperately in love with an Ayton lass called Mary Mudd, but Mary would have nothing to say to him, and in the end, told him not to come bothering her any more. This grieved Johnny very much, but when he discovered that a young chap called Tom Smith had won Mary's heart, John's love turned into hate, and he determined to be revenged. To this end he sought the aid of the old witch Nanny, to whom he told his woeful tale, begging her to

[1] There is internal evidence of this story being an offshoot of one of a much earlier time. As told now it does not date earlier than 1760.

work an evil spell on both Tom and Mary. After much arguing, the old hag agreed, telling him to go to the churchyard and gather certain things. Then followed clear instructions as to what other proceedings he had to take, concluding with a reiterated command to wash in the old well, and to leave her besom by its side. After John had carefully carried out all her commands which were needful for him to work his evil spell upon the lovers, he broke faith, laughed at and ignored the witches final injunctions, as to washing himself, and the disposal of her besom, setting off home fully satisfied with his night's evil work, and glorying in the fact that he had outwitted the old hag. But he speedily found out his mistake; before, behind, above, nay all about him, there came strange whisperings, and flutterings of invisible wings, and by and by, horrid faces shewed themselves to him; run or walk, it was all the same, there they were. And then you know when he got to the top of the rising ground, an owl sitting on the roof of one of the cottages, gave a fearful hoot; and then he was stopped by two night hags (there were three of them, but one remained seated, kicking her heels against the boulder upon which she rested).

They told him, they would have had no power to harm, or even detain him, had he been careful to carry out all Nan's commands.[1] In the end they knocked him down, seized him by his hands and feet and flew away with him to the top of Roseberry. There they almost frightened the life out of him, as they bound Nan's besom between his legs, telling him to hurry away as quickly as ever he could, as they were going to hunt him, with all the unearthy things suchlike could call to their aid. And they say

[1] *E.g.* to remove from his hands the soil and other matter he had become contaminated with whilst in the churchyard, which afforded the scent and enabled the howling crew to follow him.—BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 36.

throughout that night, they hunted poor Johnny through the air, but they always headed him, when he tried to cross the water, for witches cannot follow anyone over a running stream.[1] After a terrible chase, he called to mind some words the witch had said, to the effect that he would be quite safe from all harm so long as he had foothold of Ayton bridge, so he turned in his flight, and made for it, but when he had only a few yards further to go, and right over the beck, of its own accord, the besom slipped from between his legs, when he fell head first into the water. Out of the beck he was rudely dragged, and then they made sad deed of him. They bit and scratched, and half killed him; in the end just as dawn was breaking a cock crew, and at that, they every one flew away, leaving him more than half dead.

It may be mentioned a somewhat similar story is related of a bridge in Farndale.—BLAKEBOROUGH, (2) pp. 7-10.

Nr. Falling Foss. A waggoner found he was unable to take the shoe off the shafts to fix on the wheel: the more he pulled, the tighter it seemed to stick. A little old woman appeared and asked him what was the matter. He explained . . . The old woman is said to have told him to get out of the way and immediately to have lifted off the shoe without any trouble.

Communicated by Mr. F. M. SUTCLIFFE.

Filey. At the commencement of the present century the fishermen of this place were . . . exceeding superstitious. This was especially the case respecting ghosts, hobgoblings, witches, and wizards. I remember going some time ago to visit a sick girl, and on asking the mother the cause of her complaint, I was gravely assured that she was "wronged, poor thing." Not comprehending her at the moment, I inquired what that was, and a neighbour replied with a frightened look, "Bewitched, Sir!" While I was

[1] See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 43.

trying to show them the folly of entertaining such notions, the poor child exclaimed 'you're right, Sir, I am sure nobody has wronged me unless my mother has, for she wont pray for me, though I have asked her again and again.'—SHAW, pp. 7, 8.

Goathland. The belief in witchcraft is very strong, even yet, among the older people in Goathland and the adjoining dales, and some of the stories which describe the freaks of witches are by no means wanting in picturesqueness.

Not many years ago, two old women were said to annoy their neighbours nightly by assuming the forms of cats. One house in particular was the favourite scene of their performances. They scratched the door, clattered against the windows, ran along the roofs, and made the most hideous noises. On one occasion, the inmates, irritated beyond endurance, armed themselves with whatever weapons were at hand, and, with the help of the sheep dog, rushed out upon the disturbers of their peace. The cats fled for their lives; but the dog managed to get hold of one and tore nearly all the fur off its back; the other, in escaping up an apple tree, received a blow from a garden rake which broke its leg. On the following morning, the news went round the dale that one of the supposed old witches had broken her leg during the night, when everybody thought she was in bed; and the clothes of the other were so torn that she looked like a bundle of rags when she came out of her house.

Another family had no luck in anything. The horses lamed themselves, and the cows died; their pigs provokingly caught all the illnesses which pig flesh is heir to; on churning days the butter persistently refused to come unless assisted by the charm of a crooked sixpence. One day, when churning, the coin was purposely kept out of the churn, and, as it was a wet evening, 't' maisther o' t' hoose' took his gun and watched the garden from the

loophole of an outbuilding. After partial darkness had fallen, he saw a hare creeping through the hedge, and he shot her. The butter came immediately. During the evening, news arrived that the old woman whom they suspected of bewitching them and causing all their ill-luck, had died suddenly, at the precise moment when the shot was fired. From that time forward the family prospered.

The custom of pricking a cow's heart full of pins, and roasting it before the fire at midnight, to draw the witches from their hiding-places, was resorted to not very long ago.—STONEHOUSE, pp. 61, 62.

For this, and other methods of vicarious torture, see *Atkinson*, pp. 105-107; *Blakeborough*, p. 164.

Helmsley. A respectable farmer near Helmsley having within the last few months, lost a number of ewes and lambs, besides other cattle, imbibed the idea that they were bewitched by some poor old woman. He applied to a person called a wise man, who pretends to lay these malignant wretches, and who has no doubt, made pretty good inroads on the farmer's pocket, but without having the desired effect. The following are a few of the methods they practised. Three small twigs of elder wood, in which they cut a small number of notches, were concealed beneath a bowl, in the garden, according to the instructions of their advisers, who asserted that the sorceress would come to remove them, as she would have no power as long as they were there. Strict watch was kept during the night, but nothing appeared; yet strange, as they relate, on examination next morning, one of the twigs had somehow or other escaped from its confinement. The next night the twigs were replaced, and a few bold adventurers were stationed to watch; but about midnight they were much alarmed by a rustling in the hedge, and a shaking of the trees, and made their exit without any further discovery. As soon as a calf is dropt, they immediately lacerate the ear by slitting

it with a knife; and in passing through the fields it is ridiculous to see the young lambs sporting by the side of their dams, with a wreath or collar of what is commonly called *rowan-tree* round their necks.—The Yorkshireman, A.D. 1846. BRAND, vol. iii., 20, 21.

Method of ascertaining by means of bottry *i.e.* elder knots if cattle be bewitched.—*Atkinson*, p. 104.

Kildale. Tradition affirms, that in days of yore his Satanic majesty, with a sporting company of favourite imps, was accustomed, like the stout Percy of Northumberland,

> 'His pleasure in the 'Kildale' woods
> Three summer days to take.'

A worthy named Stephen Howe, incensed at his highness for poaching on his manor, had the effrontery to boast, on one occasion, that if he again caught him hunting without license, he would not only discharge him from his liberty, but chastise him for his insolence. Hearing of this, Satan, whose courage has never been impeached, seated in a magnificent car, drawn by six coal-black steeds, drove down boldly, at his next visit, to Stephen Howe's small cot, on the brink of Court Moor. "Hah, hah!" shouted Lucifer; "I have found you at last!" Upon which poor Stephen took to his heels, being mightily afraid. Not so his wife, Nanny Howe, who being reputed a famous witch, did not fear even the devil himself, and boldly saluted him with her broom, which caused him to scratch his head with his claws. Soon rallying, with a powerful switch of his tail he capsized poor Nanny, who was thus compelled to own the superior skill and agility of her antagonist. "Ah!" quoth the devil, "you have both grievously offended me; one of you at least must accompany me,—see I have brought you a carriage and horses: say which of you will go! "I, I" said Nanny and, shouldering her broom, leapt into the coach without waiting further invitation, and away they drove in gallant style. Midway up the hill the devil,

who felt thirsty alighted and at one draught drank dry the church-well, which formerly supplied the holy water for baptism.

We were further informed, that during the last century, a certain youth, who, like Tam O'Shanter, had been 'getting fou' and unco happy,' in crossing the wild heaths and moorlands above Kildale, actually beheld Nanny riding on her broomstick over the 'Devil's Court.' The fright occasioned by this incident induced the youth to become ever afterwards a very zealous tee-totaller. Nanny Howe is still sometimes to be seen gaily frolicking through the air at the awful hour of midnight.—ORD, pp. 429, 430.

Nunnington. The gifted author of *Castle Daly*, dear Annie Keary, took some pains in collecting for us various details especially in reference to the belief in witch-craft, which was rife when she lived in the North Riding forty years ago. Annie Keary was then a child, but the account she sent us was furnished by her elder sister. Several cows had died in the village of Nunnington, and it was reported that they had been bewitched—that the witch had brought 'a coo's heart,' had stuffed it with pins, had said 'a foul nomony' and then buried it, and that three days after a farmer's cow had died, and when its heart was examined it was found 'full o' larl holes.' The elders of the village were going to consult the wise woman, and find out the witch. The Rev. William Keary, then vicar of Nunnington, hearing of this 'sent for a leading farmer in the village, and told him that it was his duty to talk to his labourers, and as far as possible to put a stop to their frequenting the wise woman, who was supposed to be able to point out the authors of the mischief. I think the villagers were in a commotion, and some sort of disturbance was probable. Our father imagined that this belief was prevalent only among the very ignorant and stupid of the labouring class. He found however, on talking with the

farmer that he and several other farmers were leaders in the belief, and in the determination to find out the witch and avenge themselves. I remember most clearly also that our father was so much shocked at all he heard that he preached a sermon the following Sunday afternoon on the subject, and in the evening the same farmer came up to the rectory rather angry at being 'preached at,' and concluded his remarks by saying (I remember his very words), 'Ye're mebbe very wise, passon, an' Ah knaws ye're larned, but in this matter ye knaws nothing whatever, an' ye're altogether mista'en; ye're sadly wrang, passon, ye're sadly wrang; Ah knaws, Ah knaws it,—seed it wi' me own eyes.' Annie Keary's own testimony to the vehemence of the farmer's belief is that she thought he was in the right. 'The story,' she says, 'made a strong impression on my childish mind, and I was I remember, at the end of the talk disposed to think that old John had had the best of the argument, since he clearly spoke from experience, and my father had only opinion to oppose to it.' The witches often took the form of a hare.—MACQUOID, pp. 5-7.

Scarbro'. The late Jane Nicholson was a Scarborough witch of great repute, and was much feared. If any sailor met her in the morning he would not go to sea on that day, because she had power over the winds and could raise storms. Her evil eye never rested on any one who was not thereby doomed to bad luck for the rest of the day. Her mother was a Southcottian and believed that she was destined to be the mother of some great prince; but in this she was much disappointed when her offspring was 'only a girl.'—T. T. Wilkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., p. 132.

Whitby, *cir.* 1827. The following circumstance occurred in Whitby a few week ago. . . . A poor woman just recovering from childbirth was attacked with a milk fever, which produced a swelling of the throat; her attendant perceiving her sufferings to be very great, procured some

Camphorated Spirits of Wine, and applied it to the affected parts; but this application not having the desired effect, (as the complaint evidently became worse) her mother, for reasons best known to herself, asserted her to be under the influence of witchcraft, and that the bewitching power had been imparted by the use of the above mentioned application. Confident that her opinion was correct, she now set about using her means for the discovery of the witch; which was to procure a sheep's heart and stick it full of new pins, then burn it, and the person who had bewitched her would appear while it was consuming; the heart was accordingly purchased, and, after undergoing the above mentioned operation, was placed in the fire for the purpose of realizing the expectation which an unenlightened mind had led her to anticipate.—WHITBY REP., vol. iii., p. 144 (1827).

Whitby. We hear of two kinds of witches, white, or good witches, who can cure diseases, and regain stolen property; and *black witches*, who are only intent upon evil; but both receiving their powers by compact with spiritual beings. As to witchcraft, the notions here seem, on the whole, to be those that are general. Cattle and people under certain circumstances are believed to be bewitched, and cabalistic rites are resorted to for discovering the possessor of the baleful influence, or the evil eye, to which the disorder is attributed. The burning of a sheep's heart stuck full of pins, with open doors and windows at midnight, while a form of words is recited, will discover the author of the malady, either in bodily presence, or by impression on the minds of the operators.

Charms and spells are protections for dwellings and cattle, as well as preservations for wearing about the person. See *Awfshots* [pp. 181, 182], *Thunnerbolts*, *Haggomsteeans* [pp. 14, 15], *Rowntree* [pp. 59, 60]. A black cat belonging to a reputed witch hereabouts, is remembered to have been

everybody's dread; while the old woman, among her other vagaries, was wont to assert that a fearful storm would take place at the time of her death, and when that day came, she 'hoped every landsman would be well housed, and every sailor on the salt sea in a good ship.' A tempest, it is said, actually marked her exit. In the country, care was wont to be taken that the shells of the eggs used by the household were not thrown out before they were broken up, to prevent their being turned into *witch-boats*; for by witches 'sailing about,' their power was diffused. Hence the rustic after eating his eggs, habitually crushed the shells, 'for fear of their getting into worser hands than his own.' To bend the thumbs into the palms when you are meeting the witch, is probably general, as well as 'the running at her with a pin and drawing blood' so that her influence upon you may be averted. Along with her knowledge of herbs and other medicaments, she can furnish the dairy-maid with a spell for churning days, 'to make butter come'; though we learn, by the way, that a check can be given to her power; for a priest hereabouts in former times, is said to have taken a witch in hand and 'quieten'd' her proceedings by making her 'hurtless' or harmless for seven years afterwards. ROBINSON, p. xxii.

Cf. *Exorcisms*, p. 84.

Witch-stones. The so-called 'witch-stones' which used to be picked up at one time pretty plentifully in Richmondshire, are no doubt ancient hammer-stones. . . . About Middleham they used to be hung up, like the fabled horse-shoe, against house or stable-doors as charms against evil and the wiles of witches and witchcraft.—SPEIGHT, p. 292 *note.*

See also under TREES AND PLANTS, *Mountain Ash*, pp. 59, 60.
" " " " *Rue*, p. 64.
" " GENERAL, *Cross, Sign of*, p. 217.

Goathland. Horse-shoes are nailed behind outer doors to bar the entrance of all uncanny folks.—STONEHOUSE, p. 63.

EVIL EYE.

Catterick. Going one day into a cottage in the village of Catterick, in Yorkshire, I observed hung up behind the door a ponderous necklace of 'lucky stones,' *i.e.* stones with a hole through them. On hinting an inquiry as to their use, I found the good lady of the house disposed to shuffle off any explanation; but by a little importunity I discovered that they had the credit of being able to preserve the house and its inhabitants from the baleful influence of the 'evil eye.' 'Why Nanny' said I, 'you surely don't believe in witches now-a-days?' 'No! I don't say 'at I do; but certainly i' former times there *was* wizzards an' buzzards, and them sort o' things.' 'Well,' said I, laughing, 'but you surely don't think there are any now?' 'No! I don't say 'at ther' are; but I *do* believe in a *yevil* eye.' After a little time I extracted from poor Nanny more particulars on the subject, as viz.:—how that there was a woman in the village whom she strongly suspected of being able to look with an evil eye; how, further, a neighbour's daughter, against whom the old lady in question had a grudge owing to some love affair, had suddenly fallen into a sort of pining sickness, of which the doctors could make nothing at all; and how the poor thing fell away without any accountable cause, and finally died, nobody knew why; but how it was her (Nanny's) strong belief that she had pined away in consequence of a glance from the evil eye. Finally, I got from her an account of how any one who chose could themselves obtain the power of the evil eye, and the receipt was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—'Ye gang out ov' a night—ivery night, while [=until] ye find nine toads—an' when ye've gitten t' nine toads, ye hang 'em up ov' a string an' ye make a hole and buries t' toads i't hole—and as t' toads pines away so t' person pines away 'at you've looked upon wiv a yevil eye, an' they pine and pine away while they die, without any disease at all!'

I do not know if this is the orthodox creed respecting the mode of gaining the power of the evil eye, but it is at all events a genuine piece of Folk Lore. The above will corroborate an old story rife in Yorkshire, of an ignorant person, who being asked if he ever said his prayers, repeated as follows:—

> 'From witches and wizards and long-tailed buzzards,
> And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms,
> Good Lord, deliver us.'

Margaret Gatty, N. & Q., vol. i., p. 429.

Fyling Thorpe. The people are very primitive in this secluded little village; the nearest railway is six miles off. We heard that the 'Evil eye' is still believed in through the district, and that till quite lately one of the inhabitants, thus fatally gifted, always walked about with his eyes fixed on the ground, and never looked at any one to whom he spoke; his glance was cursed, and he dare not speak to one of the rosy children, lest some blight should fall on it.

MACQUOID, p. 341.

See also *sub* **Scarborough**, p. 165.

Mention made of 'a man with an evil eye at Nunthorpe' and of his torture by means of a wax image.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 199, 200.

In the year 1886 there lived near Robin Hood's Bay one Tom Cass—for obvious reasons names of persons are altered—who was firmly believed to possess an evil eye. In consequence of this marvellous power, he was, at all events to his face, treated on all hands with great deference, for it was a well-known fact that on one occasion he had fixed his eye on a neighbour's cow, which speedily was seized with swelling of the bowels and died. He was very friendly with a certain Mary Ann Trotter, of Raw Moor. Whenever either of these two were seen approaching, the good people immediately pushed their thumbs between their first and second fingers, in that way forming a rude cross,

to prevent them from falling under any evil spell they might attempt to work upon them, for Mary Ann was considered equally as dangerous as Tom. Even Tom's wife, to protect herself from his evil spells, went every morning (before either bite or sup had passed her lips) to a certain rowan tree. What she did there no one ever knew, but so far as she was concerned it proved equal to withstand his evil designs. On one occasion a Mrs. Redgarth lent her galloway to Tommy to drive to Scarborough. Subsequently she heard that he had said 'he was fairly asham'd to be seen byv onnybody sat behint sike an au'd screw.' This made Mrs. R. wild, 'seea grieved an' vexed an' putten aboot' was she, that when he made a second request for the loan of her steed, she told him plainly what she thought. At this, he said something which so exasperated the lady that she seized the poker and threw it at him, but, marvellous to relate, when halfway it broke of itself into three pieces. Tommy, by some means, charmed it during its flight. These pieces were sent to the blacksmith to weld, but the moment the smith thrust the first piece into the fire, he received such a shock up his arm that he flatly refused to finish the job, saying they were charmed and beyond his power to join.

Speaking of Mrs. R. and Mary Ann Trotter, the latter once tried to buy from the former a couple of ducks, but as Mrs. R. refused Mary Ann's offer, she said as she went away 'Varra weel, thoo'll nivver 'ev anuther bid for 'em, Ah'll see ti that' and sure enough within a week, two were killed during a fearful thunderstorm and the other died.

The above two items were given to my wife in all good faith not twelve months ago, and were fully believed in by those who spoke of them.

BLAKEBOROUGH (3) Jan. 28, 1899.

Nr. Sleights. A man who was supposed to be a wizard, is said to have gone to ——— near Sleights to buy some

fowls, but the owner would not sell them. On being unable to strike a bargain, the wizard is reported to have said that the owner would have no more luck with the fowls. Not long after the wise man had gone it is said all the birds flew up into the air, and fell down dead.

Communicated by Mr. F. L. SUTCLIFFE.

Scarborough. The evil eye still carries its influence amongst the inhabitants of the district. Not long ago one woman scratched another, and drew blood in order to counteract its bad effects. This assault ended in a fine after a hearing before the magistrates.

T. T. Wilkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv. p. 131.

See also under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 187.

Staithes. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Staithes on the new electorate as represented by the fishers of Yorkshire, gives an account of the fishing industry in these parts and incidentally speaks of the superstitions of the folk as follows :—The Staithes folk are imbued with all manner of quaint superstitions, which, whatever their origin, convey to-day no meaning and have no reason for their observance. They have a firm belief in witchcraft, but a debased form of witchcraft of the *gettatura* [sic] order, the witch being wholly unconscious of his or her power of evil. Until quite recently—and I am informed that by some of the older inhabitants the custom is still secretly maintained —it was customary when a smack or a coble had a protracted rŭn of ill-fortune, for the wives of the crew and owners of the boat to assemble at midnight and in deep silence, to slay a pigeon, whose heart they extracted, stuck full of pins, and burned over a charcoal fire. While this operation was in process, the unconscious witch would come to the door, dragged thither unwittingly by the irresistible potency of the charm, and the conspirators would then make her some propitiatory present.—Y. H., Sep. 23, 1885.

See also *ante*, p. 160.

INDEX OF ATKINSON AND BLAKEBOROUGH'S WITCH-LORE.

Atkinson writes of 'Witches and Wise Men,' between pp. 74-125. He introduces 'Nanny,' pp. 82-84; 'Au'd Nanny,' pp. 85, 86; 'Au'd Molly,' pp. 89, 90; and 'Au'd Maggie,' p. 92.

By *Blakeborough*, Chapters ix. and x., pp. 153-203 are devoted to Witchcraft.

The undermentioned names of North Riding Witches occur in the order given, and many interesting details are recorded:

Molly Makin, pp. 155-158, 173.

Dolly Ayre the Carthorpe Witch, pp. 159, 160.

Nanny the Ayton Witch (cir. 1750-1780), pp. 166-170, 173.

Molly Cass the Seeming Witch, pp. 170, 172.

Peggy Flaunders of Marske-by-the-Sea (died 1835), pp. 173, 174-177.

[Probably the same as 'Nanny.'—*Atkinson*, pp. 82-84. See also *Henderson*, p. 203.]

Bessy Slack of West Burton, Wensleydale, p. 173.

Nanny Pearson of Goatland, pp. 173, 192-195.

Ann or Jane Grear of Guisborough, pp. 173, 177-180.—*Henderson*, p. 203.

Nan Hardwicke of Spittal Houses, pp. 173, 183-187; called 'Au'd Nanny.'—*Atkinson*, pp. 85, 86; *Henderson*, pp. 210-212.

Nanny Howe of Kildale, pp. 173, 196.

Nanny Newgill of Broughton and Stokesley, pp. 173, 198, 199.

Au'd Mother Stebbins, p. 173.

Ann Allan of Ugthorpe, pp. 180-182; had to do penance by walking three times from one end of the village to the other, in her sark.

Ailer Wood, pp. 196, 197.

Nancy Newgill of Broughton, pp. 198-200.

Jane Wood of Basedale, pp. 201-202.

The attributes of North Riding sorcerers are well illustrated in the works of Canon Atkinson and Mr. Blakeborough, and must be studied in their pages, though much of the witchcraft recorded in *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish* is a repetition of matter contributed by its author to Mr. Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, a second edition of which was issued by our Society in 1879. The accompanying digest may be of use. *A.* denotes Atkinson, *B.* Blakeborough, *H.* Henderson:

A Witch may be detected by the sense of smell (*B.* p. 160); by behaviour of animals (*B.* pp. 156, 193); by specified use of bottree- (*i.e.* elder-) wood knots (*A.* p. 104; *H.* pp. 219, 220). She can assume the form of a cat (*B.* pp. 157, 173, 176; *H.* 206); a dog (*A.* pp. 92, 93; *B.* p. 177); a hare (*A.* pp. 83-84, 92; *B.* pp. 173, 177, 179, 180, 195, 196, 200, 202; *H.* p. 203); or a hedgehog (*B.* 198); can milk cows as either of the last two (*A.* pp. 88, 89; *B.* p. 198); or employ the real animals to act for her (*B.* p. 198). Like a natural hare or rabbit, she will destroy young trees (*A.* p. 90; *H.* p. 203). In one case a woman confessed that a hare was her familiar spirit, and she died when it did (*B.* p. 203; *H.* p. 203). A black dog (*A.* pp. 83, 84; *B.* p. 177; *H.* p. 203), and silver shot fatal to witch-hares (*A.* pp. 92, 93; *B.* pp. 195, 201, 202; *H.* p. 203). She casts spells on human beings (*B.* pp. 155, 156, 160, 184, 186, 194, 196, 198, 199); cattle (*A.* pp. 92, 94, 102, 114; *B.* pp. 160, 175); especially cows (*B.* pp. 159, 175, 180, 181, 184, 186, 187); pigs (*H.* p. 206); and on land (B. p. 160). She interferes with the success of churning (*B.* pp. 175, 176) and has to be counteracted (*A.* p. 100; *B.* p. 176; *H.* p. 195). One woman milked cows by means of a magic stool (*B.* p. 182). A Witch has prescience (*B.* pp. 171, 183), can impel a man to suicide (*B.* p. 172), bring about accidents (*B.* pp. 160, 187), restrain locomotion (*B.* p. 184; *H.* 212), cause paralysis (*B.*

p. 194). She can curse in metre (*B.* p. 169); and bless effectually, using antic ritual (*B.* p. 175). To one Witch, a record stride from Ingleborough to Whernside is credited (*B.* pp. 156, 157); to another, the power of crossing running-water[1] (*A.* pp. 85, 86; *H.* p. 212); another's ghost is still to be seen riding on a broomstick (*B.* p. 196); a fourth slipped (when a hare) through her own keyhole (*B* p. 177; *H.* p. 203). Power of invisibility is possessed (*B.* p. 168); and that of entering, and reanimating a dead body (*B.* p. 170). Prophylactic Objects or Acts against Witchcraft are: Something belonging to the unburied dead (*B.* p. 156); midnight burning of bit of cloth, taken from man on gibbet (*B.* p. 158); of nine scraps of paper, pierced by pins, and inscribed with last words of man about to be hanged (*B.* p. 158); of beast's heart stuck with pins (*A.* pp. 104, 105, 124, 125; *B.* pp. 164, 192; *H.* pp. 219, 224). Value of perforated stones, and old horseshoes (*B.* 158); of wicken- or witch-wood and berries (*A.* p. 97; the method of getting the wood is described, p. 100; *B.* pp. 110, 159, 168, 176, 199; *H.* p. 225). Power of the Bible (*B.* pp. 169, 170); of Holy Water (*B.* p. 192); and of liniment made of that, witch's blood, and red cow's milk (*B.* p. 194). A strange deliverance incoherently related (*B.* p. 159). Attempt to catch witch on pin-stuck stool (*B.* p. 197). Ceremony with new shovel, and cake of abominable things (*B.* p. 198). Torture of fascinator, by means of waxen image (*B.* pp. 199, 200); by burial of nails, pins, and needles, nine of each, in a bottle (*A.* p. 106). Strange written amulet (*A.* pp. 94-96). How a Witch may be made a "Bustard," or incapable, by cat and kittens (*B.* pp. 163, 164). Priestly exorcism (*A.* p. 59, *footnote*; *B.* pp. 160, 161, 180, 181).

[1] See Blakeborough (2) under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 41.

SECTION VI.

LEECHCRAFT.

Medical value of Odd Numbers. The seventh son of a seventh son is born a Physician, having an intuitive knowledge of the art of curing all disorders, and sometimes the faculty of performing wonderful cures by touching only. It is a very general superstition in Yorkshire, that if a woman has seven boys in succession, the last should be bred to the profession of Medicine, in which he would be sure to be successful. The seventh son of a seventh son is accounted an infallible doctor. There are some writers who enjoin the sick to dip their skirt seven times in south-running water—all sorts of remedies are directed to be taken three, seven, or nine times.

WHITBY REPOS., vol. i., New Series (1867), p. 325.

[John Wrightson the Wise Man of Stokesley is said to have been "the seventh son of a seventh son," Brand, vol. iii., p. 34; the "seventh son of a seventh daughter," *Blakeborough*, p. 187; *Henderson*, p. 215.]

Ague. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 135, 136.

Bleeding. To stanch the bleeding at the nose

Sanguis manet in te,
Sicut Christus ferat in se,
Sanguis manet in tua vena,
Sicut Christus in sua pena;
Sanguis manet in te fixus,
Sicut Christus in Crussifixus.

Say this over three times, naming the partyes nam, and then say the Lord's Prayer.—ARCANA, pp. xlv., 200.

For y^e^ bleeding at y^e^ nose: Probatum. Take a Toade and drie it in marche put y^e^ same into some silke or sattene bagg and hange it about y^e^ neck of y^e^ party next the skinne and by gods grace it will stanch presently.

ARCANA, p. 11.

See also *sub Lask*, p. 175.

To stopp Bloud. Take linnen-clothes and dipp them in y^e^ green fome where frogges have their spawne 3 days before the new-moon.—ARCANA, p. 62.

Bowels, Strangulation of. In desperate cases take one, two, or three pounds of quicksilver, ounce by ounce.

JENKINS, p. 28.

Cancer in the Mouth. Blow the ashes of scarlet cloth into the mouth and throat. This seldom fails.

JENKINS, p. 4.

Chilblains. See *Blakeborough*, p. 135.

Colic. See *Blakeborough*, p. 134.

Consumption. See *Blakeborough*, p. 138.

Convulsions. On December 20, 1889, I was summoned by one of my parishioners, at Allerston, to baptize a child, which during the previous night had had a convulsion fit. On inquiring of the mother what she had done to bring the child round and to prevent a recurrence of a similar attack, she said that she had rubbed the palms of the child's hands with a raw onion; that she had been recommended to do this by a neighbour; that she certainly thought it had done the child good; and that it had not had a second fit.—Francis W. Jackson, N. and Q., 7th S., vol. ix., pp. 27, 28.

Cramp. Shoe-cross, a cross made with your finger upon the shoe-toe, to cure the thrill in the foot. When going to bed, lay your shoes with the soles uppermost for the night, and you will not have the cramp!

ROBINSON, p. 169.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 140.

Coffin-lead rings, rings made of coffin lead, or other coffin metal from the churchyard, and worn as a cure for the cramp. Eel-skin garters are another remedy.

ROBINSON, p. 41.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 140, 141.

Deafness. Take a great Oyster-shell and fill it w^th^ fasting spittle, lett it stand 2 dayes and 2 nights in a dunghill, then take it out and putt one drop in y^e^ eare and stop it w^th^ black woll w^ch^ is wett likewise w^th^ y^e^ same.

ARCANA, p. 139.

Dentistry. A certain remedy for toothache if it proceed from heate. Take 2 or 3 plantan leaves cutt them smalle with a knife and putt them in a little peice of linninge cloathe and streine 2 droppes of y^e^ juice into y^e^ parties contrary eare and before you can tell to 20 y^e^ cure is done.

ARCANA, p. 56.

To pull out a toothe. Take wormes when they be a gendering together: dry them upon a hott tyle stone, then make powder of them, and what toothe y^u^ touch w^th^ it will fall out.

Or ℞ wheat-flower and mixe it w^th^ y^e^ milk of spurge and thereof make a paste or dowe w^th^ y^t^ w^ch^ fill y^e^ hollow of y^e^ tooth or leave it in a certain time and y^e^ tooth will fall out.—ARCANA, p. 62.

See also under FESTIVALS: *Christmas Day*, p. 276.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 131.

Diagnosis. Water-kester, a mediciner who professes to tell the disease by the cast or appearance of the urine; into a bottle of which, he puts certain ingredients or chemicals. While the changes are going on, they are supposed to influence sympathetically, the patient's complaint!

ROBINSON, p. 213.

How to knowe y^e^ K. Evill. ℞ a ground-worme alive and lay him upõ y^e^ swelling or sore and cover him w^th^ a leafe.

Yf it be y^e^ disease y^e^ worme will change and turn into earth yf it be not he will remain whole and sound.

ARCANA, p. 140.

To know whether a sick man shall liue or die certenly prooued manie tymes. Take a penny weight of land cressede and giue y^e^ sick to eate three daies togeather fasting, and to drinke a drafte of Water after it or Wine if he cast it up he shall die or els take tormentell bayberries and mirre aña ℥j make these into fine powder, mix them well togeather give y^e^ sick of it to drinck in stale ale ℥j at a tyme if he cast it upp he dieth of the same sicknes, if he reteine yt he shall live, the bayes purge, the turmentall voideth all venome and rawe meates lying in the stomak and y^e^ mirre suffereth no corruption in the body of man.

For y^e^ same purpose. Take a little of their Water and putt into Milk, and yf they dye a dogge will not eat it, and yf they live a dogge will eat it.—ARCANA, p. 51.

See also *sub* NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 26, 34.

Diarrhœa see *Lask*, p. 175.

Epilepsy. Sacrament piece, a coin worn round the neck, for the cure of epilepsy. Thirty pence, begged of thirty 'poor widows' are to be carried to the clergyman, and for these he is to give the applicant a half-crown piece from the Communion alms. After being 'walked with' nine times up and down the church aisle, the coin is then to be holed for suspension by a ribbon. . . . For the same complaint, a midnight walk 'thrice three times round the Communion table' is recorded.

ROBINSON, pp. 158, 159.

For the Epileptia unfallible it remedieth in six daies. Take the after burden of a woman and drie it in a pott till you make powder of it and give it to the diseased for vi daies, fasting in the morning ℥ss at a tyme, in ale or bere, not to drinke after it for two houres you must use the burden of the male childe to the woman and the feminine

to the man. This is prooued bothe of man woman and child unfallible.—ARCANA, p. 57.

For the falling sickness take the hearte of a toade and drie it and beate it to powder, then drinke it with what drinke you will.—ARCANA, p. 11.

The following circumstances have been related to us by a parishioner of Sowerby, near Thirsk, as having recently occurred at that place. 'A boy diseased, was recommended by some village crone to have recourse to an alleged remedy, which has actually, in the enlightened days of the nineteenth century, been put in force. He was to obtain thirty pennies from thirty different persons, without telling them why or wherefore the sum was asked, after receiving them to get them exchanged for a half-crown of sacrament money, which was to be fashioned into a ring and worn by the patient. The pennies were obtained, but the half-crown was wanting, the incumbents of Sowerby and Thirsk very properly declined taking any part in such a gross superstition. However another reverend gentleman was more pliable, and a ring was formed (or professed to be so) from the half-crown, and worn by the boy. We have not heard of the result.—BRAND, iii., pp. 280, 281.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 139.

Eyes, Sore. See *Blakeborough*, p. 141. See also *sub* NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 29, 31, 35.

Fever. See *Blakeborough*, p. 135.

Fits, etc. Lobster-louse or *Lobstrous-louse,* the large gray wood-louse or millipedes, *Oniscus Armadillo.* . . . Used with other ingredients, many years ago, as an old woman's remedy in fits and certain female complaints; and we have known the creatures kept alive amongst rotten wood in a tin case, as a home stock.—ROBINSON, p. 117.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 135.

Heartburn. See *Blakeborough*, p. 138.

Joint-pains. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 134, 135.

King's Evil. The reader must excuse the history of a miraculous cure, which I cannot well omit, done by the Scotch king [William] at this meeting at *York*[1] [1199.] Here the *royal touch* was in a special manner exemplify'd, and shewn to be of great efficacy in the kings of Scotland, as immediate descendants from *Edward* the confessor. The kings of *England*, at least *John*, I find did not pretend to have this sanative quality in those days. The chronicle says that 'during the abode of these two kings at *York*, there was brought unto them a child of singular beauty, son and heir to a gentleman of great possessions in those parts. The child was grievously afflicted with sundry diseases, for one of its eyes was consumed and lost through an issue which it had of corrupt and filthy humours; one of his hands was dried up; one of his feet was so taken that he had no use of it; and his tongue likewise that he could not speak. The physicians who saw him thus troubled with contrary infirmities deemed him incurable. Nevertheless king *William* making a cross on him restored him immediately to health.' The chronicle adds this observation 'that it is believed by many that this was done by miracle, through the power of almighty *God*, so that the vertue of so *godly* a prince might be notified to the World!'

DRAKE, p. 97.

[In August, 1617, James I was at York]. On the 13th being *Sunday*, his majesty went to the cathedral, where the archbishop preached a learned sermon before him. After sermon ended he touched about seventy persons for the *King's Evil.*—DRAKE, p. 134.

[Charles I.] touched a number of persons for the 'king's evil' and rode northwards. [May 28th, 1633]. . . . On . . . Good Friday, [April 12th, 1639] after the service in the minster, Charles touched for the 'evil,' doing the same on the Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday next. According to a

[1] *Scotch* chron. *M. Paris* [*Hollingshed*, vol. v. p. 305, of 6 vol. ed. London, 1808].

MS., to which[1] Drake[1] the historian had access, Charles touched four hundred persons on this visit. The curate of the neighbouring church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey regarded all this exertion as unprofitable. He has the following entry in his register in August, 1639 'Richard, ye sonne of Mr. Henry Stubbes, went over se to the king to be cured of ye evell, and died at Breste, and was buried in ye parish church of St. Genrix. So much for ye old wivis story of curing the king's evil.'—RAINE, pp. 120, 121.

For ye Kings-evill ℞ Dogges toung sliced and hang it about ye neck.—ARCANA, p. 140.

See also *ante*, p. 171.

Lask = Diarrhœa—

A pisent medicine for a laske and is good for Bleeding. Take a Toade at any tyme of ye yere and drie it in an oven, so it doth not breake and when it is dried putt it into some taffaty bagg and hange it about ye neck of ye party greeved next ye skin: it helpeth.—ARCANA, p. 11.

See also under FESTIVALS: *Good Friday*, p. 243.

Measles. There was a serious outbreak of measles in the village [a remote country parish in the neighbourhood of Whitby]—*mezzles* as they are called in the folk-speech. Scarcely a family escaped. Not far from the village a small farmer lived with his wife and two children. The parents felt in considerable anxiety for their little ones, lest they should catch the disease. The father, however, seemed to be satisfied in his own mind that if the children could be put through a certain prescribed ceremony of seemingly traditional usage they would be proof against infection from the disease. . . . First of all it was absolutely necessary that a donkey should be procured. But unfortunately there was not one in the place. In order to get one, they would have to go to a village on the sea-coast which lay at least four miles distant. Nothing daunted they accordingly made their pilgrimage to the

[1] [DRAKE, p. 137.]

village referred to. The donkey was in due course obtained, and the whole party—father, mother and two young children—wended their way to the beach. One of the children was then put on the donkey with its face to the tail; three hairs were next drawn from the tail of the animal, put into a bag, and slung round the child's neck. The donkey was then made to go up and down a certain distance on the sands nine times. This done, the same process was repeated with the other child. It must be added that all the time the donkey was in motion a thistle was held over the head of the child. Such was the function; and when done they all returned home as they had come. By a singular coincidence the children in this case escaped taking the epidemic ailment, and as a consequence the parents were the more confirmed in their belief in the efficacy of these strange precautionary measures.—MORRIS, pp. 238, 239.

Phlegm. See *Blakeborough*, p. 138.

Poison, Expeller of. Your myne of bole armonacke, wherein we finde certaine vaines of such earth as is called *Terra sigillata*, might in my conceyte be imployed in makinge of such red pottes as come from Venice, which are soulde very deare, by reason of the vertue ascribed unto them, what secret operatyon is in these pottes I know not, but I am well assured that this earth, both the white and the redd, beinge put to one's lippes will stycke faste to them, even as those potts doe; and yt is generally in such requeste in these partes, that surgeons and apotecaryes fetch yt from as far as Newcastle, preferringe yt before any bole that cometh from beyonde the seas, as well for matter of surgerye, as expellinge poyson.

H. TR., p. 428.

For a Pynn and Webb. Take a handfull of hemlock and y^e^ white of an egge and a little baysalt altogeather veary fine and lay it to y^e^ pulce of y^e^ arme on y^e^ contrary side and if it be nere y^e^ sight of y^e^ eie to y^e^ iuce

of dases, leaves rootes and all and put it into y^e^ eie, and so vse it, till it be whole.—ARCANA, p. 11.

Rabies. 1772 August 8th four persons were tried at York for murdering a boy who was afflicted with that dreadful malady hydrophobia, but they were acquitted for want of evidence.—ANNALS, p. 153.

I remember, about thirty years ago, a lady's-maid in our family telling us how her brother, being bitten by a mad dog and being, in consequence, raving mad, had to be smothered in his bed, as he spit at those who came near him, and the saliva was pronounced dangerous to those whom it touched. This happened in York.

E. B., N. and Q., 5th S., vol. v., p. 238.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 139.

Restorative. Church-lead water, the rain which runs off the leads or roof of the church; a restorative when sprinkled on the sick, especially from the chancel, where the altar is situated!—ROBINSON, p. 35.

Ringworm. See *Blakeborough*, p. 141.

Sores etc. caused by Witchcraft. Sores and other evil diseases caused by witchcraft could be speedily cured if attended to when the moon was on the wane. I do not know in what form the application was used, but here are the ingredients as given to me by an old fellow who, though he has never used it, had heard ' 'at nowt cud cum up tiv it':

> ' Tak' tweea 'at's red an' yan 'at's blake (yellow)
> O' poison berries three,
> Three fresh-cull'd blooms o' Devil's glut,
> An' a sprig o' rosemary:
> Tak' henbane, bullace, bumm'lkite
> An' t' fluff frev a deead bulrush;
> Nahn berries shak' fra t' rowan-tree
> An' nahn fra botterey bush.'

BLAKEBOROUGH, pp. 151, 152.

Spittle, Fasting. Fasting spittle, outwardly applied will

relieve and often cure blindness, contracted sinews from a cut, corns and warts; but to be really effectual, it should be mixed with chewed bread, and applied every morning, when it cures fresh cuts, deafness, inflamed eyelids, scorbutic tetters, sore legs, etc. N.B.—Taken inwardly, it relieves, and often cures asthmas, cancers, and falling sickness, gout, gravel, king's evil, leprosy, palsy, rheumatism, scurvy, stone, swelled liver, etc., etc.

☞ The best way to take it inwardly, is to eat about an ounce of hard biscuit or crust every morning fasting and eat nothing for two or three hours after. It should be continued, however, a considerable time to be effectual.

JENKINS, p. 32; See also *ante* under *Deafness.*

Sty. *Sty*, a blain on the eyelid. To cure it, rub it with a wedding-ring for nine successive mornings!

ROBINSON, p. 189.

Sympathy between cause and effect. A ship-carpenter's wife . . . kept a nail on the chimney-piece polished brightly; she believed if ever the nail got dull her husband into whose leg the nail had once got by accident, would be laid up again, but that as long as she kept the nail bright, his wound would not trouble him. The woman's name was Mrs. — of — Terrace, Whitby.

Communicated by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe.

See also *Blakeborough*, p. 141.

Thrush. Burn scarlet cloth to ashes, and blow them into the mouth.—JENKINS, p. 28.

At a friend's near Yarm, the lady of the house told me that only a short time previously she had been calling to see a poor woman, whose children had the 'thrush.' The mother firmly believed that if one born after the death of his father were to blow three times down the child's throat the disease would beyond doubt depart.—MORRIS, p. 247.

Warts: how to cure, and how to cause. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 138, 139, 146.

Weakness, etc. Swallowing live frogs appears to have been no uncommon medicine in the North Riding of Yorkshire for weakness and consumption. Several old people, dead years ago, have spoken of taking them when young, and have even added they were delicious.

C. J. D. J., N. and Q., 2nd S., vol. iv., p. 279.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 145, 146.

Whooping Cough. About the middle of the bay [at Runswick] is Hob Hole, a well-known cave, once more than 100 feet deep, but now shortened by two thirds and in imminent danger of complete destruction by jet-diggers. . . . What would the grandmothers say if they could return and see the spoiling of Hob's dwelling-place: whose aid they used to invoke for the cure of whooping-cough? Standing at the entrance of the cave with the sick child in their arms, they addressed him thus

Hob-hole Hob!
My bairn's gotten t'kin cough:
Tak't off—tak't off.

If Hob refused to be propitiated, they tried another way, and catching a live hairy worm, they hung it in a bag from the child's neck, and as the worm died and wasted away so did the cough. If this failed, a roasted mouse or a piece of bread and butter administered by the hands of a virgin was infallible; and if the cough remained still obstinate, the child as a last resort, was passed nine times under the belly of a donkey. To avoid risk of exposure, it was customary to lead the animal to the front of the kitchen fire.

WHITE, pp. 151, 152.

I heard a Yorkshireman on the Hambleton Hills tell the following story in the summer of 1889. He stated he had whooping-cough when he was a child, and that his mother insisted on his keeping in bed. He was unwilling to agree to this unless he were allowed to have the cat in bed with him. This was, therefore, permitted, with the

following result, in his own words. 'Ah smickled it, and ah mended, an' t' cat deed.' By this he meant that he gave the cat the infection, and thus was enabled to recover while the cat died in his place.

G. F. W. M., N. and Q., 7th S., vol. x., p. 457.

In one of the principal towns of Yorkshire, half a century ago, it was the practice for persons in a respectable class of life to take their children when afflicted with the hooping cough, to a neighbouring convent, where the priest allowed them to drink a small quantity of holy water out of a silver chalice, which the little sufferers were strictly forbidden to touch. By Protestant, as well as Roman Catholic parents, this was regarded as a remedy.—Eboracomb, N. and Q., vol. iii., p. 220.

[This may not relate to York, its Ainsty, or the North Riding, but the signature encourages the assumption that it does.]

Put a live hairy worm into a small bag, hang it round the neck, and as the worm decays, the cough will abate. Pass a child nine successive mornings under the belly of an ass; and we have known that animal brought to the fireside for fear of giving the little one cold. The eating of a roasted mouse is another specific; and owl-broth is sometimes prescribed. Again a female who has never known her father, is to blow into the child's mouth 'nine successive mornings,' with her fasting breath; and if ordered to be removed into country air for its cure, 'it should be to a place where three roads meet.'—ROBINSON, p. xii.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 136, 137, 145.

To make a Worme come out of y^e^ Head.

Worm in the Head. Take of the marrow of a Bull or Cowe and putt it warme into y^e^ eare, and y^e^ worme will come forth for sweetness of y^e^ marrowe.—ARCANA, p. 138.

Worms. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 139, 140.

CATTLE CURES.

Murrain. The favourite remedy of the country people, [1749, 1750], not only in the way of cure, but of prevention, was an odd one; it was to smoke the cattle almost to suffocation, by kindling straw, litter, and other combustible matter about them. [*Footnote.*] The effects of this mode of cure are not stated, but the most singular part of it was that by which it was reported to have been discovered. An angel (says the legend), descended into Yorkshire, and there set a large tree on fire; the strange appearance of which or else the savour of the smoke, incited the cattle around (some of which were infected) to draw near the miracle, when they either all received an immediate cure, or an absolute prevention of the disorder. It is not affirmed that the angel staid to speak to anybody, but only that he left a *written* direction for the neighbouring people to catch this supernatural fire, and to communicate it from one to another, with all possible speed throughout the country; and in case it should be extinguished and utterly lost, that then new fire of equal virtue, might be obtained, not by any common method, but by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they ignited. Upon what foundation this story stood, is not exactly known, but it put the farmers actually into a hurry of communicating flame and smoke from one house to another with wonderful speed, making it run like wildfire over the country. Vide *Newcastle Gen. Mag.*—BARKER, pp. 90, 91.

Diarrhœa. Shoot, Scour or *Scout*, the looseness in cattle; one of the old cures being the lower jawbone of a pig, powdered fine along with a quantity of tobacco pipes, and given in thick gruel. Chaucer at the beginning of the Pardoneres Tale, assigns a similar curative powder to the shoulder-bone of a sheep.—ROBINSON, p. 169.

Sudden Excitement. Awfshots, elf-bolts, the ancient British flint arrow-points. Cattle suddenly excited, were

formerly supposed to be shot at with these implements by the fairies; and to cure an 'awfshotten' animal, it must be touched with one of the arrows, and the water administered in which an arrow has been dipped. See [*sub* NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 14] *Thunnerbolts*, ROBINSON, p. 8.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 141; Remarkable Story, p. 142.

Lambing-time. The Vicar of a parish near Yarm one day noticed in his kitchen a number of little sprigs of hazel, with catkins upon them, stuck into various objects round the fire-place. On asking the senior servant why she had made the decoration, she said it was Jane (the junior maid), who had gathered them and stuck them about because they were good for the sheep at lambing-time!—MORRIS, p. 248.

SECTION VII.

MAGIC AND DIVINATION.

DIVINERS.

[*Atkinson* gives much information about John Wrightson, "Au'd Wreeghtson t'Wahse man o' Stowsley," pp. 110-125, of whom we find many particulars in *Blakeborough*, pp. 187-192, and in *Henderson*, pp. 215-218.[1] His successor, William Dawson is referred to *Atkinson*, pp. 124, 125; *Henderson*, pp. 218-221. *Blakeborough* mentions Master Sadler, pp. 109, 135, and Thomas Spence of Bedale, p. 109; The Wise Man of Reeth, pp. 157, 158; Sammy Banks o' Mickley, p. 159; Jonathan Westcott of Upleatham, p. 175; The Wise Man of Scarborough, p. 194; Henry Wilson of Broughton, p. 198 *footnote*; and Matthew Appleton of Busby, p. 200.

The Wise Man has "a vast mair" power than a Witch; he is "mair 'an a maister over sike as her" (*A.*, p. 103 and thence to p. 125). His *forte* is foreknowledge (*A.* as above; *B.*, pp. 189, 190-192; *H.*, pp. 215, 218). He claims to rule planets (*B.*, p. 200); uses "seeing-glass" as magic mirror (*B.*, pp. 191, 194); is consulted as a praeternatural detective (*A.*, pp. 120, 121; *B.*, pp. 188-192; *H.*, pp. 216, 217); and leech (*A.*, pp. 215, 216; *B.*, p. 176; *H.*, pp. 215, 217). One rooted scoffers to their chairs (*A.*, p. 118; *H.*, p. 218), and was probably author of a strange charm for discovering the cause of illness among cattle and for

[1] See also *post* pp. 184, 186, 187.

curing it (*A.*, pp. 124, 125), if not of that recorded, *A.*, pp. 104, 105, and *H.*, pp. 218, 219, which harried the evil spirits. Once Wrightson was stayed, for lack of a magpie (*B.*, p. 192).]

Thirske, Oct. 8, 1634. Jane Kitchin, Mary White, Barbara Dighton and Anne Maddison, all of West Aiton[1] for taking upon themselves to tell one Barbara Temple per venefica-tionem vel incantionem (Anglice witchcraft, charme or sorceries) where, and by whom stolen or taken from her, certain clothes were to be found.

[1]. . . As to the offence with which these women were charged, the stories which were freely current in this immediate district not thirty years ago are quite sufficiently illustrative. The Editor has had very many told him, with all particulars of place and name, and with the most self-evident tokens of implicit faith on the part of the narrator. 'Au'd Wreeghtson (Wrightson), or t'wahs (wise) man o' Stowsley (Stokesley)' was, in the majority of instances, though by no means exclusively, the enactor of the marvels related. Among other stories thus detailed to me was one of the recovery of some weights stolen from one of the mills in this parish [Danby]. The 'wise man' when consulted on the matter, told the inquirer he would find them returned the following morning 'all clamed wi' ass'; their present place of concealment, he said, being in an ash-pit (ass-midden)—a statement adequately justified by the event. Another was of a shirt lost by a pitman on coming to bank at night. The 'wise man' in this instance not only stated that the shirt would be recovered, but that,—a fact the inquirer was ignorant of—it had been made by a left-handed seamstress, and that on his return home he was to be sure and tell his wife not again to give salt out of the house, as that would give scope for the malevolence of witches against her. My informant told me the man found his wife had actually given salt out that day. Wrightson was largely consulted by people, from far and near, in doubtful farriery cases, most of them assumed to be due to the malice of the witch: and whatever else may be said, his sagacity and means of accumulating and utilizing local information must have been of an extraordinary kind. It is worth notice, perhaps, that no record seemed to exist of his ever using his supposed knowledge or power in mischief to any. He was, on the contrary, the succourer of such as believed themselves to have suffered in that way.—RECORDS, vol. iv., p. 20.

York, Oct. 20, 1663. Before Cressy Burnett *Henry Eskrigg of the Cittie of York, milloner*, saith, that Richard Readshaw, the younger, beeinge lately a prisoner in the sheriff's goale, upon suspicion of steallinge some monyes from Thomas Lord Fairefax was declareinge to this informant how innocent hee was of the cryme imputed to him, and that hee was not guilty thereof. Whereupon this informant told him of one Nicholas Battersby,[1] of Bowtham, whoe had skill in the discoveringe of those persons that had stolne moneyes; and where the monyes might bee found. Soe, att the earnest desire of the said Readshawe, Battersby was sent for to the goale, and att his comeinge, beeinge acquainted with the buisnes, did aske the said Readshawe what tyme of the day my Lo. Fairefax monyes was gone, and when; and tooke instruccions thereof in his booke, and then departed, and the next day the said Battersby came to the sheriff's goale, and declared before this informant, and severall others, that the querent was cleare (meaneinge Readshaw), and that the moneys in question was stolne by an old greyhaird man, and a young man, whoe were servants in the house, and was hid in a great sacke, which by reason of the waters none could as yett come unto; and it would not bee discovered within 5 monthes. And the said Battersby receaved 5^{s}. for his paines in the said business.

DEPOSITIONS, pp. 101, 102.

Stokesley before 1819. The following was communicated to the editor of the present work by a Yorkshire gentleman, in the year 1819: Impostors who feed and live on the superstition of the lower orders are still to be found in Yorkshire. These are called 'Wise Men,' and are believed to possess the most extraordinary power in remedying all diseases incidental to the brute creation, as well as to the human race, to discover lost or stolen

[1] . . . He was bound over at the assizes to good behaviour.

property, and to foretell future events. One of these wretches was a few years ago living at Stokesley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; his name was John Wrightson, and he called himself 'the seventh son of a seventh son,' and professed ostensibly the trade of a cow-doctor. To this fellow, people, whose education it might have been expected would have raised them above such weakness, flocked; many to ascertain the thief, when they had lost any property; others for him to cure themselves or their cattle of some indescribable complaint. Another class visited him to know their future fortunes; and some to get him to save them from being balloted into the militia; all of which he professed himself able to accomplish. All the diseases which he was sought to remedy he invariably imputed to witchcraft, and although he gave drugs which have been known to do good, yet he always enjoined some incantation to be observed, without which he declared they could never be cured; this was sometimes an act of the most wanton barbarity,[1] as that of roasting a game cock alive, etc. The charges of this man were always extravagant; and such was the confidence in his skill and knowledge, that he had only to name any person as a witch, and the public indignation was sure to be directed against the poor unoffending creature for the remainder of her life. An instance of the fatal consequences of this superstition occurred within my knowledge, about the year 1800. A farmer of the name of Hodgson had been robbed of some money. He went to a 'wise man' to learn the thief and was directed to some process by which he should discover it. A servant of his, of the name of Simpson, who had committed the robbery, fearing the discovery by such means, determined to add murder to his crime by killing his master. The better to do this without detection, he forged

[1] [Canon Atkinson doubts the accuracy of this statement and of other allegations. *Atkinson*, p. 111 *footnote*.]

a letter as from the 'wise man' to Mr. Hodgson, enclosing a quantity of arsenic, which he was directed to take on going to bed, and assuring him that in the morning he would find his money in the pantry under a wooden bowl. Hodgson took the powder, which killed him. Simpson was taken up, tried at York Assizes, and convicted on strong circumstantial evidence. He received sentence of death, and when on the scaffold confessed his crime.—BRAND, vol. iii., 63, 64.

There are many stories of Wrightson, and one or more of his charms in *Atkinson*, pp. 112-125.

Scarborough, *cir.* 1830. About the year 1830 there existed in Princess Street an aged and ill-favoured couple, who dirty and ragged went about begging, annoying and frightening servant girls, unless they were liberal in giving to them, under the threat of fixing on them the 'evil eye'; many servants were thus frightened into acts of dishonesty, but these two individuals are now deceased and we hear of no successors. In the same catalogue we must place witchcraft. This species of demonology still holds sway in the dales near the coast, but in a greatly decreased extent. Only two or three cases are now recounted as regards Scarbrough, dating back to 1651, when the Scarbrough bailiffs sat in judgment on a poor decrepit woman for malpractices on a neighbour's child, on the 19th of March, 1651 [See *ante* pp. 137-140.]

On one occasion a poor woman who lived on Limekiln Hill, and had not been long married, and who was near her confinement, was taken ill, and by those around her was considered to be in a consumption. She had medical advice but gave it up and decided at the suggestion of some of her neighbours to consult a 'wise man' that lived about four or five miles from Whitby. On paying the visit, and minutely enquiring where she lived, etc., he told her that she was suffering from the "evil eye"

of a poor decrepit dirty old woman in the town, 'Mally Heslop,' who knew that superstition very often filled her wallet through the fear of those she came near. This wise man charged her on her return home to shut all doors and windows, and block up every crevice and square of glass by which light could enter, not forgetting even the keyholes, and at twelve o'clock at night she would hear something, but must not stir out. So it came to pass. On her next visit he gave her a square envelope-shaped paper, sealed and hung it round her neck, with orders never to part with it, charging her a heavy fee. Not recovering her health, but rather the worse, she paid him several visits. It so happened that a benevolent gentleman called to see her, having heard of her case, to whom she related all that had occurred, and after several visits and seeing her provided with the 'Sick Charity's' provision, an institution upheld by the ladies of Scarbrough, he persuaded her to entrust to him the 'sacred packet.' This he found to consist of one of the signs of the Zodiac, taken from an old almanack, a verse out of Solomon's proverbs and a few dry beech leaves. This gentleman finding that the poor woman and her husband had sold their clock and some of their furniture to meet the demands of the wise man, went to the magistrates and obtained a summons against him. On the day of hearing the wise man attended with witnesses to prove his cabalistic skill, and the benefits of his power of foreseeing and curing evil had proved in his own neighbourhood; when the following scene, etc., took place.

The wise man to the gentleman prosecuting him:—What do you want to do to me?

Gentleman:—You must know if you are a wise man.

Wise man:—But I don't know.

Gentleman:—Then you are not a wise man.

Magistrate to the gentleman:—What is your wish that we should do with this man?

Gentleman:—I should wish him to tell you, for if he can see into futurity he must be well aware of my intention.

Magistrates:—Well what is it?

Gentleman:—I wish this man to be committed to prison for two months, as a rogue and vagabond.

The man and his friends stood aghast; at this juncture one of the county magistrates put in a plea for him, to which the gentleman replied, 'I will grant your request on condition that the 'wise man' returns all the money he has received from these two poor people, amounting to several pounds, and pays all the expenses of this proceeding,' which he did, and was glad to get away out of court, cursing the gentleman as soon as he got outside. The poor woman was confined the following month, and soon after died of consumption as her medical man expected. It appears the Scarbrough has yet its wise men to whom resort is made on the loss of property. Thus the following notice was *recently* published by the bellman at Staithes (*a fishing town near to Whitby*) 'Stolen yesterday afternoon a large fisherman's net belonging to Jack. If it is not brought back before to-morrow at one o'clock he'll apply to the wise man at Scarbrough' (*Folk-Lore Northern Counties*).

BAKER, pp. 479-481.

Brompton, [*cir.* 1843?] A few days ago, at Brompton near Northallerton, an honest hard-working weaver, named Mark Jobling, had his shop broken into, and upwards of 40 yards of drill cloth stolen from his loom, as well as weaver's brushes, &c. A consultation was held by Mark's friends, as to the best plan to be adopted to find out the thieves, and these 'wise men of Gotham' resolved that two of their number should go and consult the wise man of Sowerby near Thirsk. Truly the fellow is wise enough, to live by the credulity of such willing dupes. The two persons fixed upon for this mission, old Mac and Braidely,

reported on their return, that they had seen the 'wise man,' but having the misfortune not to have been born under the proper planet, they could not see through his magic glass; but a young man was procured in the neighbourhood who enjoyed this enviable distinction. This wonderful glass is a piece of solid crystal, in form and size like that of a goose's egg. All being ready the fellow commenced as follows:—'I command, I exorcise ye, the archangels Michael and Gabriel, that ye make Mark Jobling's shop to appear in the glass, and also the likeness of the thief or thieves, so that they may be seen and identified'; with other simple gibberish. On conclusion of the incantations, 'Presto, quick, begone,' lo and behold, Mark's shop together with the water-end of Brompton, appeared in the glass with the figures of three men cutting the cloth out of the loom. The thieves were traced in this wonderful glass to Yarm, 12 miles distant, where they stopped at a public house, and had two quarts of ale. They were traced ultimately to South Stockton, four miles further on, and were seen in this glass to enter a public house there, and deposit their spoil under the bed of an upper room, and which house they would leave next morning at eight o'clock, with the cloth in their possession. So reported the Ambassadors. . . . Accordingly at two a.m. on a cold frosty morning they set out on their wild goose chase, and arrived at South Stockton at six. On crossing the bridge, a new difficulty presented itself, three public houses appearing in view, and they had forgot to enquire from the wise man the *name* of the house from which the thieves were to make their exit. However like prudent men, as they are, they set a watch on each house and awaited the event. . . . Need we state the result? No thieves made their appearance . . . and since their return they have been laughed at by the thinking portion of the community, for their simplicity and credulity.

CLEV. REP. 131, 132.

Whitby, *cir.* 1876. There are still believers in the powers of the wise man. An adept in what will avert evil and secure good, he is not only a foreteller of that which may befal yourself, but he can read you the fate of those at a distance about whom you are concerned. Our seer is likewise a discoverer of stolen goods; though the threat of sending to the *wise man* is not unusually followed by the secret restoration of the missing property. 'Lost' as ran the bellwoman's announcement at a neighbouring fishing-place, 'or teean frae t' hedge at top o' t' toon tweea linen shifts an' a handclout, a dimmity pettykit, tweea pillowslips an' a smock frock. This is te gie nooatige that if they beeant foorthcoming te neeght afore te moorn, them 'at awns 'em 'll gan te t' *wise man* anent 'em'; *i.e.* Lost, or taken from the hedge above the town, two shifts and a towel, a dimmity petticoat, two pillow-cases and a man's linen overall. This is to signify, that if they are not returned before to-morrow morning, the owners will apply to the *wise man* about them. He can also trace you the person lost in the snow, and has been seen on the moors with his open books and mystic appliances, surrounded by his clients, engaged in the search. Versed in the healing art, he is declared to be 'skeely and knowful i' cow ills an' horse ills, or in all ailments owther i' beeast or body.' A wight of his vocation has been summoned from a distance by those who required the working of the oracle; and 'after crossing his hand with a golden fee,' he has prescribed remedially, the ingredients of his pharmacopæia rivalling the contents of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth.* He has prescriptions, too, for the jaundice; and we copy from a former-day hand-writing, minus the spelling, one of his recommendations. A rye meal cake is to be made up with the patient's morning urine, for burning 'bit by bit' through the day in the fire, and as it disappears, the complaint is supposed to abate! When his medicaments fail, the probability is that the afflicted person is 'bewitched,'

and the white pigeon ordeal must now be resorted to. The bird is placed on the patient's shoulder,—the left, we believe, 'as nearest the heart,' and if there be anything dark in the malady from evil infliction, the feathered creature will drop and die, probably by being prepared for this issue beforehand; but to what further discovery in the invalid's case the rite may lead, we are unable to tell.

ROBINSON, pp. xx., xxi.

Redmire. There lately died at Redmire an old man, a most singular character, a seer, who could pierce the mysteries of the future, and foretell weeks and months in advance the death of any inhabitant. On the south-side of the village is a narrow green lane leading to the ancient church, here the wizard of Redmire took his stand on dark nights, and the spirits of those who were about to be summoned in death passed in review before him. If the passing spirit happened to be one of his friends, the seer kept silent; at such times his wife obtained the secret by his disturbed dreams and unearthly groans during sleep. In due course, he also received the dark summons, and we are told a sigh of relief passed through the village at his death.—BOGG (3), p. 246.

Nr. York. Mr. William Dixon who was the owner of what was called Guye Fawke's house [Bishopthorpe] distinguished himself as an astrologer and astronomer.—CAMIDGE, p. 341.

[Bishopthorpe] two or three generations ago had a 'wise woman' resident within its precincts. . . . This woman for a fee exercised her vocation and no doubt had many clients.

Ib., pp. 341, 342.

Sieve (or riddle) and shears. An old farmer told me recently an incident of his youth. In his particular village in Yorkshire[1] there had been some thefts at the hall. Who

[1] [Though not precisely localized in this passage, the divination described was, or is, practised in the North Riding. An instance, without details of procedure, is given by *Henderson*, p. 235.]

had committed them they could not find out. He says, as a lad he remembers the household of the hall being gathered together, and some one (I forget, who it was) taking a sieve in which a pair of shears had been stuck upright, and going round to each person, and repeating the following words

'Bless St. Peter,
Bless St. Paul,
Bless the God that made us all.'

'If so-and-so (naming the person that he turned the sieve before as he stood in turn before each one in the room) stole this money, turn sieve.'

When opposite one old woman the sieve did turn nearly round in the hands of the person who held it. The woman taught the village school and she was paid by the people at the hall, and lived in the house (this is 50 years ago). Such was the prejudice against her after this that she left the village, and dying about four months after, confessed to stealing the money.—C. S., N. & Q., 8th S., vol. ii., p. 305.

Bible and Key. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 128, 129.

Death Portent. See under TREES AND PLANTS: *Apple-blossom*, p. 58.

PROPHECIES AND PORTENTS.

The prophecy of a dying canon of *Burlington* relating to this prelate's [Scrope's] fate, is somewhat remarkable; who foretold it darkly enough in these words:

'*Parem tractabunt, sed fraudem subter arabunt*
Pro nulla marca salvabitur ille HIERARCHA (archiep).'
Tho. Walsingham.
DRAKE, p. 439 *note.*

Mother Shipton can hardly be regarded as a myth, although the fact of her existence and the story of her life rest wholly upon Yorkshire tradition. According to that tradition, the place of her birth was on the picturesque banks of the river Nidd, opposite to the frowning towers of

Knaresborough Castle, and at a short distance from Saint Robert's Cave—a spot famous for mediæval legends and modern horrors. She first saw the light a few years after the accession of King Henry VII. Her baptismal name was Agatha and her father's name Sonthiel. . . . Agatha Sonthiel was content in due time to become the wife of Toby Shipton, an honest artizan, who lived in a village of that name a few miles from the city of York; and under the familiar designation of Mother Shipton, she acquired her prophetic fame. It was not until fourscore years after her death, which is said to have happened in 1561, that any account of her extraordinary predictions, and their marvellous fulfilment, was recorded in print. . . . Not many years ago a sculptured stone was standing near Clifton on the high road leading from York to the village of Shipton, which was universally called by the name of Mother Shipton. But it was undoubtedly the figure of a warrior in armour, much mutilated, . . . and was most probably brought from the neighbouring abbey of St. Mary, and placed upright as a boundary stone. It has lately been removed to the museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society.

R. D., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. ii., pp. 83, 84.

A stone was erected near *Clifton* about a mile from the city of *York*, from which the following is taken

EPITAPH.

'Here lyes she who never ly'd,
Whose skill often has been try'd,
Her Prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.'

SHIPTON, iii., p. 78.

The Prophecy of Mother Shipton *in the Reign of King Henry the Eighth.*

When she heard King Henry the Eighth should be King, and Cardinal Wolsey should be at York, she said .

that Cardinal Wolsey should never come to York with the King, and the Cardinal hearing, being angry, sent the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Percy, and the Lord Darcy to her, who came with their men, disguised, to the King's house, near York, where leaving their men, they went to Master Besley to York, and desired him to go with them to Mother Shipton's house, where when they came they knocked at the door, she said come in, Master Besley, and those honourable Lords with you, and Master Besley would have put in the Lords before him, but she said, come in, Master Besley, you know the way, but they do not. This they thought strange that she should know them, and never saw them; then they went into the house, where there was a great fire, and she bade them welcome, calling them all by their names, and sent for some cakes and ale, and they drunk and were very merry. Mother Shipton, said the Duke, if you knew what we come about, you would not make us so welcome, and she said the messenger should not be hanged. Mother Shipton, said the Duke, you said the Cardinal should never see York. Yea said she, I said he might see York, but never come at it. But, said the Duke, when he comes to York thou shalt be burned. We shall see that, said she, and plucking her handkerchief off her head, she threw it into the fire, and it would not burn; then she took her staff and turned it into the fire, and it would not burn, and then she took it and put it on again. Now, said the Duke, what mean you by this? If this had burned (said she) I might have burned. Mother Shipton (quoth the Duke) what think you of me? My love, said she, the time will come when you will be as low as I am, and that's a low one indeed. My Lord Percy said, what say you of me? My Lord (said she) shoe your Horse in the quick, and you shall do well, but your body will be burned in York pavement, and your head shall be stolen from the bar and carried into France. Then, said the Lord Darcy, and what think you of me? She said, you have made a great gun

shoot it off, for it will do you no good, you are going to war, you will pain many a man, but you will kill none, so they went away. Not long after the Cardinal came to Cawwood, and going to the top of the Tower, he asked where York was, and how far it was thither, and said that one had said he should never see York. Nay, said one, she said you might see York, but never come at it.[1] He vowed to burn her when he came to York, and told him it was but eight miles thence; he said that he will soon be here: but being sent for by the King, he died in the way to London at Leicester of a lask; and Shipton's wife said to Master Besley, yonder is a fine stall built for the Cardinal in Minster of Gold, Pearl[2] and King Henry, and he did so.

Master Besley seeing these things fall out as she had foretold, desired him to tell her some more of her prophesies. Master, said she, before that Owes Bridge and Trinity Church meet,[3] they shall build on the day, and it shall fall in the night, until they get the highest stone of Trinity Church, to be the lowest stone of Owes Bridge; then the day will come when the North shall rue it wondrous sore, but the South shall rue it for evermore; when Hares kindle on cold hearth stones, and lads shall marry ladies, and bring them home, then shall you have a year of pining hunger, and then a dearth without corn; a woful day shall be seen in England, a King and a Queen, the first coming of the King of Scots shall be at Holgate Town, but he shall not come through the bar, and when the

[1] I should not have mentioned this idle story, but that it is fresh in the mouths of our country people at this day; but whether it was a real prediction or raised up after the event, I shall not take it upon me to determine.—DRAKE, p. 450.

[2] [The incoherence is not that of the present copyist.]

[3] This came to pass: for *Trinity Steeple* in *York* was blown down with a Tempest, and *Owse-bridge* broken with a Flood, and what they did in the day-time in repairing the Bridge, fell down in the night, till at last they laid the highest Stone of the Steeple for the Foundation of the Bridge.—SHIPTON, ii., pp. 16, 17.

King of the North shall be at London Bridge his tail shall be at Edenborough ; after this shall water come over Owes Bridge, and a Windmill shall be set on a Tower, and an Elm tree shall lay at every man's door, at that time women shall wear great hats and great bands, and when there is a Lord Mayor at York let him beware of a stab ; when two Knights shall fall out in the Castle yard, they shall never be kindly all their lives after, when all Colton Hagge hath born seven years Crops of corn, seven years after you heard news, there shall two judges go in and out at Mungate bar.

Then Wars shall begin in the Spring,
Much woe to England it shall bring :
Then shall the Ladies cry well-away,
That ever we liv'd to see this day !

Then best for them that have the least, and worst for them that have the most, you shall not know of the War over night, yet you shall have it in the morning, and when it comes it shall last three years between Cadron and Aire shall be great warfare, when all the world is as a lost, it shall be called Christ's cross, when the battle begins it shall be where Crookbackt Richard made his fray, they shall say, To warefare for your King for half-a-crown a day, but stir not (she will say) to warfare for your King on pain of hanging, but stir not, for he that goes to complain, shall not come back again. The time will come when England shall tremble and quake for fear of a dead man that shall be heard to speak, then will the Dragon give the Bull a great snap, and when the one is down they will go to London Town ; and there will be a great battle between England and Scotland, and they will be pacified for a time, and when they come to Brammammore, they fight and are again pacified for a time, then there will be a great Battle at Knavesmore, and they will be pacified for a while ; then there will be a great battle between England and Scotland at Stoknmore ; then will Ravens sit on the Cross and drink

as much blood of the Nobles as of the Commons; then woe is me for *London* shall be destroyed for ever after; then there will come a woman with one eye, and she shall tread in many men's blood to the knee, and a man leaning on a staff by her, and she shall say to him, What art thou? and he shall say, I am king of the *Scots*, and she shall say, Go with me to my house, for there are three Knights, and he will go with her, and stay there three days and three nights, then will *England* be lost, and they will cry twice a day *England* is lost; then will there be three Knights in *Petergate* in *York*, and the one shall not know of the other; there shall be a child born in *Pomfret* with three thumbs, and those three Knights will give him three horses to hold, while they win *England*, and all Noble blood shall be gone but one, and they shall carry him to Sheriff *Nutton's* Castle, six miles from *York*, and he shall die there, and they shall choose there an Earl in the field, and hanging their horses on a thorn, and rue the time that ever they were born, to see so much bloodshed; then they will come to *York* to besiege it, and they shall keep them out three days and three nights, and a penny loaf shall be within the bar at half-a-crown, and without the bar at a penny; and they will swear if they will not yield to blow up the Town walls. Then they will let them in, and they will hang up the Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, and they will go into Crouch Church, there will three Knights go in, and but one come out again, and he will cause Proclamation to be made, that any may take House, Tower, or Bower for twenty one years, and whilst the world endureth there shall never be warfare again, nor any more Kings or Queens but the Kingdom shall be governed by three Lords, and then *York* shall be *London*; and after this shall be a white Harvest of corn gotten in by women.

Then shall be in the North, that one woman shall say unto another, mother I have seen a man to-day, and for one man there shall be a thousand women; there shall be a

man sitting upon St. *James* Church hill weeping his fill, and after that a ship come sailing up the Thames till it come against *London*, and the Master of the ship shall weep, and the Mariners shall ask him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say Ah! what a goodly city this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drink for our money.[1]

Unhappy he that lives to see these days,
But happy are the dead Shipton's wife says.

SHIPTON, i., pp. 2-6.

Another of 'Shipton's wife's prophecies' has reference to the Castle Hill at Northallerton, a mound which she declared should be filled with blood. The place has become a cemetery for the burial of the dead, which in a limited sense is a fulfilment of the saying, for we must bear in mind that the utterances of the most gifted seers if tied down to literality will often be found wanting.

SHIPTON, Introd., p. *viii.*

Rievaulx Abbey. The Cottonian manuscript Titus D, xii. fol. 936, has the following tetrastic, prophesying the destruction of the abbey, with a comment. The former is said to have been written before the Dissolution

'Twoe men came riding over Hackney way,
The one on a blacke horse, the other on a gray;
The one unto the other did say,
Loo yonder stood Revess that faire abbay!

'Henry Cawton, a monke, sometime of Reves abbey in Yorkshire, affirmed that he had often read this in a MS., belonging to that abbay containing many prophecies, and was extant there before the Dissolution. But when he or any of his fellowes redde it, they used to throwe the booke

[1] These last words were sadly verified after the dreadful Fire of *London* 1666 when there was not an House left all along *Thames*-side from the *Tower* to the *Temple*.—SHIPTON, ii., p. 17.

away in anger as thinking it impossible ever to come to passe.'—GILL, pp. 314, 315.

Dobhoome. The porte at Dobhoome[1] upon the mouth of Tease hath bin thought to be very dangerous, and excepte greate necessytie urged, or the sea were very calme, none durst adventure yt. Nowe yt hath bin sounded, and twoe lighthouses builte, one on eyther syde of the ryver, wherby Newcastell shipps and others, fearinge foule weather, ordinarily put in with 100 or more sayle of shippes with safetye. Out of doubt, the goodnes of this porte hath bin knowne heretofore, for the coasters have a tradycion that the Danes used to lande there, shewinge greate heapes of huge bones in the sands, in length litle exceedinge ours but in strength and bignes gyant-lyke; whither they have gotten a cruste or noe, or that there were some charnell house there I knowe not, which I suspecte, by reason that a chappell, one of the three built by three systers alonge that coaste is neere at hande. Moreover, they have an oulde blynde prophecye that a fleete of enimyes shall lande there, and come to Gisbrough, where on the syde of a hill, called Stonegate syde, a greate battle shalbe fought, insomuch that the brooke underneath shall runne with bloode. If this come to passe they would have as ill footinge as the combatantes had in Lippadusa, of whom Ariosto writes, who was taxed by a bishop that he had appointed a listes for horsemen, where, by reason of the sharpnes of rockes, footemen could scarcely stand: such is Stonegate syde. But I gather out of this prophecye, that when yt was hatched the porte was knowne to be capable of a navye, otherwise yt had been follye to foretell the cominge in of a fleete, where no shippe could come without manifeste perill.—H. TR., pp. 411, 412.

Malton, &c. A little before *Hambleton* with his Army came into *England*, two Armies were in Yorkshire, seen in

[1] [A port now non-existent.]

the aire vissibly, discharging and shooting one against the other and seemingly after a long fight, the Army which rose out of the North first vanished. This last Winter in the North we have had very strange and fearful storms, with much thunder and lightnings ; But to admiration that of the 18. of *January* last was most remarkable, in the night time the storm began very fearfully, Armies and Armed Troops (in every town for twelve miles compass about *Molton* in Yorkshire) were heard to ride and march through the Towns; their Cattle and beasts in these Towns were so frighted with the storm, as most of them broke out of their pastures, some breaking their necks and some their legs in this madding fit, some run away four miles, some more, who when found and brought home, were so wild and heated, as if they had been chased with a hundred mastive Dogs ; one Oxe where he lay in a stake-yard lame and not able to rise without the help of man, in this storm broke out, and the next day was found lying about a mile from the place he was in the night before, and was brought home on a sledge ; for a month after the storm the beasts thereabouts run madding about and would not be kept in their Pastures, people were so astonished therewith as for a long time they had little other discourse than the strangeness of the storm. I see a Relation of three Suns lately seen about *Manchester* ; but sure it is, that in the beginning of *March* last, there were seen at one time in *Cumberland* and *Westmoreland*, three glorious Suns to the admiration and great astonishment of many thousands of the beholders.

STRANGE NEWS, p. 2.

Marston Moor, &c. The next Prodigie that we shall here insist upon is, another Exhaliation in the Air as full of wonder as admiration, as evidently appears, by the testimony given by the *York-shire* Carriers who affirm, that about the beginning of this moneth two Fiery Pillars were visible seen at Noon-day over *Marston* Moor, about five miles from the City of *York* ; the brightness whereof ex-

tended as far as *Wakefield Wetherby, Pontefract, Sandwich, Doncaster, Leeds, Hallifax*, and divers other places; and between these two Pillars intervened several armed Troops and Companies in Battail array, presenting each other with several Vollies, and after some Dispute, the Northern Army vanquished the Southern Army: which being done the two Pillars vanquished [sic].

What this portends no man can conjecture aright: but it may be supposed, the two Pillars represent his Highness and the Parliament, and the Northern Army the Forces of this Commonwealth vanquishing their enemy, and maugre the Designs of all Forreign and Popish Confederates.

FIVE WONDERS, p. 5.

DREAMS.

[Dreams] are generally classed into four different kinds viz 1. Reciprocal dreams, or such as are significant of each other, as marriages and burials. 2. Such as are themselves fulfilled at some little distance of time. 3. Such as are of miscellaneous import, and 4. Those which are of none at all; which last division is, by the bye, perhaps the most numerous.—WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 179 (1828).

Cædmon. There was in . . . [Whitby] monastery a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who . . . having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, . . . had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table and returned home. Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep and saluting him by

name said 'Cædmon, sing some song to me' He answered 'I cannot sing'; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I could not sing.' The other who talked to him, replied 'However you shall sing'—'What shall I sing?' rejoined he. 'Sing the beginning of created beings,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard . . . Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity . . . All concluded, that heavenly grace had been conferred on him.—BEDE, pp. 217, 218.

The Lady Hilda. It was necessary that the dream which her mother Bregusuit, had during her infancy, should be fulfilled. At the time that her husband, Hereric, lived in banishment, under Cerdic king of the Britons, where he was also poisoned, she fancied in a dream that she was seeking for him most carefully, and could find no sign of him anywhere; but, after having used all her industry to seek him, she found a most precious jewel under her garment, which, whilst she was looking on it very attentively, cast such a light as spread itself throughout all Britain; which dream was brought to pass in her daughter.

BEDE, p 214.

That same night [that St. Hilda died at Whitby] it pleased Almighty God, by a manifest vision, to make known her death in another monastery, at a distance from hers, which she had built in that same year, and is called Hackness. There was in that monastery, a certain nun called Begu . . . This nun being then in the dormitory of the sisters, on a sudden heard the well-known sound of a bell in the air, which used to awake and call them to prayers, when any of them was taken out of this world, and opening her eyes, as she thought, she saw the top of the house open, and a strong light pour in from above; looking earnestly upon that light, she saw the soul of the aforesaid

servant of God in the same light, attended and conducted to heaven by angels . . . At break of day the brothers came with news of her [Hilda's] death, from the place where she had died . . . These monasteries are about thirteen miles distant from each other.—BEDE, pp. 215, 216.

[*John of Kinstare* who had been made Abbot of Jervaulx —the Abbey of that name not being yet in existence— set forth from Byland with a few monks and many misgivings to revive an abandoned religious establishment at Fors. They came to a village, unidentified and] Here the abbot dreamt he was at Byland, where in the cloister he beheld a woman of beauty surpassing human, and in her left hand a boy, the lustre of whose countenance was as that of the morn in her brightness. The boy plucked a beautiful branch from a tree in the midst of the cloister and vanished. Proceeding on their way they quickly found themselves entangled among bushes and rocks. The abbot exclaimed, 'Since we are impeded let us repeat our hours and the gospel.' Immediately the virgin with her child appeared again; to whom he cried, 'Fair and tender woman what doest thou with thy son in this rugged and desert place?' To whom the woman replied 'I am a frequent inmate of desert places, but now I have come from Rievaulx and Biland, with whose abbots I am familiarly acquainted, and am going to the new monastery (Fors).' Then said the abbot, 'Good lady, I implore thee to conduct me and my brethren out of this desert place, and lead us to the new monastery for we are of Biland.' She replied, 'Ye were late of Biland, but now of Jorevale.' Then she said 'Sweet son be their leader; I am called elsewhere,' and disappeared. The boy, holding in his hands the branch plucked from the cloister of Biland, cried aloud 'Follow me.' At length they arrived at a barren uncultivated place, when the boy planted the bough, which was instantly filled with white birds, and having exclaimed 'Here shall God be adored for a short

space,' disappeared also. Reflecting on the vision, the abbot quickly discerned that they were not long to remain at Fors. Passing through a certain village, the barking of the dogs woke the inhabitants, who perceiving the procession of monks in their white clothing, one said, 'These are the abbot and monks passing from Biland to Jorevale'; and another looking to the stars exclaimed, 'They have chosen a fortunate time, for within thirty or forty years they shall attain a state of worldly glory, from which they shall never fall.' The abbot accepted the omen and pursued his way.—WHITAKER, vol. i., pp. 410, 411.

In the year 1639, Lady Wandesford, during a fit of sickness, had a dream, of which, as it is reported by her daughter, Mrs. Thornton, I shall not contest the evidence. Having fallen into a doze, she seemed to herself to hear a dreadful sound of thunder issuing from dark clouds, with flashes of lightning. From the midst of this scene, issued a confused multitude of English, Scotch, and Irish, armed in various ways, and every appearance of an army running and crying out in the most tumultuous manner. After a short space she distinctly and perfectly beheld the lord deputy (Strafford) walking alone. Soon after, she again discerned him without his head, yet still walking in his grave and sober manner, while a base rabble followed, shouting and clapping their hands. Soon after, she discerned the Archbishop of Canterbury in his habit, urged on by the same rabble, and soon after, like the deputy, without his head. Last came the king himself, robed, with the crown on his head, the sceptre in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other: his left arm was employed in protecting the Prince of Wales; but in bowing his body over the prince the crown fell from his head, after which both fled in great confusion from the tumult of the rabble which followed, the noise of which awoke the dreamer.—WHITAKER, vol. ii. p. 161.

In or about the year 1700, a ship, called the Providence,

of Whitby, Robert Chapman, master, and Ingram Chapman, mate, was bound from Sunderland to Amsterdam, in Holland, laden with coals, with the wind at W.N.W., but blowing so hard that they had to lay the ship to. The mate fell asleep, and dreamt he saw a sand that stretched from Scarbro' Castle five leagues into the sea, upon which sand he saw seventeen ships' anchors, and thought he went to fish or grapple for them, but only got three, and one of them had lost a fluke. He awoke out of his sleep, and as the Dutch coast lay low, and the dream was an uncommon one, apprehended they were near a sand. He went into the main-top, but could see nothing to cause him to apprehend danger. He again fell asleep, and dreamed a second time the very same dream. He awoke, and again went aloft, when he fancied he saw, just ahead of the ship, three men upon a wreck, and that one of them had on a high-crowned cap: the ship then going before the wind. Upon relating what he had seen, the master and most of the crew went up the shrouds, but could see nothing. The mate being positive, the master ordered him to have the ship steered as he desired. The men frequently went aloft, but could see nothing; they then put about: the mate entreated the master to steer as before; the latter consented: after sailing for some time, part of the crew thought they saw something small and black upon the water, but at so great a distance as not to be able to distinguish what it was; they steered the ship towards the mark, and to the surprise of all on board found it to be a piece of wreck with three men on it: they got them on board and landed them in Holland. The vessel belonged to Wales, and when wrecked had seventeen hands on board: those saved were William Oliver, John Hutchinson, and a person of the name of Whitby, who had lost part of his foot; and one of the men had on a high-crowned cap.—WHITBY REP., vol. iii., N.S., pp. 95, 96 (1833).

The Lonton Lass. A great many years ago, there lived at Park End, a dreamer of remarkable dreams. At the period to which I refer, the farm-house stood more to the north than at present, but still on the outskirt of that part of the ancient forest of Teesdale, within which a free chase was granted by King John, Feb. 21, 1201, to Lord Henry Fitz-Hervey, an ancestor of the Lords Fitzhugh. The road from Laythkyrke Bridge to Holick, or, as it is now called the *old road,* ran through Lonton, which was formerly a considerable hamlet—past Stepends, along the south bank of the Tees, very close to the river. . . .

The facts of the story are simply these. About 90 years since, a young woman at Lonton had a lover, who first deceived and then resolved to murder her. Under pretence of arranging for their immediate marriage, he persuaded her to meet him in Park End Wood. On the night appointed he repaired to the place and digged a grave. She slipped out of her parents' house, when all was quiet, and sped on to the place of meeting. The farmer, however, at Park End, was greatly disturbed that night by dreams. He dreamt twice that he saw an open grave and a spade sticking in the soil—in a wood near his house. And so excited was his imagination that he could not think of remaining in bed. He arose, and called up his young men, and ordered them to furnish themselves with bludgeons and accompany him into the wood. They all went, and sure enough there was the open grave and the spade. Their horror and astonishment were inexpressible. They searched the wood, and beat about for some time among the bushes, but could neither see nor hear anybody. After some time had been spent in searching and watching, they returned. And on the old road not far from the farm-house, one of them discerned an object approaching. They stood aside. The object came up. A young woman! 'Hollo!' said the farmer, 'whither are you going so late to-night?' 'And

what is that to you?' she replied; 'surely I am old enough to know my own business, without having to give an account of it to you.' 'Come, come,' said the farmer. 'I know now, I think, who you are, and guess your errand; pray let me tell you what has caused us to be astir.' She would not believe. They took her to the place, and at sight of the grave and spade she fainted. The whole party then returned to Park End, and the poor hapless girl, after telling her story of the matter, was only too glad to remain all night under the protection of him, who through his remarkable and providential dream, had been the means of saving her life.—FITZHUGH.

DIVINATIONS.

Whitby, 1816. In making up the census for 1816 no account was taken of the employment of females, except in a few instances. There were probably about 200 mantua-makers and milliners, including apprentices—I heard of no less than *seven* who follow the *honourable* occupation of *sorceress* or *fortune-teller:* and it seems they are so well employed, that another *worthy matron* has recently *commenced business* in the same line.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 578 *note.*

Fortune tellers Cards, dice, or tea-leaves are the means most commonly made use of by these auguresses.

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 182 (1828).

They are extremely addicted to superstitious practices:—dreams and various other every-day occurrences, are regarded by them as indicatory of future events; certain days are looked upon as fortunate or unfortunate; and almost every commonplace incident in life is considered as having its consequent ominous tendency, good or evil. These crude ideas are not confined to one class, or one age of individuals; young and old, rich and poor, are all infected with this mania, in a greater or less measure;

indeed, there are few perhaps who do not, at one time or other in some instances involuntarily listen to the suggestions of superstition, and govern themselves by its dictates, however they may ridicule and despise it in others. Some have their fortunate or unfortunate days of the week; others days of the month; some, hours; and others certain seasons of the year. . . .

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 140 (1828).

St. Agnes's fast [is] performed on her day Jan. 21. The devotee fasts all day, tasting neither meat nor drink; and just before going to bed offers this prayer to the saint:

> 'Fair St Agnes' play thy part
> And send to me my own sweetheart
> Not in his best' &c.[1]

This done the idolater goes to bed backwards, and the sequel is the same as above. Of a like description, though not connected with a particular season, is the making of the *dumb cake*. Three young women make a cake of flour, with the first egg of a young hen, immediately before going to bed; the cake being baked over the fire is cut into three parts, and each receives one, eats a part, and puts the remainder below her pillow, wrapt in the stocking taken from her left leg. Each goes backward to bed, expecting to dream as above; but if a word is uttered during the process, or before falling asleep, the charm is broken.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 881.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 73, 74, 132.
" " for *Friday cake-charm*, p. 75.
" " " *Eve of St. Mary Magdalene*, pp. 84, 85.
See under FESTIVALS: *Shrove Tuesday*, p. 240.
" " FESTIVALS: *Nut-crack Night*, pp. 266, 267.
" " TREES AND PLANTS: *Even-Ash*, p. 58.

Sickening Cake. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, at the birth of a first child, the first slice of the "sickening

[1] [See the prayer to the moon under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 43.]

cake" is cut into small pieces by the medical man, to be used by the unmarried as dreaming bread. Each takes a piece, places it in the foot of the left stocking, and throws it over the right shoulder. She must retire to and get into bed backways without speaking, and if she falls asleep before twelve o'clock, her future partner will appear in her dream.

C. J. D. Ingledew, N. &. Q., 2nd S., vol. viii. p. 242.

For Love Divinations, see *Blakeborough*, pp. 129, 130, 132, 133.

For Garter charms, see *Blakeborough*, pp. 128, 129.

In years gone by there could have been scarcely a village in North Yorkshire, whose inhabitants did not connect the Eve of St. Mark's Day with death. The notion was that those who kept St. Mark's watch—that is, those who watched in the church porch at midnight from twelve till one—would see the spirits or forms of all those in the place who were to die in the course of the year following, pass into the church one by one. By some it was thought necessary that the watch should be repeated for three successive nights, but generally the vigil was on St. Mark's *E'en* only. Many times have old people spoken to me about those whose faith in this supposed power of looking into the future was unshaken and unshakeable. I should add that if he who kept watch on St. Mark's Eve should happen to fall asleep during the hour, it was understood that he would himself die during the year from that date. I remember being told of a case of this kind by a former inhabitant of Westerdale. There was an old dame in that neighbourhood who was noted for the accuracy of her investigations in this particular; only in her case the watch took place always on Christmas Eve instead of that of St. Mark. On one occasion it seems, as she was keeping her vigil, she fell asleep. It was consequently acknowledged by all who knew her that she was doomed to die before the year was out; accordingly from day to

day, she was watched with no little interest, in the expectation that she would sicken and die. However time went on and she appeared in her usual health. Six months, nine months, ten months passed, and nothing seemed to indicate that her end was at hand. But during the twelfth month a change came over her; she became ill and took to her bed. Still she lingered on till it came to the last week of the fatal time, but she continued apparently in much the same state, though she was in reality getting weaker. The last day of the year came, and she was still alive, though it was evident that she was rapidly sinking, and so it went on till within two hours of the completion of the year, when she quietly breathed her last. A case of this kind would make a profound impression on the minds of simple folk, and would more than compensate for a dozen failures. I enquired of my informant whether the old lady was generally right in her prognostications, to which I received answer, in a tone that clearly betokened unswerving faith, 'Aye sha was reet eneeaf.'—MORRIS, pp. 225, 226; INGLEDEW, p. 344; YOUNG, vol. ii. p. 882.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 80, 81.

Another form of the notion is to watch by a window which commands the Church-road, when the figures of those who are to die within the year will be seen to pass as if boun for cho'ch. Should the watcher however fall asleep at the mystic hour of vision (midnight) he is himself among those whose death is auned.[1]—ATKINSON (2), p. 327.

Michael Parker [grave-digger etc. Malton who died April 1823] has more than once been heard to hold out a threat to his persecutors, that he should have them some day, and he would most assuredly bury them with their faces downwards! . . . The periodical return of St. Mark's Eve he religiously observed; when he supposed the *shades* of those who were to die in the subsequent year, would be visible in the church. To a person who

[1] Fated, destined, ordained.—ATKINSON (2) p. 16.

had once been indulging liberally in abusive language, he observed that he had seen him on St. Mark's Eve and he should have him soon.—WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 76, 1828.

See too HONE, Y.B., pp. 408-412.

Ass-riddling, an ash-sifting. On St. Mark's eve, the ashes are riddled or sifted on the hearth for the purpose of marking any fancied impression they may have received before morning. Should any one of the family be destined to die within the year, the shoe of the individual will be traced on the ashes; and many a mischievous wight says Grose, has made his companion miserable by coming downstairs and marking the ashes with the shoe of one of the party. What has survived of this custom seems more common in our country places, where the fire burns on the hearth.—ROBINSON, p. 6.

Caff-riddling, the St. Mark's eve divination by the sifting of chaff on to the barn-floor with open doors, in order to ascertain from given prognostications connected with the performance, whether death may be near or not to the augurs or their friends. The riddling is taken by turns and if nothing portentous appears or takes place, there is longer life in the case.—ROBINSON, p. 31.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 81.

Divining-Rod. Yesterday Mr. John Stears of 125 Colman-street, Hull, who has gained the reputation of being endowed with the peculiar gift of being able to find by the divining rod where streams of water exist beneath the surface of the earth was engaged on the farm of Messrs. J. and H. Walker, Hill Top, Thornton-le-Beans. Having arrived at the farm, he selected a hawthorn twig, or rather two twigs joined at the base, making the form of a V. After an unsuccessful search had been made for a hazel twig, to which preference is given, although any twig of the thorn tribe will do. Taking hold of the ends of the twig, he had not proceeded a dozen yards from Mr. Walker's house before it indicated water, and Mr. Stears followed the

course of the stream for several hundred yards, up to the top of the field, over the hedge and road into another field. He described the stream as being only a few inches wide, and marked precisely on the turf the width. Tracing the stream back he followed it through the outhouses of Mr. Walker's farm, across the road into another field. Leaving this stream he went into a field opposite to the farm, and divided from it by the road, and there discovered a larger stream about two feet wide, which he traced on to the road and into a field near to the point where he had traced the first spring to. He also found the smaller spring which he had anticipated was the cause of the increased supply of water in the second stream discovered. Mr. Stears experienced no difficulty in following the streams, for the twig kept busily revolving as long as he kept on the track of water, but as soon as he got off it, if even by an inch, the twig ceased to move. The lines of the streams were marked out by stakes. Mr. Stears does not know to what depth his power extends, and the greatest depth yet that he has found water has been 128 ft. Mr. Stears was conducted to an old disused, stagnant well, but he said he could not detect any spring running into it, and his power only extended to running water. Another peculiar feature of the 'twig' was that whenever it came within the vicinity of metal of any sort instead of the base of the twig rising outwardly, that is to say from the body, it was attracted inwardly towards the body, and a purse of money was thrown on to the ground to illustrate it, while the presence of iron railings, &c., counteracted and overwhelmed the influence of water. The novel search for water was watched with keen interest by Mr. Walker, Mr. Winterburn of Welbury; Mr. Herbert Watts, on behalf of his father Mr. William Watts steward of the estate; Mr. Charles Fairburn, Northallerton; Mr. Herbert Baxter, and others. The party was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Walker. Mr. Walker intends to bore for water in the

place suggested, the farm having hitherto been without drinking Water.—Y. H. Oct. 13, 1893.

[The collector of these notes is informed that the diviner was understood to say water would be found at a depth of 10 or 15 yards; but there was no sign of it at 26 yds. Last winter (1898-99) an engine bored 100 ft. lower still and touched the treasure, which, it was thought, some 5 yards more would sufficiently secure. As an expectant one remarked "there is water anywhere if you go deep enough down; but some is better than other."]

Rural Charms.—In our own neighbourhood we have heard the following used during the making of butter,—

Come butter come,
Come butter come.
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for a butter'd cake.
Come butter come.

An old lady of our acquaintance nightly charms her bed in the following manner—

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—
Bless the bed that I lie on.

WHITBY REPOS. vol. i., New Series (1867), p. 325.

Kenspell the dairy-maid's charm 'to make butter come in churning, by which labour is saved.—ROBINSON, p. 106.

Ken, a butter-churn.—ROBINSON, p. 105.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Cannlemas day along with the common saying as to the lengthening daylight at this time,

'On Candlemas a February day,
Throw candle and candlestick away,'

we have heard in the country the following portent:—

'If Cannlemas day be lound and fair,
Yaw hawf o' t' winter's te come an' mair;
If Cannlemas day be murk an' foul,
Yaw hawf o' t' winter's geeen at Yule.'

If the day alluded to is calm and clear, more than one half of the winter may yet be expected; but if cloudy and dull, the half of the winter has been got over at Christmas. Thus the latter part of the observation intimates that we may have spring reasonably early.—ROBINSON, p. 31.

James Backhouse who made his mark as an evangelist in the Society of Friends, and as a nurseryman, . . . found from half a century of observation, that the *airt* of the wind and the kind of weather at 12 o'clock on the quarter days in December and March indicated the prevalent meteorological conditions of the three months respectively ensuing. Only twice during fifty years had he known the wind and weather fail to follow the lead.

St. Swithin, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. i., p. 293.

The belief . . . is, I opine, very prevalent, and older than my late friend James Backhouse.

Wm. Pengelly, *ib.*, p. 404.

An old man has told me that he observed whenever the rooks congregated on the dead branches of the trees there was sure to be rain before night; but that if they stood on the live branches the effect would be *vice versâ*.

Eboracum, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. ii., p. 165.

Whitby. 'A Saturday's moon
Comes once in seven years over soon.'

as believed to have an unfavourable effect on the weather following that day.

'Saturday's moon, and Sunday's full
Is always wet, and always wull (will).'

ROBINSON, xiii.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS: *Moon*, p. 43.

In parts of Richmondshire some persons say that the breast-bones of ducks and geese, after being cooked, are observed to be dark coloured before a severe winter, and much lighter coloured before a mild winter.

Ellcee, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. iv., p. 84.

See also under ANIMALS: *Geese*, p. 70.

Holyrood morn. 'If the buck rises with a dry horn on Holyrood morn (Sept. 27) it is the sign of a Michaelmas summer.'—ROBINSON, p. 96.

See also under JINGLES, p. 423.

Speaking to a North Yorkshire farming man on the quantity of haws on the thorn trees this year, as indicative of a severe winter, he mentioned a North Riding saying, 'Many haws, cold toes.'

E. Hailstone, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. xii., p. 327.

Other Weather-lore under JINGLES, pp. 422-424.

SECTION VIII.

GENERAL.

Bellows on table. In North Yorkshire they say that the placing of bellows on a table is a sign of poverty.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. v., p. 415.

Bottle, Shying at, before house is roofed in. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 89, 90.

Break three things. See *Blakeborough*, p. 127.

Broom. How a new one should be used, and the respect due to brooms in general. See *Blakeborough*, p. 149.

Cake and Bread. It is unlucky to place a cake on the table with the top surface downwards.—ROBINSON, p. 104.

Cross, Sign of. An aged woman was buried at Egton in the course of the autumn of 1865, of whom I was told that she never either entered a house or left it without marking a cross with the toe of her clog—on the doorstone before entering, or on the thresho'd before going forth. The same woman always made a cross with her thumb before putting her hand on the thumb-latch, or door-sneck on entering a house; and when going to early mass—for she was a Roman Catholic—fasting, of course, on meeting any one who might possibly be suspected to be a witch, she always made the sign of the cross before her to avert evil influence.—ATKINSON (2), pp. 446, 447.

Dog Days. At this sultry season, it is the popular opinion, that more accidents occur, than during the whole year beside: and consequently, great caution is used in

entering upon any hazardous or uncertain business. . . . This season has derived its name from Sirius the dog star; against which our forefathers entertained no small antipathy, as they supposed that the increase of temperature, usually experienced about this time, was occasioned by this star acting in conjunction with the god of day.

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 143 (1828).

Unlucky days. Friday ranks as one of these, and has been called an 'Egyptian day,' when the power of witches and the like was supposed to be most potent. The Crucifixion took place on a Friday, and many augur an ill issue to matters set agoing on that day of the week. It is unlucky to launch ships on a Friday as at any time to count the numbers when they sail out of port. Many choose not to begin a voyage on a Friday; and if you remove to a fresh house on that day, your stay will not be long. 'A Friday flit, short sit.'—ROBINSON, pp. 206, 207.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 78, 95, 112, 146.

One of the assistants at the bathing-machines [at Scarbro'] assured me that most accidents happened on Fridays, especially on Good Fridays. He had never worked on Good Friday for many years, nor would he ever do so again. He then gave a long series of misfortunes, fatal accidents, etc., which had happened on Fridays in his own experience.

T. T. Wilkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., p. 131.

Neean-dow days, unlucky days; those on which it is said that things undertaken will not prosper.

ROBINSON, p. 130.

See under FESTIVALS; *Childermas Day*, p. 281.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 131.

Egg, A 'Cock's.' See *Blakeborough*, p. 149.

Egg-shells. A Yorkshire lady . . recently informed me that, following an old custom, she always caused egg-shells to be burnt that they might come again (in eggs, to wit).

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. iv., p. 307.

Fey.

I'm no way superstitious, but this I allis say,
You may get the coffin ready, when a doomed man is fey.

PHILLIPS, S. K., 'Fey,' p. 33.

An old woman at Sandsend explained the meaning of *fey* by saying that when a sullen and morose man suddenly becomes jovial and lighthearted, it is a sure sign that he is *fey* and is doomed to die.

Communicated by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe.

Fanticles . . freckles on the skin, usually on the face. gen. These are popularly accounted for as marks made by the spurtings of milk from the mother's breast, inevitably occasioned, so that a face may be marred that is 'ower bonny.'—C. C. R., p. 38.

Fire. It is not right to touch the fire in another person's house unless you have known him twenty years.

MIA AND CHARLIE, pp. 147, 148.

[Seven years is a more usual limit.]

Handsel. 'There's handsel this morning' says the salesman, as he shows the coin to the bystanders for the first thing he has sold; and then spits upon the money for good luck and a good trade the day through.—ROBINSON, p. 87.

For the reason see *Blakeborough*, p. 150.

Hoose-handsel, the convivialities on taking possession of new quarters. Before occupying a fresh house, a person should go into every room, bearing a loaf and a plate of salt, for luck to the new place.—ROBINSON, p. 98.

Knife or sharp instrument, Gift of, unlucky. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 149, 150.

Looking-glass Superstitions about. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 126, 146.

Nose. In Yorkshire itching of the nose is said to portend that ere long you will be vexed in some way, or else kissed by a fool.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. ix., p. 355.

Picture-falling. See *Blakeborough*, p. 127.

Pot-hooks. When any maydes take the potte of the fyer, in greate haste she setts yt downe, and, without feare of burninge clappes her hands on the pot-hookes to staye them from shakinge; and this she does for tender hearty believinge that our Lady weepeth or greeteth, as thee terme yt, all the while the pottehookes waggle, which were a lamentable case.—H. TR., p. 429.

Praying for Husbands. At least the tradition of this as an old custom may be inferred from the talk of some of the villages in North Yorkshire. The servant-girls will tell you how that once one of their number stipulated with a bargaining mistress at a statute-hiring, that she should be allowed ten minutes every day at noon to go pray for a husband in. The following story is current in one quarter. "Mrs. S——, who had lived as housekeeper with a Catholic family near York (names and places being specified) for many years, had engaged one servant who became an object of curiosity to the rest of the maids; for as regularly as noon came, she would leave off work and go to her chamber. By-and-by it was whispered about that their fellow servant spent her time in praying for a husband. One day one of the men hid himself in a closet adjoining the devotee's room, and waited her arrival. At the usual time she came, and kneeling before her little framed picture of the Virgin and Child, began, and continued for a length of time 'A husband! a husband! sweet Mary, a husband! Send him soon, an' he may be owt but a tailor'—ought but a tailor. 'Nowt (nothing) but a tailor!' the man at last shouted. She responded at once 'Ho'd thee noise, little Jesus, an' let thee mother speak.' 'Nowt but a tailor!' as sharply replied the man again. 'Nay, owt but a tailor, owt but a tailor, but a tailor rather than nowt, good Lord.'" I beg to share responsibility here with somebody —I don't care who.

C. C. R., N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. xii, p. 537.

[This is a folk-tale: see ADDY, p. 30, where he records as 'from Eckington in Derbyshire' the story of "The Maid who Wanted to Marry." In that instance the heroine and the hero are Irish. "The Maid of Brakel" is a version garnered by the Brothers Grimm.]

Salt, Gift of, unlucky. See *Blakeborough*, p. 149.

Sane, a blessing. The cross made with the knife-point on the dough about to be put into the oven.

ROBINSON, p. 159.

Shoe-lace loose: when to tie it. See *Blakeborough*, p. 150.

Shoe, Pass an old one on the left; for reason see *Blakeborough*, pp. 150, 151.

Silver-finding, etc., etc. The finding of silver, especially of the small coin of sixpence, is accounted an omen of sad misfortune, as is also the spilling of salt at table. To lay a knife and fork, or two knives across each other, betrays a shameful lack of good breeding, in thus tempting misfortunes to happen!

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 180 (1828).

Sneezing. In the North Riding of Yorkshire I have heard it remarked that to sneeze after meals, especially dinner was a sign of health, and that the sneezer if he did it habitually, might expect to reach a good old age.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q. 8th S., vol. xi., p. 314.

Spittle, v. to spit out. It was once the custom 'to spittle' at the name of the Devil in church; and to smite the breast, at the mention of Judas the traitor, as we still bow at the name of Jesus.—ROBINSON, p. 182.

Stairs, Passing on. One day during Easter week, while staying at the house of a friend at Scarborough, the hostess and myself happening to meet on the stairs, she exclaimed 'It's unlucky to meet on the stairs.' She would not pass, and I had to retreat upwards. She is a young lady . . . a native of York.

Herbert Hardy, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. ix., p. 397.

Thyroid cartilage. 'Thropple-nob,' the 'throat apple' or lump in the windpipe in man, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is said to be not perceptible in the woman. A part of the apple presented by Eve to Adam, stuck in the man's throat, and thus occasioned the prominence; but the woman's portion went entirely down!—ROBINSON, p. 198.

Umbrella on a bed. I have heard in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that it is very unlucky to lay an umbrella upon a bed, just as it is unlucky to put a pair of bellows or a pair of shoes upon a table.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. xi., p. 332.

See *ante*, p. 217.

Cleveland. *Whistling after daylight.* They have a custom that if any whistle after daylight is closed, that he must be put out of the dores and three tymes go about the house for pennance.—H. Tr., pp. 428, 429.

Words. Two people uttering the same. See *Blakeborough*, p. 131.

SECTION IX.

FUTURE LIFE.

THE WAY OF THE DISEMBODIED SOUL.

Windows and door thrown open at the moment of death and strict silence kept, so that the departure may not be hindered.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 120.

Passing-bell disperses evil spirits who would impede the upward flight of the soul.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 121.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend, who holds the office of coroner in the North Riding, which is worth quoting. He says 'I held an inquest the other day at —— on a man who hanged himself; on the breast of the corpse was a plate of salt a thing rarely seen now. The object is to scare away evil spirits.'—John H. Chapman, F.S.A., N. & Q., 6th S., vol. vi., p. 146.

The custom to which my friend Mr. Chapman refers is perhaps more common than he supposes. It was followed in my own house some years ago (without my previous knowledge or sanction), but I found in addition to the plate of salt on the breast there was a larger vessel of salt under the bed on which the corpse was laid. I have always heard that the reason for placing the plate of salt on the breast was that given by Mr. Chapman's correspondent, who is, if I may guess at his identity, well acquainted with North Yorkshire traditions.

C. G. C., N. & Q., 6th S., vol. vi., 273.

When any dieth certaine women singe a songe to the dead body, recyting the jorney that the partie deceased must goe; and they are of beleife (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives yt is good to give a payre of newe shoes to a poor man, forasmuch as after this life they are to passe barefoote through a greate launde full of thornes and furzen, excepte by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redeemed their forfeyte: for at the edge of the launde an oulde man shall meete them with the same shoes that were given by the partye when he was livinge, and after he hath shodde them he dismisseth them to goe through thicke and thin without scratch or scalle.

H. TR., p. 429.

See *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme* (F. L. S.), pp. 30-33 and Appendix i., pp. 220-222.

[*Blakeborough* (pp. 122-125) notices the belief, and prints what he considers to be a Protestant version of that Lyke Wake Dirge preserved by Aubrey; but says, a Roman Catholic form is in existence. He does not know when either of them was last used. In the copy he sets forth, 't' fleeams o' Hell' are substituted for 'Purgatory fire'; and 'An' Christ tak up thi sowl' replaces the burden, 'and Christ recive thi Sawle.' There are two extra stanzas between verses five and seven:

'If ivver thoo gav' o' thi siller an' gawd
Ivvery neet an' awl,
At t' Brigg o' Dreead thoo'll finnd footho'd,
An' Christ tak up thi sowl.

Bud if o' siller an' gawd thoo nivver ga' neean
Ivvery neet an' awl,
Thoo'll doon, doon tumm'l tiwards Hell fleeams
An' Christ tak up thi sowl.'

These verses correspond well with those written by Mr. Atkinson to supply a loss which he believed he detected in the dirge as generally printed. He did this, he says partly in the hope that it might 'awaken some slumbering

recollection or evoke some suggestive criticism.' He says] it is not unlikely that alms-giving may have been the special good deed which formed the burden of the two missing stanzas, and that possibly they may have run somewhat thus :

If ever thou gave either awmous or dole,
Every night and alle ;
At Brigg o' Dread nae ill thou sal thole
And Christe receive thy saule.
But if awmous and dole thou never gave neean,
Every night and alle ;
Thou's fall an' be brusten to the bare beean
And Christe receive thy saule."

See ATKINSON (2), pp. 595-605.

A Dree Night.

'T war a dree[1] neet, a dree night ez t' squire's end drew nigh,
A dree neet, a dree neet ti watch an' pray an' sigh,
When t' streaam runs dry, an' t' deead leeaves fall, an' t' ripe ear bends its heead,
An' t' blood wi' lithin' seeams fair clogg'd, yan kens yan's neeam'd wi' t' deead.
When t' een grows dim, an' fau'k draw nigh, fra t' other sahd o' t' graave,
It's laate ti square up au'd accoonts, a gannin' sowl ti saave.
T' priest maay cum, an' t' priest maay gan, his weel worn taal ti chant,
When t' deeath smeear clems a wrinkled bru, sike dizn't fet yan's want ;
Neea book, neea cann'l, bell ner mass, neea priest iv onny lan'
When t' dree neet cums, can patch a sowl, ur t' totterin' mak ti stan'.

The next few lines are lost.

[1] Weary.

'T war a dree neet, a dree neet, fer a sowl ti gan awaay
A dree neet, a dree neet, bud a gannin' sowl caan't staay.

. . . . .

An' t' winner shuts tha rattl'd sair, an' t' mad wild wind did shill,
An' t' Gabriel ratchets yelp'd aboon, a gannin' sowl ti chill.
'T war a dree neet, a dree neet, for deeath ti don his cowl,
Ti staup abroad wi whimly treead, ti claam a gannin' sowl.
Bud larl deeath recks hoo dree t' neet be, ur hoo a sowl maay praay,
When t' sand runs oot, his sickle reaps, a gannin' sowl caan't staay.
'T war a dree neet, a dree neet, ower Whinny moor ti trake,
Wi shoonless feet, ower flinty steeans, thruff monny a thorny brake.
A dree neet, a dree neet, wi' nowt neeawaays ti mark,
T' gainest trod ti t' Brigg o' deead. A lane lost sowl i' t' dark.
A dree neet, a dree neet, at t' Brigg foot theear ti meet,
Larl sowls 'at he war t' fatther on, we neea good deeam i' seet,
At t' altar steps he nivver steead, thoff monny a voo he maad,
Noo t' debt he aws ti monny a lass, at t' Brig foot mun be paad,
Tha feeace him noo wiv uther deeds, leyke black spots on a sheet,
Tha noo unscaape,[1] tha egg him on, o' t' Brigg his doom ti meet,
Neea dove ez sattl'd on his sill, bud a flittermoos that neet,

[1] Call to mind (long obsolete).

Cam thrice tahms thruff his casement, an' flackker'd
roond his feet,
An' thrice tahms did a raven croak, an' t' seeam leyke
thrice cam t' hoot,
Fra t' ullots tree; doon chim'lies three, ther cam a shrood
o' soot.
An' roond t' cann'l tweea tahms ther' cam, a dark wing'd
moth ti t' leet,
Bud t' tho'd, it swirl'd reet inti t' fleeam, wheear gans his
sowl this neet.
'T war a dree neet, a dree neet, fer yan ti laate ti praay
A dree neet, a dree neet, bud a gannin' sowl caan't staay.

Several lines are wanting.

The above lines were known in 1750.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), pp. 37-39.

Attempts to localize **Whinny Moor.** In the writer's present neighbourhood [N. Otterington] salt is yet frequently placed upon the breast of a corpse and he well remembers, that, when a child, the nurse was accustomed to frighten him into subjection by the threat to send him over Whinney Hill, if he remained obstreperous; but in that case Whinney Hill was a rounded hill covered with whins or furze near an old British camp in the township of Norwood. [W. Riding].—PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 231.

Winmoor . . . in the parish of Barwick [W. Riding] . . . bore the name of *Winwaedfield* and here in 655 was fought the great battle between Penda, the old Pagan king of Mercia, with his thirty vassal princes, and Oswy, King of Bernicia. . . . There is an old superstition, having it is supposed, a probable origin in the battle of the Saxon era,—that immediately after a person's death, the soul flitted over Winmoor.—LEEDS, p. 449.

Travelling Equipment. I heard some rustics talking about an odd old man who had been buried somewhere up

your way a few years ago with a candle, a penny, and a bottle of port; and, as they explained it, the candle was to light the way to Jerusalem, the penny to pay the ferry, and the port to sustain him on the journey.—Mr. Baring Gould to Canon Atkinson.

ATKINSON, p. 215.

[Pottery, charcoal, coins, and possibly other supposed requisites, buried with the dead in Cleveland, formerly, if not now.]—See *Atkinson*, pp. 213-215.

The Suicide's Task.[1]—

S'u'd onny wiv a sair heart darr ti lap
Ther' leyfe's wark up, afore the Lord's command,
Then tha mun stan' i' t' sperrit form an' mark
Ther' deed on t' shore, whahl t' tide fergits ti wesh it
clean fra t' sand.

Communicated by Mr. Blakeborough who had it given to him in 1875 by an elderly native of Bedale.

Watching—

Nay, don't turn the key, not yet, not yet, five nights
haven't past and gone
Since we laid the green sods straight and meet, to wait
for the cold grey stone.
. . . . . .
And I know, should he meet his father, up there in the
rest and joy,
He'll say 'A couple of nights are left, thou'st need to
cheer her, my boy.'

[1] I daren't lie down in its [the sea's] arms and die, for I know the priest has said:

'They who will not wait God's time on earth, in heaven must seek their dead.'

PHILLIPS, S. K., 'Mad Luce,' p. 56.

[Evidence of this being a popular belief is not forthcoming.]

So leave the key, and fetch the logs; till the mourner's
week is done,
I tell thee I'll watch, lest I miss in sleep a last smile
from my son.

PHILLIPS, S. K., 'The Seven-Nights' Watch,' pp. 94, 96.

[Mr. Blakeborough says he has not heard of this watch for the return of the dead being kept within the last ten years; but that it was common.]

Powers and Habits of the Dead see under GOBLINDOM, *passim.*

SECTION X.

FESTIVALS, &c.

NEW YEAR.

The new year . . is made known by the ringing of the church bells, and the loud knocking at your door of the 'first foot, or lucky bird.' This happens immediately on the last stroke of twelve. The first foot to cross your threshold—for none must go out until the first foot has come in—must be a man or boy with dark hair. Such only can bring luck to the household; for should he have light hair, he would not be admitted, for he could only bring dire and disastrous results. The same clamorous singing as on Christmas Day commences just as early on New Year's morn.—BLAKEBOROUGH, p. 71.

In the North Riding of Yorkshire . . . a fair-haired man is supposed to bring good fortune if he is the first to enter a house after the clock has struck twelve on new year's eve.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. x., p. 516.[1]

Hunmanby. On New Year's Eve only girls (dark haired), are allowed to cross the threshold. On Christmas eve dark haired boys or men go round first footing.

Communicated by Mr. Blakeborough.

[1][Without doubt the general desire of the N.R. is for a dark-haired lucky-bird. The discovery of the spot referred to by Mr F. C. Birkbeck Terry may reward an investigator. Mr. Blakeborough writes that here and there in the N.R. people not only require the

Swaledale. If a female should be the first to enter a house on New Year's Day it is a certain indication of bad luck.—ROUTH, p. 70.

New Year's gifts are given by all ranks.

INGLEDEW, p. 343.

Another strange superstition also prevails: that those who have not the common materials for making a fire, generally sit without one on New Year's day, for none of their neighbours, though hospitable at other times, will suffer them to light a candle at their fires; [nay not even to throw out the ashes or sweep out the dust. INGLEDEW, p. 344.] If they do, they say some one of the family will die within the year.

D—d. R—e., GENT. MAG., pt. i., 1811, p. 424.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

Whitby. On plough monday, the first monday after twelfth day, and some days following, there is a procession of rustic youths dragging a plough, who, as they officiate for *oxen*, are called *plough stots*. They are dressed with their shirts on the outside of their jackets, with sashes of ribbons, fixed across their breasts and backs, and knots or roses of ribbons fastened on the shirts and on their hats. Beside the plough draggers, there is a band of six, in the same dress furnished with swords, who perform the sword-dance, while one or more musicians play on the fiddle or flute. The sword-dance, probably introduced by the Danes, displays considerable ingenuity, not without gracefulness. The dancers arrange themselves in a ring, with their swords elevated; and their motions and evolutions are at first slow and simple, but become gradually more rapid and complicated: towards the

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visitor to be dark-haired, but exact that he shall carry something dark in his hand, e.g. a piece of coal or a dark green sprig, 'never variegated holly.']

close, each one catches the point of his neighbour's sword, and various movements take place in consequence, one of which consists in joining or plaiting the swords in the form of an elegant hexagon or rose, in the centre of the ring; which rose is so firmly made, that one of them holds it up above their heads without undoing it. The dance closes with taking it to pieces, each man laying hold on his own sword. During the dance, two or three of the company called *Toms* or *clowns*, dressed up as harlequins in the most fantastic modes, having their faces painted or masked, are making antic gestures and movements to amuse the spectators; while another set called *Madgies*, or *Madgy-Pegs*, clumsily dressed in women's clothes, and also masked or painted, go about from door to door, rattling old canisters in which they receive money. When they are well paid they raise a huzza; where they get nothing they shout 'Hunger and starvation!' When the party do not exceed 40, they seldom encumber themselves with a plough. They parade from town to town for two or three days, and the money collected is then expended in a feast and dance, to which the girls who furnished the ribbons and other decorations are invited. Sometimes the sword-dance is performed differently; a kind of farce in which songs are introduced, being acted along with the dance. The principal characters in the farce are, the *king*, the *miller*, the *clown* and the *doctor*. Egton Bridge has long been the chief rendezvous for sword-dancers in this vicinity.—YOUNG, vol. ii., pp. 880, 881.

Scarborough. Plough Monday used to be one of the agricultural festivals, when the rural population, dressed up in many coloured garments and ribbons, and grotesque character, went about begging for the 'Fond Plough. They were accompanied by music, and had a king and queen, the latter being one of the plough lads. At one time this custom prevailed extensively, now it is about

obsolete; it was frequently concluded by a drunken scene, which in Scarborough once occasioned the death of one of their number by a sword thrust in a quarrel. These occasions were by no means confined to the rural districts, but in the ports were called "the Sailors' fond plough." At Wykeham the model of a plough took part in the procession, having this inscription under it. . . . . 'As did our fathers so do we, the plan was a good one so let it be.'

BAKER, pp. 468, 469.

York. Before coming into the city they [the 'plough-boys'] had to secure the consent of the Lord Mayor for the time being for their incoming.—CAMIDGE, p. 485.

JANUARY TO MARCH.

Richmond. St. Hilary is memorable in the annals of Richmond, as on the anniversary of his festival the 13th of January,[1] the Mayor is chosen for the ensuing year, which causes it to be observed as a jubilee day among the Freemen and those concerned in Corporation matters.

CLARKSON, p. 293.

St. Agnes' Eve, Jan. 20th. See *Blakeborough,* pp. 73, 74.

St. Agnes Day, Jan. 21st. See under MAGIC and DIVINATION, p. 209.

Masham, &c. The feast in honour of Bishop Blaize, the patron Saint of the Woolcombers, and who is said to have been the inventor of woolcombing, was formerly held here annually, on the 3rd Feb., when it was duly commemorated by the woolcombing fraternity by a supper, and a swill—for the 'jolly combing-boys' were always 'thirsty souls.' This at least, was the course pursued in ordinary years, but on some special occasions, something grander, and more imposing as a spectacle, was not only attempted, but

[1] [In ancient charters St. Hilary's Festival was dated Oct. 1st. See Sir Harris Nicolas' *Chronology of History,* p. 144.]

attained by them. On these special occasions a grand procession was formed, which being preceded by a band of music, promenaded not only the streets of the town of Masham, but those of other neighbouring towns. The procession was composed of master woolcombers on horseback, each wearing a white sliver of wool; woolsorters, also on horseback, each carrying a fleece before him, and bright and glittering shears; the shepherd and shepherdess dressed in green, and bearing shepherds' crooks; the Bishop, on horseback, dressed in his mitre and full canonicals, bearing an open Bible in one hand and a woolcomb in the other, attended by guards and attendants, and accompanied by a chaplain (who acted the part of orator on the occasion); followed by the working woolcombers and others connected with the trade, on foot, in shirts as white, and as neat as women's hands could make them, each gaily decked with cross-belts, sashes, and bracelets composed of parti-coloured slivers of wool; the rear of the cavalcade being brought up, as if by way of contrast, by an old charcoal burner with grimy face, and a short tobacco-pipe stuck in his mouth, smoking like a steam-engine, and mounted on an ill-favoured mule, with trappings to match its rider. The cavalcade, it must be admitted, presented—with the glittering paraphernalia and other emblematic figures and devices representing Jason and the golden fleece etc., which were used on the occasion—a novel yet somewhat imposing appearance, and created no little interest in the place. The procession occasionally came to a halt, where the orator delivered himself of the following grandiloquent oration:—

'From an infinite variety of blessings conferred by Providence upon the inhabitants of Great Britain, none seems to be of greater importance, or of more general utility, than that of the Golden Fleece, which was little known to the people of this happy Isle until the glorious reign of Edward the Third. About that period, according

to tradition, Bishop Blaize (here the orator gracefully extended his hand towards the Bishop, and the Bishop, in acknowledgment, made a low but very dignified obeisance) first introduced the combing of wool into this Kingdom and *we* have the honour to be his successor in that important mystery which employs such a number of our fellow creatures, and not only contributes to the improvement of Masham, but, more than all the rest to the splendour and dignity of the British Crown. Our fleets, which ride triumphant on the vast expanded ocean, and carry terror to the utmost limits of the torrid zone, are chiefly supported by the manufacturers of this kingdom, where we claim precedence; therefore with grateful hearts, let us celebrate this glorious day to the memory of the immortal Blaize, till time shall be no more. God save the Queen and the inhabitants of this place.' (Here again, the Bishop made his obeisance, the company cheering most vociferously, and the Bishop in return, making his acknowledgments with all the gravity and *nonchalance* of a veritable Bishop.) On the conclusion of the oration the company proceeded to sing, in full chorus, the following song[1] in honour of Bishop Blaize:—

'My friends, the day of Bishop Blaize is here—
The joyful'st day we have in all the year,
Wherein all tradesmen may rejoice and sing—
From a woolcomber to the greatest King.

[1] Although I have been at some trouble in order to ascertain the name of the tune in which this song is sung, and of its composer, I have been unable to arrive at anything satisfactory. My friend Mr. William Jackson of Bradford, writes me thus upon the subject:—'I can give you no information about the tune to which the Bishop Blaize song was sung. I copied it down from poor old Jack Harrison's singing, but I do not find it in any collection of old English airs, nor have I ever found it known out of the district. My own opinion is that it is local, and not very old, say about the middle of last century. The verses of the song were written (so I have understood) by Mr. Wrather, the father (Qy. brother) of the late Samuel,

When first the art of combing, it was found
By Bishop Blaize—through England it did sound,
And therefore he shall canonized be,
Amongst the Saints, to all eternity.

Ten thousand spinners, and twice ten thousand too,
By our brave art have daily work to do;
Who from their wheels send forth such pleasant noise,
In honour of *we* jolly combing boys.

Go! ask the weaver who was the first trade,
Whose approbation here it may be had—
For what fine stuffs or serges could there be,
Without the art of combing mystery?

Here's a health unto our masters, we'll begin,
And then we'll drink a health unto the King.
What one invents the others do support—
Whilst Indians mourn, *we* true Britannians sport.'

I have been thus particular in recording and describing the Feast in honour of the "immortal" Bishop, because I do not think it likely that the proceedings here described will ever be repeated, in Masham at least, or otherwise perpetuated, except by the aid of these pages.

FISHER, pp. 465-468.

Richmond, February 14th. *St. Valentine's Day.*—On Valentine's Day is a ceremony seldom omitted of drawing lots, which they call Valentines. The names of a select number of one sex with an equal number of the other, are put into a vessel, and every one draws a name, which is called their Valentine; and which is looked upon as a good omen of their being united afterwards.

RICHMOND, pp. 301, 302; CLARKSON, p. 293.

See under ANIMALS: *Birds*, p. 66.

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and captain; and it is not improbable that the tune may have been composed or modified by old George Thornberry who was leading singer at the church.'

Masham. 'St. Valentine's Day' has still its votaries in this Parish amongst the young unmarried of both sexes.

FISHER, p. 462.

Neglected. See *Blakeborough*, p. 78.

DAYS NEXT BEFORE LENT.

Whitby. These . . . are here named *collop-monday* and *pancake-tuesday*, from the nature of the food with which they are sanctified. The latter is a noted holiday: the *pancake-bell*, which is rung in the forenoon, not only announces the hour when the frying of pancakes ought to begin, but proclaims a general jubilee for children, apprentices, and servants. Little attention is paid to the fast of lent: it is when religion consists in feasting that it is popular.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 881; INGLEDEW, *Northallerton*, p. 345.

Masham. Collop Monday is still observed so far at least as the dining on eggs and collops on this day is concerned, but the people of Mashamshire do not by any means on this day take their leave of flesh meat, previous to their entering upon the solemn season of Lent, as they formerly did in the Roman Catholic times.—FISHER, p. 462.

In north Yorkshire we only know 'one collop.' A mutton ham having been cured and salted exactly twelve months antecedent to the Monday before Ash Wednesday, is eaten upon that Monday (which is called 'Collop Monday') as rashers with fried eggs.

Eboracum, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. iii., p. 106.

Richmond. Collop Monday. The primitive custom was, to regale with eggs on slices or collops of fried bread, which is now exchanged for bacon.—CLARKSON, p. 294.

Whitby. The poor in the country go about . . . and beg bacon-collops of their richer neighbours.—ROBINSON, p. 41.

On 'Pancake' or Shrove-Tuesday, the poor people go from house to house begging flour and milk; and employ

the formula 'Pray you, mistress can you give me any *aumus*?'—C. C. R., p. 4.

Masham. "Pancake Tuesday" is also observed by the ringing of the pancake bell at 11 A.M., and by afterwards dining upon pancakes, but not I fear by the confessions of sins, as in times previous to the Reformation. During the last generation, as if by way of contrast to the strictness in which it was formerly observed, the day was spent in cock-fighting, and the night in dancing, card-playing, and revelry—but this is all past away. Within the time of my own recollection the day was observed as a holiday for school-boys and apprentices, and was generally spent in playing at 'knorr-and-spell' etc., in the Markfield as well as at other places in the Parish—It is now but little observed.—FISHER, p. 463.

Scarborough. The custom of frying pancakes, in the turning of which there is generally a good deal of pleasantry going on in the kitchen, is still retained in many families, especially in the north, but like many other old-fashioned customs seems to be dying out. In Scarbrough this time is called 'Ball Day,' when the apprentices, and servants, and children have a holiday; most tradesmen close their places of business in the afternoon. From time immemorial the south sands have been the resort of the young people and others, whilst ball-tossing in all its variety, with other pleasant recreations are engaged in, and constitute an interesting scene to look upon from the heights above.

BAKER, p. 466.

[The hospital of St. Thomas] had at its gable end a bell (now in the Museum) which used to be rung at six o'clock every morning and evening. It also used to ring on 'Pancake Tuesday' at 12 at noon, as a signal to start frying.—*Gent and Cole.*—BAKER, p. 282.

See also *sub* LOCAL CUSTOMS: *Richmond*, p. 322.

York. Respecting an attempt to prevent the ringing of the pancake-bell, at York, there is a remarkable passage in a quarto tract, entitled 'A Vindication of the Letter out of the North, concerning Bishop Lake's declaration of his dying in the belief of the doctrine of passive obedience, etc., 1690.' The writer says, 'They have for a long time at York, had a custom (which now challenges the priviledge of a prescription) that all the apprentices, journeymen, and other servants of the town, had the liberty to go into the cathedral, and ring the pancake-bell (as we call it in the country) on Shrove Tuesday; and, that being a time that a great many came out of the country to see the city (if not their friends) and church, to oblige the ordinary people, the minster used to be left open that day, to let them go up to see the lantern and bells, which were sure to be pretty well exercised, and was thought a more innocent divertisement than being at the alehouse. But Dr. Lake, when he first came to reside there, was very much scandalized at this custom, and was resolved he would break it at first dash, although all his brethren of the clergy did dissuade him from it. He was resolved to make the experiment, for which he had like to have paid very dear, for I'le assure you it was very near costing him his life. However, he did make such a combustion and mutiny, that, I dare say, York never remembered nor saw the like, as many yet living can testify'—HONE, Y. B., p. 75.

York, *Baile Hill.* Two centuries ago it was enclosed and let on lease; but despite this letting and lease, every Shrove Tuesday thousands of persons assembled in the field surrounding the hill, to engage in games and amusements. One of the customs of the City, until recent years, was for some of the parish bells to ring at eleven o'clock on the morning of this day, and work for young people especially, was immediately suspended. The apprentices of the city had a holiday and a present of a shilling each, a proviso to this effect being inserted in every indenture of apprentice-

ship then made. The practice had such hold on the public mind that no indenture would have been considered legal and binding without this condition being inserted. Pancakes were provided in every house, and in many houses young people tried their prospects of getting married by 'tossing the pancake.' This meant that when one side of the cake was cooked, a young woman threw it into the air (giving the frying-pan a twist), and then caught it again. If she succeeded in turning it completely by the throw and catching it without breaking in the descent, then it was considered certain she would be married before Shrovetide came round again. If, however she failed, then she would remain single during the next twelve months! The pancakes were eaten amid much merriment, and then the people, young and old, rushed off to Bailie Hill and indulged in games and shuttlecock until the shades of night drove them away, to labour out twelve months more in anticipation of another holiday. The remainder of the evening was spent in parties and dances. Nearly every public-house had a ball, and there were about 100 more public-houses for the smaller number of inhabitants then than now.—CAMIDGE, pp. 142, 143.

Barring Out the Schoolmaster. This was (and slightly lingers still) the custom in various parts of Yorkshire on Shrove Tuesday at 11 A.M.

Hardrow, Aug. 25, 1885.—Y. F., vol. i., p. 10.

See also under *Nov.* 5, *post* p. 267.

Join-night, a name for the evening of Pancake Tuesday, when young people join or club their money to buy ingredients for the manufacture of 'sweet-ball' which is treacle or sugar boiled to a candy, and then formed into sticks or clumps to harden. Part of the 'joining' is distributed amongst friends.—ROBINSON, p. 103.

Shrovetide . . . used to be the season for Cock-fighting and Throwing at cocks in Richmond, which much to the

credit of the present generation are sinking into disuse; indeed the latter has entirely disappeared.

CLARKSON, p. 294.

LENT.

Ash Wednesday, etc. Frutas or Fritters Wednesday, Bloody Thorsday . . . Frutas or fritters, made from a light kind of tea-cake paste, only much richer in fruit and fried either in lard or butter, on Wednesday; and with many of humble degree, black puddings on Thursday. Whilst on Friday, fast is kept on any frutas that may have been spared from Wednesday's feast, and there is always a very considerable helping left over.—BLAKEBOROUGH, pp. 75, 76.

Masham. On "Ash Wednesday" the good people of Masham certainly do not put on sack-cloth and ashes. Our fathers and grandfathers used so far to observe this day, as to dine on salt fish; but we of the present generation, dine on what we like best, or rather on what some of us can get, and the day is not now otherwise observed.

At the beginning of Lent the most inveterate of card players (and their number was legion) used to lay aside their packs of cards, and would not on any account, so much as touch them during the whole season of Lent; but now, however the practice is very different.—FISHER, p. 463.

Whitby.—The six sundays[1] in lent are distinguished by different titles, and two of them are shamefully profaned; the 5th called *carling sunday*, is celebrated in the evening by a feast of *carlings*, that is, steeped peas fried with butter: the 6th, called *palm-sunday*, is a day of great diversion, many both old and young amusing themselves with sprigs of willow; and part of the *devotion* of the day consists in manufacturing *palm-crosses*, which are stuck up or suspended in houses.—YOUNG, vol. ii., pp. 881, 882.

[1][The last five and Easter Day: 'Called Tid, Mid, Miseray, Carlin', and Paum an' Paste-egg day.'—BLAKEBOROUGH, p. 76.]

Carling Sunday or *Carl Sunday*. *Carling* or *Carls*, are gray peas steeped in water and fried the next day in butter or fat; the grocers laying in supplies for the annual demand. They are eaten on the second Sunday before Easter formerly called 'Care Sunday.' The origin of the custom seems forgotten.—ROBINSON, p. 32.

Filey. On 'Carling Sunday' pease, after having been steeped in water, were fried with butter and eaten with ham, by the women and children at home, while the men assembled in the ale-houses where they helped themselves to the 'carlings' which were set before them.—SHAW, p. 9.

Fried peas, and perhaps boiled peas, used to be eaten in Yorkshire on Carlin Sunday, *i.e.* Mid-Lent Sunday, commemorative, I suppose, of its being *Dominica Refectionis*.—John Pickford, M.A., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. vii., p. 415.

Filey. *Palm Sunday*: Branches of willow are gathered and placed in houses as memorials of the branches of palm strewed before our Saviour, when he made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Figs are also eaten on this day, in memory, probably, of the Redeemer's cursing the barren fig-tree.—COLE, p. 135.

Whitby. *Pawm-cross day or Pawm Sunday* 'Pawm-crosses' are made to commemorate the season. Small sticks of peeled willow-palm are pin-pierced together, so as to cross equally. They are then studded at the extremities with palm blossoms, and arranged and attached with pins throughout a design of small circles or palm hooks, for suspension from the ceiling. A declining custom.—ROBINSON, pp. 141, 142; INGLEDEW, p. 345 (*Northallerton*); RICHMOND, p. 303.

Palms (pron. pawms) . . . the male catkins of the sallow which are worn in the hat (if the season permit) on Palm Sunday.—MARSHALL, p. 34.

Wensleydale. Many make a point of gathering palms on that festival as some also do of making crosses on Good Friday.—BARKER, pp. 261, 262.

Masham. "Good Friday" is better kept now than it was some thirty or forty years ago. . . . The farmers and tradesmen during the last generation used to follow their usual occupations on this day as on other week days; the former however deeming it unlucky to break, or turn the soil up on this day, employ their teams and their labourers in the loading and clearing away of rubbish, and otherwise cleaning their farms, and thus contrive to cheat the devil.—FISHER, p. 463.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 79, for rhyme on Good Friday which is called 'Lang Friday.'

Good Friday digging. See *Blakeborough*, p. 19.

Whitby. The hot cross-bun here is still eaten; but the herb, or 'Passover pudding,' once usual, has departed. . . . Best flour biscuits are made on Good Friday, to be kept as a year's supply for grating into milk or brandy and water to cure the diarrhœa; and with holes in the centre, we have seen 'Good Friday biscuits' hanging from the ceiling. Further if clothes are put out to dry on that day, they will be taken in spotted with blood.—ROBINSON, p. xii.

Ingleby. Trueman [witness] My Lord I am a Butcher, and I have had dealings with Mr. Harper . . . and he invited me to dine upon a *Good Friday* Cake as we call it; for he was a right good neighbourly Man and he invited five other Neighbours . . . to eat of this Cake. . . . Now you my worthy Lord must know, we have a Notion (which some Gentlemen who be here and come from that polite Town of *London* call a Superstition) in our Country, That if we do eat of a Cake made purposely on *Good Friday* we shall never want Money or Victuals all the Year round,

which for as many years as I can remember has always fallen out true. . . . But this Cake had such an odd Taste that I thought I should have choaked myself; whilst I was in this Agitation my good Lord, for I am somewhat pursy, *Elizabeth Wall*, the Maid brought in the Roast Beef; I put the Mouthful I had taken of the Cake out, and made my Dinner, God be thanked for all his Mercies, on the Beef.—TRIAL, p. 9.

Nr. York. It is a custom in some parts of England for boys to go round the village on Easter eve begging for eggs or money, and a sort of dramatic song is sometimes used on the occasion. The following copy was taken down from recitation some years ago in the neighbourhood of York. . . . A boy representing a captain, enters and sings—

'Here's two or three jolly boys all o' one mind,
We've come a pace-egging, and hope you'll be kind;
I hope you'll be kind with your eggs and your beer,
And we'll come no more pace-egging until the next year.'

Then old Toss-pot enters and the captain, pointing him out, says—

'The first that comes in is old Toss-pot you see,
A valiant old blade for his age and degree;
He is a brave fellow on hill or in dale,
And all he delights in is a-drinking of ale.'

Toss-pot then pretends to take a long draught from a huge quart-pot, and reeling about tries to create laughter by tumbling over as many boys as he can. A miser next enters, who is generally a boy dressed up as an old woman in tattered rags, with his face blackened. He is thus introduced by the captain:

'An old miser's the next that comes in with her bags,
And to save up her money wears nothing but rags.

Chorus—Whatever you give us we claim for our right,
Then bow with our heads, and wish you good night.'

This is repeated twice, and the performance concludes with the whole company shouting at the top of their voice—

'Now, ye ladies and gentlemen, who sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets, 'tis all we desire;
Put your hands in your pockets, and lug out your purse,
We shall be the better, you'll be none the worse!'

HALLIWELL, pp. 244, 245.

EASTER.

'Wading the sun.' See *Blakeborough*, p. 78.

Watching flight of crows. *Blakeborough*, p. 78.

Impious riots . . . have prevailed on easter sunday from time immemorial; and which though now prohibited in Whitby, are not completely abolished. In the afternoon and evening, numbers of boys and young men have been accustomed to assault all unprotected females whom they met out of doors and seize their shoes, compelling them to redeem them with money. These disgraceful riots were continued to a certain extent on monday morning; after which a set of impudent girls engaged in extorting money from the men by the same means, prolonging their depredations till tuesday noon.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 882; RICHMOND, pp. 303, 304; FISHER, p. 464 (*Masham*); SHAW, p. 8 (*Filey*).

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 76, 77.

Whitby. This festival is marked here by the extensive consumption of custards, baked at the public ovens in 'dubblers' or large dishes; and it is deemed unlucky if something new is not worn on Easter Sunday, if it is but a pair of new garters or new shoe-strings. On Easter Monday and Tuesday, at Whitby, a fair is held in the space between the parish church and the abbey, when children assemble to roll or 'troll' eggs in the fields adjoining. . . . The eggs are first boiled hard with some coloured prepara-

tion,[1] pink, yellow, and so on, marked, if you like, with the owner's initials, and dotted with gilding. On Easter Monday, the boys assail the females for the sake of their shoes, which they take off unless quieted with money; Easter Tuesday, being the girls' turn with the boys for their hats; and we have known men's hats removed by the women, where the joke could be safely practised, and redeemed with a shilling. No object appears in the 'egg-trolling,' except in the way of exercise for the children, a remark leading to the notice of Easter as being 'Ball time.' when it is said if balls are not 'well played' by our country youths, more particularly on the preceding Shrove Tuesday, when the time commences, they will be sure to fall sick at harvest.—ROBINSON, p. vii.; INGLEDEW, p. 345 (*Northallerton*).

Cleveland. On Heeaster Sunda' we've Peeast Eggs,
An' lots o' Kustods teea;
An' if you've nowt to put on new
There is a fine to dea;

For t' kraws is sur te find it out
An' soil yer owd kleeas mair:
Fooaks tell yan that—bud if it's trew
Ah nowther knaw nor kare.

TWEDDELL, p. 10.

See also under ANIMALS: *Birds*, p. 66.

Richmond. After the morning service, various games and pastimes, derived from ancient customs, still remain among the lower class of people, such as foot-ball, fives, crickets, etc. It is also the custom on this day to put upon the dress something new, even the most trifling, as a ribbon, a pair of gloves, etc., and it is reckoned unlucky to omit doing it.—CLARKSON, p. 294.

[1] Every colour but green being used as that would render them difficult to find on the grass [says a Cleveland writer], G. M. TWEDDELL, p. 98.

APRIL AND MAY.

Swaledale. An April fool is called an April 'noddy'; and if anyone should attempt to make a fool after mid-day on the first of April the reply is

> April noddy's past and gone,
> You're a fool an' I'm none.

ROUTH, p. 72.

Whitby, April 1st. *April gowk*, an April fool. The old custom of making April fools is said to have proceeded from letting insane persons be at large on the first of April, when amusement was made by sending them on ridiculous errands. April day is here called 'Feeals' haliday,' fools' holiday [Gowk = cuckoo].—ROBINSON, p. 5.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 79.

St. Mark's Eve, April 24th. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, pp. 210-212; *Blakeborough*, pp. 79-81.

Swaledale, May 1st. May goslings are made on the first of May in the same manner as April noddies on the first of April.—ROUTH, p. 72; FISHER, p. 464 (*Masham*); ROBINSON, pp. 121-122 (*Whitby*).

Whitby. . . . May-day fêtes, as 'Spring gratulations' seem more regarded in inland places than in those by the sea-coast. They are here no otherwise observed, than by the stable-boys and draymen garnishing their horses' heads with ribbons, which are usually begged at the shops; hence the designation 'Horse-ribbon day.'

ROBINSON, p. 121.

Richmond. Interludes and a kind of plays were also part of the ceremonies of the day, as appears from an old account of the May Games performed on the 29th of May 1660, by the inhabitants of Richmond, whereby they demonstrated their universal joy for the happy return of King Charles II. whom God was pleased to make the instrument of freeing this nation from tyranny, usurpation,

and the dismal effects of a civil war. They came into the Town in solemn equipage as follows: 1st Three Antics before them with Bag Pipes. 2nd The Representative of a Lord, attended by trumpets, falconers, four pages, as many footmen, and 50 attendants, all suited as became persons of their quality. 3rd The Representative of a Sheriff, with 40 attendants in their liveries. 4th The Bishop of Hereford, with four pages, and footmen, his chaplain, and 20 other household officers, besides their attendants. 5th Two Companies of Morris-Dancers, who acted their parts to the satisfaction of the Spectators. 6th Sixty Nymphs, with music before them, following Diana, all richly adorned in white and gorgeous apparel, with pages and footmen attending them. 7th Three Companies of Foot Soldiers, with a Captain and other officers in great magnificence. 8th Robin Hood in scarlet, with 40 bowmen, all clad in Lincoln green. Thus they marched into the town. Now follows their performance. They marched decently, in good order round the Market-Cross, and came to the Church, where they offered their cordial Prayers for our most gracious Sovereign; a Sermon being preached at that time. From thence my Lord invited all his attendants to his house to dinner. The Reverend Bishop did the same to all his attendants, inviting the Minister and other persons to his own house, where they were sumptuously entertained. The Soldiers marched up to the Cross, where they gave many vollies of shot, with push of pike, and other martial feats. There was erected a scaffold and arbours, where the Morris-Dancers and Nymphs acted their parts, many thousands of Spectators having come out of the country and villages adjacent. Two days were spent in acting Robin Hood. The Sheriff and Reverend Bishop sent Bottles of Sack to several Officers acting in the Play, who all performed their parts to the general satisfaction of the Spectators, with acclamations of joy for the safe arrival of his sacred Majesty.

Something more might have been expected from the Chief Magistrate of the Town, who permitted the Conduit to run water all the time. The preceding rejoicings were performed by the Commonalty of the Borough.

There was also a Trial before the High Court of Justice that morning, when were present the Judge, Plaintiff, Defendant, Receiver, Witnesses, and Umpires. After hearing of the whole matter in controversies and disputes, the Defendants and Witnesses terminated the dispute in the field with such weapons as the place afforded.—RICHMOND, pp. 305-308; CLARKSON, pp, 295, 296; HONE, Y. B., p. 667.

Maypoles. See sub TREES AND PLANTS, pp. 54-56.

Masham. '*Royal Oak Day*' (the 29th May), is still observed by the boys decking themselves and the Grammar school with the leaves of the oak. Formerly the church-bells were rung on this day, but the practice has been discontinued.—FISHER, p. 464.

Northallerton. It is still customary for the boys to wear the leaves of the oak in their caps; if not, they run the risk of being pelted with birds' eggs.—INGLEDEW, p. 347.

Chalky-back Day (May 29th). See *Blakeborough*, pp. 81, 82.

ASCENSIONTIDE.

Masham. In Rogation Week, or on one of the three days before Ascension day, or Holy Thursday, it was formerly the custom to perambulate the bounds of the Parish, and on those occasions meat and drink were provided for the parties taking part in the perambulation. About the year 1640, the people of Ellington turned refractory, and refused to provide meat and drink for the perambulation; accordingly we find at the Ecclesiastical Court held in Masham Church, on the 19th May 1640,

John Cornforth, of Ellington, was presented and afterwards excommunicated "for not providing bread and drink for the perambulation according to ancient custom." No perambulation of the Parish has taken place within the time of living memory.—FISHER, p. 464.

Whitby. The doings here at this time are now mere matter of recollection. After early morning prayers in the parish church at Whitby, certain boundaries were perambulated by the incumbent, church-wardens, and people. Stay-laces, packets of pins, and biscuits were scrambled for by the crowd at different stations, and the officials dined together at the end of the fray.—ROBINSON, p. 97.

Whitby. *Battering-stone*, a mass of whin-stone fixed by the road-side, near the east end of Whitby Abbey, which the boys annually pelted with stones after perambulating the Whitby township boundaries on Holy Thursday; those (it was believed) who broke the mass being entitled to a reward from the parish.—ROBINSON, p. 12.

Flaxton. Near the signpost in the centre of the village of Flaxton is a boulder . . . 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 inches by 1 ft. 9 inches . . . (of) mountain limestone. . . . This stone formerly marked the boundary between the parishes of Foston and Bossall and was called the 'Rambleations Stone,' this being a local word signifying an assemblage of people. A dole of bread was at stated periods distributed, but, it is said, to avoid jealousy or favouritism, it was thrown from this stone amongst the crowd, leading often to free fights. This custom is discontinued, money being now distributed, and the stone removed. 'REPORT OF THE FIFTY-NINTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION (1889), p. 116.

All Saints, North Street, York. A singular custom prevails in this parish, on Ascension Day, commonly called

Holy Thursday, the time of the annual perambulation of the boundaries. The lads of the parish provide themselves with bundles of sedge, and while the clerk is inscribing the boundary at the specified places, they strike his legs below the knee with their bundles. The place nearest the clerk, or that which gives the best chance of exercising this popular prerogative, is eagerly contended for.

WHELLAN, vol. i., pp. 522, 523.

Forest of Galtres. In the perambulation of the forest boundaries the procession consisted of the Protoforestarius or Chief Forester, with several knights on horseback, with a numerous retinue. In order to perpetuate the memory of their boundaries, they took with them a number of boys. A willow wand was distributed to each at the commencement, and some honorary rewards at the close. The more effectually to impress the recollection of these boundaries upon their minds, it was customary to bump them at certain stages or landmarks, or souse them in some stream of water. A man being once asked if a certain stream which bounded the forest was the boundary line, replied 'Ees, that 'tis, I'm sure o't by the same token, that I were toss'd into 't ; and paddled about there lik a water-rat, till I were hafe deead.' The willow wands were also in some cases applied vigorously to the back of some unlucky urchin, as a sort of *memoria technica*.—GILL, p. 47.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Healey. Whitsuntide is now only kept in remembrance by the annual feast, and the dance after it, held at Healey, on Whit Tuesday.—FISHER, p. 464.

Arkengarthdale. There is a feast held in the dale every Whitsuntide when cheese-cakes are presented to visitors and friends.—ROUTH, p. 61.

TRINITYTIDE.

Cleveland. Trenety's t' best tahm we hev—
There's lots o' Cheese-keeaks meead;
An' all draw yam 'ats been away
Te arn ther bit o' breead.

We hev a Fair o' Setterda,'
An' Races teea o' Munda';
Then there's t' getherin' o' friends—
That's t' best ov all—on t' Sunda'[1]

TWEDDELL, p. 11.

For Fairs or Feasts (which not infrequently take place at Trinity-tide) see under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 28, 30, 32, 52; and LOCAL CUSTOMS, pp. 325-332.

Forty years ago, almost every village and hamlet had its sunday fair; but this impious practice is now abolished, except in the villages of Skinningrave, Saltburn, Redcar and Lackenby.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 884.

Redcar. The old-fashioned fair, or feast, is still held on the Monday and Tuesday after Trinity. . . . At these feasts the fishermen's wives and daughters exhibit a natural emulation; bright yellow and flaming scarlet being the favourite ornaments of attire. Quarrels are then settled, and matches arranged; the families of the fishermen marrying, almost without exception, among themselves.

ORD, pp. 299, 300.

Staithes. Even to-day if one fisher family quarrels with another they do not make it up till Staithes fair-day when they go to each other's houses to taste their cakes, and become friends till they quarrel again. *Communicated by* Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe.

[1] Trinity has ceased to be kept in Stokesley with its former hospitality.

Whitbywards. *Pea-scalding* or *Peascod-feast*, a green-pea treat. The peas with their shells on, are scalded or steamed, then put into a large bowl set in the centre of a table, round which the company assemble. In the hot heap, a cup containing butter and salt is placed, into which every one dips his peas-cod. The peas are stripped out by the pressure of the mouth in the eating.

ROBINSON, p. 142.

MIDSUMMER EVE (JUNE 23rd).

Wensleydale. Few traces of Druidism remain in Wensleydale, although it prevailed during so many centuries. One vestige may be found in the Beltane bonfire; till recently kindled near some of the villages on Midsummer Eve. In this fire, bones or dead animals are burned, whilst the spectators dance or leap over it and enforce contributions from all passengers, thus proving it to have been originally a sacrifice to the false god Bel, Belus or Baal.—BARKER, p. 7.

Richmond. On Midsummer Eve it is usual to have a fire, called a bone fire, because generally made of bones, or rather it may be a corruption from the French *bon feu*, and for the old and young to meet together about them, and play at various games: but this is now the exercise of the younger sort.—RICHMOND, p. 308; CLARKSON, p. 294.

Local Beltane fires . . . have been lighted from time immemorial at Richmond, and even within the recollection of persons still living these Midsummer fires, attended with feasting and dances were celebrated annually in the Richmond Market Place.—SPEIGHT, p. 38.

Whitby. Little notice is taken here of May day or of midsummer; nor is there any day devoted to Robin Hood, though Robin once lived in our neighbourhood.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 882.

Midsummer Eve love-divinations. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 82-84.

JULY AND AUGUST.

Northallerton. *St. Swithin's Day*, 15th July, continues to be noticed by the agriculturists, who say, that if it rains on this day there will be rains more or less for forty days. INGLEDEW, p. 347.

St. Mary Magdalene's Eve, July 21st. Divinations on. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 84, 85.

Lammas at York, Aug. 1st. See under LOCAL CUSTOMS, p. 357.

Kern, To Get the.—To sever the last portion of standing corn in the harvest-field and bind it in the last sheaf; to finish the actual shearing or harvesting labour.—ATKINSON (2) p. 292.

Kern-baby.—An image, or possibly only a small sheaf of the newly cut corn, gaily dressed up and decorated with clothes, ribbons, flowers, etc., and borne home rejoicingly after severing the last portions of the harvest.—ATKINSON (2) p. 292.

REAPING SUPPER.

Shouting the Churn.—From some of the Phœnician colonies is our traditionary shouting the churn.—ARAM, p. 111.

Churn-supper . . . is entirely different from mel-supper; but they generally happen so near together, that they are frequently confounded. The churn-supper was always provided when all was shorn, but the mel-supper after all was got in. And it was called the churn-supper, because from time immemorial it was customary to produce in a churn, a great quantity of cream and to circulate it by dishfuls, to each of the rustic company to be eaten with

bread. And here sometimes very extraordinary execution has been done upon cream. And, though this custom has been disused in many places and agreeably commuted for by ale, yet it survives still and that about Whitby and Scarborough.—'The Mel-Supper and Shouting the Churn.' —ARAM, p. 113.

Kern-supper.—A supper given to the work-people by the farmer on the completion of shearing, or severing the corn, on a farm. . . .

I have reason to believe that when the harvest festivities were fully carried out in days now gone by, the Kern-supper and the Mell-supper both formed a part of them; the former being given on completing the severing of the corn, the latter on finishing the leading or ingathering. At least such is the information I have collected here, and it is confirmed by Eugene Aram's statement quoted [above, and] by Brand, Vol. II. p. 12. . . . I am inclined too to refer the element kern in our word to *kern* or *churn* as Aram does rather than to corn as Mr. Henderson does. Aram's statement is that from 'immemorial times it was customary to produce *in a churn* a quantity of cream' which formed part of the meal. . . Here [in Cleveland] a large China bowl in some houses replaced the churn, and new milk, or even furmity, did duty for the cream.—ATKINSON (2), p. 292.

HARVEST SUPPER.

Mell-supper, Meyl-supper, a supper given to farm work-people at close of harvest; a harvest home.—MARSHALL, p. 33.

Masham. The "Sheep Shearing" and the "Mell Supper," at the conclusion of the harvest, have always been, and may they long continue to be, in this parish, seasons of festive merriment.—FISHER, p. 464.

Cleveland. When they gether'd in their kooarn,
Ah 'll tell tha what they sed,
When t' last leead was a-top o' t' kart,
An' neea mair to be led:

Well bun, an' better shooarn,
Is Mister Reeadheead's kooarn;
We hev her, we hev her,
As fast as a feather.
Hip, hip, hip!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

An' what Mell-suppers there was then!
All t' warkfooaks went seea smart;
They'd tea, an' beef, an' ham, an' then
They'd lots o' keeak an' tart.

An' efter t' meeat was clear'd away,
They set out t' yall an' gin;
An' when t' awd fiddler play'd a tune,
Now t' lads meead t' lasses spin!

Beeath awd an' yung wad hev a dance
Tell they gat tired weel;
They'd crack ther finghers an' cry *Yuck!*[1]
As they ran t' kuntry reel.

An' then they'd sit 'em down ti rest,
An' sum wad sing a sang;
An' sum wad act a kahnd o' play
'At did n't tak them lang.

Then keeak an' yall was handed round
A gud few tahms through t' neet:

I do not know the origin or special meaning of this word, but it is used very much like our *hurrah*. Thus the Staithes people at a dance will exclaim, when excited '*Yuck* for our town!' and the Bilsdale people, '*Yuck* for our deeall!' evidently the same as 'Hurrah for our town,' and 'Hurrah for our dale.'

G. M. TWEDDELL, p. 103, *footnote*.

They nivver thowt o' gahin' off yam
Tell it was breead dayleet.

TWEDDELL, 'T' Awd Cleveland Customs,' pp. 11, 12.

Harvest Customs, 'The Widow,' 'T' Mell Doll,' Mell Supper. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 85, 86.

Kilburn. I have been informed that at Kilburn, on the Hambleton Hills, the mell sheaf[1] was tastefully made of various kinds of corn plaited together and covered with ribbons, flowers, etc. When the guests were ready for the dance, the mell sheaf would be placed in the middle of the room, which was frequently a disused one, and they danced round it. It was made like a figure, and was sometimes called the mell doll.—MORRIS, p. 214.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 85, 86.

MELL SUPPER ACTS.

'Yan use to be plannin' all harvist what we wad sing or act at t' Mell.'

'Ha!' sez Ah, 'Ah wad like te hear sum o' t' sangs yah sang i' them days. Can yah tell mah onny, Peggy?'

'Whyah,' sed sheea, 'Ah mebbe could tell tha sum bits en em; bud me memory 's fail'd me sair leeatly. Ah use te hev sike a lot off. Bud Ah'll tell tha what Ah can. There was yah bit we acted Ah use to tak a pait in, an' Ah had a spinnin' wheel, an' Ah sat mah doon to spin, an' Ah sang a bit; an' a woman 'at acted wi' mah was call'd me mudher, an' she sang back; an' theease was t' wods Ah began wiv:—

Mudher, Ah 'll hev a man,
If there be yan to be had;
For there is Andra Carr,
A boxin', cumly lad.

[1] The last sheaf of corn in the harvest-field.—MORRIS, p. 341.

He sez he likes mah weel,
An' what can Ah say mair?
Mudher, if you think fit
The priest can mak us a pair.

And then me mudher sang:—

Get out, thou muckle gooad,—
An' a bonny pair ye'll be!
How diz tha think he can
Maintain hiz sel' an' thee?

Yah hea neea wealth ner gear at all,
Bud t' cleeas atop o' yer back;
And when yah wedded are
Ther 's monny a thing ye'll lack.

Bud, deearie me! Ah can think o' neea mair. There wer a lot on't, an' Ah use to het all off; bud it 's ower 'd now. Howivver, Ah can tell tha how it ended. Me mudher wanted mah te hev a chap wi' muckle gear, an' Ah wad hev neeabody bud Andra; an' he com in an' wanted te hev mah, an' sheea wad n't let him; an' it finisht up wiv her brayin' him out.

An' ther wer annudder bit, call'd 'Jack an' his maister.' Tweea men use te sing that, yan tiv annudder. T' maister began fost wiv:—

'O, Jack, me lad, how can the matter be,
'At Ah sud luv a leeady, an' sheea sud nut luv me?
Ner nowder will sheea walk wi' 'mah oonyweer.'

Then Jack sang:—

'O maister dear! Ah 'd hev yah nut to fear,
'At sheea will be yer darlin', yer only joy an' dear,
An' sheea will walk wi' yah onnyweer.'

An' then t' fahn leeady com in—an ay, sheea war grand! Sheea had a fahn white mussellin gown on, all trimm'd round wi' rows o' breet reead cat-jugs [hips]; an' t' maister sang tiv her, an' sheea sang back ageean; an' it ended wiv her takin' his ame, an tha went off tegidder. They use to call 't gahin' a gahsin' [guising].

Then an awd woman wad come in, an yan o' t' cumpany wad say :—

'Awd woman, awd woman,
Hev yah com'd a shearin'?'

Then t' awd woman sed :—

'Speak a lahtle harder
Ah's varry hard o' hearin'.

Then fost yan, an' then annudder, wad keep axin' her, till tha all gat te be shoutin' tegidder, an' ther was sike an a noise! Bud them tahms is all ower now. Tha hev neea Mell Suppers like them now; an' Ah knaw nut wedder they've getten owt onny better i' t' pleeace on 'em.

TWEDDELL, 'Awd Tahms an' Awd Fooaks,' pp. 49-51.

The one here given was enacted at the early part of this century, my informant and his mother taking part in it, and was one taught the old lady by her mother, so its age dates a very good way back. . . .

The Mell Supper Act.

As performed in 1820.

Enter POLLY *as a shearer. Sings—*

Ah finnd neea maesther wants a lass,
Ah greet Ah's gretly feearin',
Neea maesther needs a leykly lass,
At's despert good at shearin'.
Ah mak tweea binnders gen an' sweeat,
An' here sit Ah neegh bletherin',
Whahl t'others all ev geean i' t' carts,
Ah've cum'd ti leeat ti t' getherin'.
Alack, alas! Ah cry wae's t' me
Ah greet Ah's gretly fearin'
Ther' is neea maesther needs a lass
'At's despert good at shearin'.

Ent. OLD MAN *who sings—*

Ah want a lass, a boxin' lass,
Ti cum an' tend an au'd chap.

Sha mun be plump an' round o' limb.
A canny feeace, an' a' that.
Ah laat a lass ti darn mah hose
An' see weel tiv her stitches,
Ti fet mah meeals, an' tidy up,
An' leeak weel ti mah britches.
Ah need a lass, a boxin' lass,
Ti cum an' mahnd mah hoos noo,
Ah aim 'at thoo's a canty wench,
Sae Ah've a mahnd ti waage thoo.
Thoo'll finnd Ah's yan nut ill ti pleease,
An' efter Ah 'ev 'ed tha
A munth er tweea ti ken thi mense
Ah, mebbins, lass mud wed tha.

When he'd deean singing, POLLY *shook her bussel iv his feeace, an' then sang back at him.*

POLLY *sings*—

Gan on, au'd man, gan on, au'd man,
Deeant weeast o' me thi blather,
Ah wadn't waage at onny maks
Ti sarve an au'd grandfatther.
Gan on, au'd chap, deeant gloor an' skeg,
Ah divn't leyke thi een mun!
Sike rutterkins a maid maun't trust,
Thi leyke Ah've kend afoor mun.
Finnd sum au'd maid 'at ez neea theeak
Aboon her heead fer shelter,
Sha'll tend thi need, an' cleean thi hoos,
An' tak' care o' thi kelter.
Seea gan thi waays, an' ho'd thi whisht,
Ah's yan 'at's gretly fearin'
Ther' is neea maesther wants a lass
Ti gan an' deea his shearin'.

When POLLY *had concluded, the old chap retired; an old lady immediately taking his place.*

OLD LADY *sings*—

Ah laat a lass, Ah laat a lass
'At ho'ds 'at muck wants shiftin',
'At weean't let arran webs kep dust,
An' dizn't eat whahl riftin'.
Sha mun wesh an' kern, an' keep i' t' hurne
Enew dhry peeat an' eldin,
'At dizn't stop ti cal an' geeap
When gahin' wi' t' paals ti t' keldin;
'At scoors her skeeals whahl t' milk weeant chaange,
An' leyke wheyte wesh her kits keep,
'At weears neea buckles on her shoon,
An' dizn't iv her mits sleep.
Sha mun wesh a sheet ez wheyte ez snaw,
An' deea her wark whahl singin';
Sha mun ho'd a plew, scrub, mengle, sew,
An' keep a swipple swingin'.
Wi'elbow-greease mah pewter rub
Whahl t' glents leyke seeing glasses,
An' meets mah saay wivoot backwo'd.
Ah's laatin' sike 'meng t' lasses;
Seea, cum, mah lass, stan' up, let's ken
Thi shap an' mak fer warkin'.
Ah gi'e fahve pund—

POLLY *interrupts*—

It's neea ewse stannin' up, good deeam,
Fer Ah've a dowly muther,
'At ho'ds mah back fra gahin ti' pleeace,
Ti owther t' t' ane er t' uther.

The next few lines are wanting, but at the conclusion *the old lady walks off, her place being taken by the Squire.*

SQUIRE *sings*—

What ails thee, maid? Wha sits thoo theear?
Is t' waiting fer thi sweetheart?
Fer if thoo is, an' dalies he,

Ah praay let me tak' his pairt,
Fer sike ez thoo yan dizn't see ;
Naay, pretty maid, deean froon,
Thoo art the sweetest lass Ah've seen
Sen Ah left Lunnon Toon.

POLLY *sings*—

Sen ya left Lunnon Toon mayhap,
Bud nut whahl theear ya dwelt, sir.
Hoo fahn tha are i' gowd an' silks,
Mah au'd eem oft ez telt, sir.
An' mah au'd deeam sha ho'ds all t' men
I' Lunnon Toon 'at dwell, sir,
Ken hoo ti 'tice a country maid
Wi' t' pretty taals tha tell, sir ;
Bud ez fer me, good sir, ya see,
Waes t' me! Ah's gretly fearin'
Neea maesther noo 'll finnd a need
Ti waage a lass fer shearin'.
Ah, a'e neea sweetheart, tak mah wo'd,
Fer nowther t' ane ner t' uther.
Cum doon oor trod ti speeak a lass
'At ez a dowly muther.
'T war tending her 'at maad ma leeat,
An' seea, Ah's gretly fearin'
Neea masther now 'll finnd a need
Ti waage a lass fer shearin'.

SQUIRE *sings*—

Deear maad, tak' heed, Ah deea nut dwell
I' Lunnon Toon thoo's fearin' ;
Ah pray ya tell hoo mich thoo'd arn
O' this yat daay whahl't shearin' ?

POLLY—

Last tahm Ah'd sixpence ivvery daay,
Ti that a seck o' taties,
Ez weel Ah war alood ti' gleean,
Bud this daay Ah ti' leeat is

Ti git a seeat i' onny cart,
That's why Ah's gretly fearin'
Ah's finnd neea maesther noo i' need
O' yah mair han' fer shearin'.

SQUIRE—

Leeak up, fair maid, deeant dowly be,
Ah sweear noo, if thoo's willin'
Ti let mah tak' t' dew fra thi lips
Ah'll pay tha for 't a shillin';
Ah' if thoo will bud kiss mah back,
Ah'll tell tha what Ah'll deea—
Fer ivvery yan thoo'll gi'e ti me
Ah'll promise ti paay tweea.
Deeant hide fra me thi fair wheyte breast
Deeant tuck thi 'kerchief heegher;
Ah've been awaay fer mony a daay,
Deeant culler seea, Ah's t' Squire.

POLLY—

Ya maay be t' Squire, Ah doot ya nut;
Naay, mair, Ah ken ya noo,
Bud Ah've neea kisses fer ti sell
Er gi'e ti leykes o' yow.
Seea gan yer waays—

SQUIRE— Ho'd on a bit,
Is 't reet 'at thoo's nut willin'
To let me teeast thi luvely lips
Fer this breet silver shillin'?
Ah mahnd reet weel i' t' daays geean by,
Thoo war nut then sa shy, cum,
Ah've sleaved thi weeast, and kissed tha, lass—

POLLY—

Bud noo thoo munnot try, mun!
Them daays a'e geean, praay gan thi waays,
Mah good neeam Ah mun ho'd, sir;
Neea brass can buy what Ah weeant sell;
Seea, prithee, tak' mah wo'd, sir.

SQUIRE—

Staay, Polly, staay, Ah ken thoo's poor,
Bud hearken unto me, dear;
Ah've gear an' brass mair 'an 's mah need,
Wa sweethearts ewsed ti be dear;
Ah ken thoo's wrowt hard fer thi deeam
Sen i' sho't frock thoo rade then
Astrahd o' monny a yat wi' me,
A weel-shapp'd lahtle maiden.

POLLY—

Oh, whisht, sir, it is nut fer me
Ti len' a kindly ear noo
Ti owt ya say——

SQUIRE— Deeant to'n awaay,
Ah's gahin ti mak' it clear noo,
At thoo is t' lass Ah meean ti wed,
Ah nobbut ticed tha, dear lass,
Ti ken if Ah c'u'd egg tha on
To sell thisen fer queer brass,
Ah nivver a'e let slip mah mahnd.
At pairting thoo kissed me, lass;
An' noo, ez thi trew luvver, Poll,
Ah's gahn fer ti kiss thee, lass.
Noo, shap' thi lips an' shut thi e'en,
Ther's nowt thoo need be fearin';
Ah'll gi'e tha t' fest o' thi sweet lips
Ti awlus deea mah shearin'.
Bud wi' neea sickle s'all thoo moil,
I' t' tahm ti cum thi shearin',
'Ll be wer bairns ti nuss, sweet maid,
Ther's nowt i' that Ah's fearin'.

POLLY—

Oh, prithee, sweetheart, ho'd thi whisht,
Thoo maks ma fair sham'd feeaced noo;
Thoo munnot saay sike brassend things,
It's nowther tahm ner t' pleeace noo.

Cum wi' ma ti mah poor au'd deeam,
Sike joyful news 'll ease her;
Think on, thoo mun behave thisen,
Saay nowt i' t' wo'lld ti tease her.

SQUIRE—

Ah'll gan wi' tha, but beear i' mahnd,
Ther's yah thing Ah s'all saay, lass,
Anuther maid Ah'll finnd fer her
Agaan wer wedding-daay, lass.
(A few lines are wanting.)
Neea ribbon s'all mah brahd ho'd up,
O' that Ah bowldly sweear, sen
Thoo'll mak thi ties o' silken bands,
Fer that's what thoo s'all weear, then,
Fra Lunnon Toon thi hose s'all cum,
Wi' gowd an' silken clockin's;
Neea brahd o' mahn s'all shew her leg
I' owt bud silken stockin's.
An' buckled shoon fra Lunnon Toon
Thi lahtle feet s'all graace, then;
Fer thoo s'aan't sham thi goon ti lift
Ti t' lad 'at diz win t' raace, then.
Thoo nivver 'ed a scrawmy cauf—

POLLY—

Oh, Tom, dear heart, fer sham, noo;
Thoo s'u'dnt' mak' ma culler seea;
Cum on, let's horry yam, noo.

Both Sing—

Afoor wa gan wa bid good neet
Tiv all t' good faw'k 'at's here noo;
We ken ya all deea wish uz weel,
O' that wa a'e na fear, noo.
Seea all good neet! good neet! good neet!!!
Wa a'e nea mair ti sing, noo;
Wa've telt ya all an' deean wer best—
Ther's nobbut buying t'ring, noo.

Later in the evening a wild cry of fire! or an alarm of some kind would be sprung upon those within the barn. Whatever form the alarm given took, it had but one object in view, to induce those within to open the barn door. This having by some means been accomplished, the "Guisers," a kind of sword dancers, attempted to force an entrance; and although it was the universal custom to make some show of keeping out these uninvited guests, they were always permitted to join the party, for great was the merriment they created.—BLAKEBOROUGH (3), Jan. 14th, 1899.

ALL SAINTS.

Whitby. *Eve of All Saints*, Oct. 31st—*Nutcrack-Night.* All hallows eve. In addition to the nut-feast, love divinations are practised by the young folks, who throw whole nuts in couples into the fire, and if they burn quietly together a happy marriage is prognosticated; but if they bounce and fly assunder the sign is unpropitious.

ROBINSON, p. 134.

Cleveland.

Nutty-crack Neet Ah mooant forget—
Neen neets afooar Mart'mas Day,
We hev a feeast o' happles an' nuts,
An' how we krack away!

A farmer yance 'at Ah knew weel
Had getten off te bed,
An' quite forgat what neet it was,
Tell it kom iv his heead.

Then up he gat, an' rouzed 'em all
Te kum ageean an' sup:
He wadn't let yan stop i' bed—
He'd keep t' awd kustum up.

He gav' 'em yall te drink a tooast,
An' meead 'em all quite merry:
An' this is what t' awd farmer sed—
Tit fooaks all round Rooasberry!

An' nuts an' happles was set out—
A reet guid feeast they had;
An' when they had weel trigg'd their weeams,
They all went back to bed.

TWEDDELL, 'T' Awd Cleveland Customs,' pp. 13, 14.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

Whitby. *All Souls' Day*, Nov. 2nd. The custom of making *soul mass loaves*, on the day of *all souls*, Nov. 2, or about that time, is kept up to a certain extent; they are chiefly small round loaves, sold by the bakers at a farthing each, chiefly for presents to children. In former times it was usual to keep one or two of them for good luck: a lady in Whitby has a *soul mass loaf* about 100 years old. The pranks of *all hallow even* are here confined to the burning of nuts; it is therefore denominated *nut-crack night.*

YOUNG, vol ii., p. 882.

Saumas Loaves. Soul-mass bread, eaten on All Souls' day Nov. 2. Sets of square 'farthing-cakes' with currants on the top, they were, within memory, given by the bakers to their customers; and it was a practice to keep some in the house for good luck.—ROBINSON, p. 160.

The parkin cakes baked in Yorkshire in November . . . are '. . . reminiscences of the food prepared and offered to the dead at All Souls, the great day of commemoration of the departed. . . . In the North of England all idea as to the connection between the cakes and the dead is lost, but the cakes are still made.

BARING-GOULD (2), pp. 272, 273.

Parkin, broom-stealing, and doggerel. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 86, 87.

Barring Out the Schoolmaster on the 5th of November is still encouraged by the elders as it was by their forefathers.

Hardrow, Aug. 25, 1885; Y. F., vol. i., p. 10.

See also under *Shrove Tuesday*, p. 240.

Northallerton. Gunpowder Plot, the fifth of November. . . . The observance of it is general, and perhaps few join more heartily than the inhabitants of this town. . . . About the year 1804, General Hewgill being stationed here with his regiment (the 31st) endeavoured to suppress the bonfire, an interference which highly enraged the populace. Being unable to read the Riot Act, on account of the stones and mire which were thrown at him, he was glad to abandon the attempt.—INGLEDEW, p. 347.

When I was a boy, the lads in the North Riding, some days before November 5th, used in the villages to go round from house to house in order to collect money for empty tar-barrels. If no money was given them, they would lay hands on besoms, wood, sticks or anything else likely to be of use for a bonfire. The rigmarole which they recited was:—

> Remember, remember
> The fifth of November,
> Gunpowder treason and plot,
> I hope that night will never be forgot.
> The King and his train
> Had like to be slain.
> Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder
> Set below London to blow London up!
>
> Hallo boys! Hallo boys!
> Let the bells ring!
> Holla boys! Holla boys!
> God save the King!
> A stick or a stake
> For Victoria's sake,
> And pray ye remember the bonfire night.'

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. iv., pp. 497, 498.

Cleasby. In my native Yorkshire village, Cleasby in Richmondshire, there lived in my childhood—I am now threescore years and ten—an old woman named Bella Brown well known for her Tom Trot, a kind of toffee

made of treacle. On the 5th of Nov. the boys round their bonfire used to shout the following doggerel:

'Gunpowder Plot shall ne'er be forgot
As long as Bella Brown sells Tom Trot.'

G. O. W., N. & Q., 8th S., vol. ii., p. 258.

Observances and Rhyme. See *Blakeborough*, p. 87.

CHRISTMAS.

Scarborough. *Waits, etc.*—During the last century, the Waits were persons who received a small salary from the corporation of £4 per annum each, and were habited in blue clothes. . . . The Waits commenced their rounds on Martinmas eve and continued till Christmas. The inhabitants were waited on Christmas for their donations, which were booked in musical characters instead of figures, thus, a semibreve stood for 5s., a minim for 2s. 6d., a crochet for 1s., and a quaver for 6d. These blue cloak men had many privileges given them. They were invited to play at corporation feasts once a year; and often when on their rounds to enter and play in private houses.

BAKER, pp. 466, 467.

York. For the five successive Mondays preceding Christmas, a band of waits perambulate the principal streets; and after serenading the inhabitants with an air, proceed to salute the heads, and sometimes the individual members of each house, by name. Not long ago I was *en pension* at St. Mary's convent, better known as 'The Bar' from its vicinity to Micklegate Bar—one of the many grand old gates of the city. Being a light sleeper, and having a quick ear, I was always deputed on these exciting occasions to be the rouser of seven other girls, who formed the complement of our jealously guarded dormitory. Arrived beneath the convent windows, the one air common to the nocturnal entertainment was performed. This over a stentorian voice roared out:

'Good morning to the Lady Abbess!—Good morning to the nuns!—Good morning to the young ladies!—Three o'clock in the morning: a fine [or otherwise] morning!—Good morning to the chaplain! [his house immediately adjoined the convent.]—Good morning to all!—Good morning!—Good morning!'

Immediately after Christmas, the waits called at all the houses thus honoured; and a tradition existed among the girls that half-a-crown was presented on the occasion to the speculative philanthropists by the Reverend Mother.

Brussells [*sic*], N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. vii., pp. 275, 276.

In nearly all parts of Yorkshire, the week [before[1]] Christmas, children go from house to house with a box containing two dolls, one to represent the Virgin Mary and the other the child Jesus, and various ornaments. They sing the following primitive verses:—

'Here we come a wassailing,
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a wandering,
So fair to be seen.

Chorus. Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail too;
And God send you a happy new year;
A new year;
And God send you a happy new year.
Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,
So is your beer of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Bid him bring up a glass of beer,
The better that we may sing.

[1][The word is *after* in the original: it has been changed to *before* in order that the paragraph may relate what is the usual custom of the North Riding.]

We have got a little purse,
  Made of shining leather skin;
We want a little of your money
  To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,
  And spread the table-cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
  And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
  Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children,
  That around the table go.

Good master and mistress,
  While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
  Who are wandering in the mire.'

Y. F., vol. i., pp. 28, 29.

Christmas Luckybird. Here in the North Riding, the first person who enters a house on Christmas Day morning is called a Luckybird. But if it be a woman or girl that first enters, the luck that comes with her will be ill and not good; and if it be a fair-haired man, the result is almost as serious. The Luckybird must be of the male sex, and must have dark hair and complexion, or something evil will befal the household. It becomes then a matter of importance to settle beforehand who the Luckybird shall be. In my grandfather's time a dark-haired man was specially retained in this office during many years; and I learnt yesterday that arrangements had been successfully made to obtain good luck at this present Christmas. The person who, under ordinary circumstances, would first enter this house is a man, and a dark-haired man; but it is to him, according to kitchen belief, that we owe the introduction of the cattle plague into our borders, and this misfortune is more than enough to counteract the virtue of his sex and his dark hair. So a small boy of the village, black-haired and black-eyed,

was fixed upon by the servants; and he, knowing how much depended on his wakefulness, appeared first of all living things, at the back-door yesterday morning and received his promised shilling from the cook. Thus by this simple and obvious expedient, are we secured against ill-luck until Christmas 1867.

Arthur Munby, N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. xi., p. 213.

Christmas Celebration. Mr. Urban, according to my promise, I have sent you an extract from the journal of a deceased friend, which relates the manner in which the inhabitants of the North Riding of Yorkshire celebrate Christmas. The account though written in a familiar style, yet in every point will be found true.

Yours etc., R. S.

"—— Here, and in the neighbouring villages, I spent my Christmas, and a happy Christmas too. I found the antient manners of our ancestors practised in every cottage: the thoughts of welcoming Christmas seem to fill the breast of every one with joy, whole months before its arrival. About 6 o'clock on Christmas day, I was awakened by a sweet singing under my window; surprised at a visit so early and unexpected, I arose, and looking out of the window I beheld 6 young women and 4 men welcoming with sweet music the blessed morn. I went to church about 11 o'clock, where everything was performed in a most solemn manner. The windows and pews of the Church (and also the windows of houses) are adorned with branches of holly, which remain till Good Friday. From whence this custom arose I know not, unless it be as a lasting memorial of the blessed season.

Happy was I to find that not only the rich but also the poor shared the festivity of Christmas; for it is customary for the clergymen and gentlemen to distribute

to the poorest people of their own village or parish, whole oxen and sheep, and to each a pint of ale also. Such was the hospitality of our ancestors; would that such customs were still practised among us!

In the North Riding of Yorkshire it is customary for a party of singers, mostly consisting of women, to begin at the feast of St. Martin, a kind of peregrination round the neighbouring villages, carrying with them a small waxen image of our Saviour adorned with box and other evergreens, and singing at the same time a hymn, which, though rustic and uncouth, is nevertheless replete with the sacred story of the Nativity. This custom is yearly continued till Christmas eve, when their feasting, or as they usually call it 'good living' commences. Every rustic dame produces a cheese preserved for the sacred festival, upon which, before any part of it is tasted, according to an old custom, the origin of which may easily be traced, she with a sharp knife makes rude incisions to represent the cross. With this, and furmity made of barley and meal, the cottage affords uninterrupted hospitality. A large fire (on Christmas eve) is made, on which they pile large logs of wood, commonly called 'yule clog'; a piece of this is yearly preserved by each prudent housewife: I have seen no less than thirty remnants of these logs kept with the greatest care.

On the feast of St. Stephen large goose pies are made, all which they distribute among their needy neighbours, except one which is carefully laid up and not tasted till the purification of the Virgin, called Candlemas.

On the feast of St. Stephen also, 6 youths (called sword dancers from their dancing with swords), clad in white, and bedecked with ribbands, attended by a fiddler, and another youth curiously dressed, who generally has the name of 'Bessy,' and also by one who personates a Doctor, begin to travel from village to village performing a rude dance called the sword dance. One of the 6

above-mentioned acts the part of king in a kind of farce which consists of singing and dancing, when 'the Bessy' interferes while they are making a hexagon with their swords, and is killed. These frolicks they continue till New Year's Day, when they spend their gains at the ale-house with the greatest innocence and mirth, having invited all their rustic acquaintances.

There is in this part of Yorkshire a custom, which has been by the country people more or less revived, ever since the alteration in the Style and Calendar: namely the watching, in the midnight of the New and Old Christmas eve, by Beehives, to determine upon the right Christmas, from the humming noise which they suppose the bees will make when the birth of the Saviour took place. Disliking innovations, the utility of which they understand not, the oracle, they affirm, always prefers the more ancient custom.

D—d R—e., GENT. MAG., pt. i., 1811, pp. 423, 424.

Filey. The fishermen paid particular attention to matters which they esteemed lucky or unlucky. At Christmas time they considered it of the greatest importance that each member of the family should sit down to the Christmas supper. The chief dish on this occasion was the 'ancient and celebrated one of frumentie, or frumity' which consisted of wheat boiled in milk. This was succeeded by apple-pie, cheese, and ginger-bread. When the whole family had assembled, an immense block of wood called a Yule Clog was placed on the fire, and the Yule candle, a tall mould, half a yard in length was lighted. . . . It was believed to be very unlucky to cut into the ginger-bread or light the candle before the precise time for attending to these matters. Great care was also taken that no person should stir, or snuff the candle, or move the table till supper was over. If any of these things were done the most melancholy consequences were supposed to follow. . . .

They were also very particular when Christmas morning arrived, to allow no person to go out of the house till the threshold had been consecrated by the entrance of a male, and should one of the opposite sex come in the event causes [*sic*] the utmost horror and alarm. On no account would they give a light out of the house, or throw out the ashes,[1] or even sweep up the dust, there being, as they believed, no chance of a good fishing to such persons as committed those practices, and wilfully acted against their own interests.—SHAW, p. 9, etc.

Richmond. Our ancestors, as part of that night's ceremonies, used to light up candles of an uncommon size called Christmas Candles, and to lay upon the fire a block of wood called a Yule Log, but should the log be so large as not to be all burnt that night, it was kept till Old Christmas Eve. These were to illuminate the house, and turn night into day; and were accounted an emblem of that star, which shining round about the Shepherds as they were watching their flocks by night, directed them where to find the Babe.

RICHMOND, p. 294.

Wensleydale. An ancient Christmas usage still prevails, of which few recognise the true beginning,—the Yule Clog. This was originally placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, in order to enable *every* member of the family to attend the midnight Mass; its size ensuring a cheerful blaze to welcome them home on their return through the cold frosty winter's night. . . . On Christmas Eve, or rather morning, the church bells ring, and these peals are called 'The Virgin Chimes.'—BARKER, pp. 43, 44.

Whitby. At the commencement of the supper the *yule clog*, a short block of wood, is laid on the fire, and the *yule candle*, a tall mould-candle, is lighted and set on the table. . . . It would be unlucky to light either before

[1] [See NEW YEAR, p. 231.]

the time, or to stir either during the supper: the candle must not be snuffed, and no one must move from the table, till supper be ended. . . . Sometimes a piece of the clog is saved and put below the bed, to remain till next christmas, when it is burnt with the new clog: it secures the house from fire; nay a fragment of it thrown into the fire will quell a raging storm! A piece of the candle is also kept to ensure good luck!—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 879.

Christmas is here announced two or three weeks beforehand by the 'Vessel cups' or carol singers, the representatives of the former-day carriers of the Wassail bowl, the symbol of the joyousness of the season. The bowl exposition is now substituted by that of the Bethlehem babe, a small figure in an upright case amid green sprigs of box (a leaf from the same being a specific for the toothache); while an orange or two, or a few red apples are stuck on the top for further decoration. Their upraised voices are a signal for the household's attention.

'God rest you merry gentlemen!
May no ill you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.
Glory to God! the angels sing,
Peace and good will to man we bring.

In swaddling clothes the babe was wrapp'd,
And in a manger lay,
With Mary his blest mother,
Where oxen fed on hay.
Glory to God! the angels sing,
Peace and good will to man we bring.

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
God bless your kith and kindred
That live both far and near;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.'

To the first set of these heralds who come to your door, or rather to the old or recognised group, a gratuity[1] must be given for good luck to the house through the following year, not forgetting the consecration of the threshold by their passing across it during the recital of the foregoing verses, or scraps of similar import, for the lays are apt to be varied by different comers.

Now the red-berried holly is in request for the decoration of churches, houses, and shop-windows; grocer's enclose presents of Yule-candles to their customers, and the Yule-log is duly sent by the carpenter. Christmas eve at length arrives; the bells ring out a merry peal, the family and friends assemble for supper, not in an odd, but an *even* number; and the Yule-candles are not to be snuffed, for that would be an unlucky perpetration. The smoking bowl of Frumity, the Mince-pies, the Yule-cake,[2] the Cheese and Gingerbread, the lemonized Apple-pie, receive especial laudation; the mince-pies, by the way, according to the old mode, being oblong in shape, in imitation of the cradle, or cratch for the babe in old Nativity pictures,—the spices within 'denoting the offerings of the eastern Wise men' at the birth-place recorded. Our host is reminded to save a bit of the Yule-candle for luck, and to put under the bed a piece of the Yule-clog to preserve the house from fire during the forthcoming year, as well as to kindle the fresh clog with, when Christmas comes again. No light must be given out of the house either on Christmas day or on New Year's day; and it is unlucky on those days to throw out the ashes or sweep out the dust.

[1] [Called a yule-daum, as is any other Christmas gift. See *Robinson, sub* YULE. *Daum*=a small portion, *Robinson.*]

[2] [It is unlucky to cut it before Christmas Eve. "The tribe of pastries at this season are known in some parts hereabouts as Yule-doughs" Carols as Yule-songs; see *Robinson sub* YULE.]

The Frumity[1] *frumentum* 'more particularly a north country dish,' is a wheat and milk porridge spiced, and sometimes fruited with raisins, the creaved or pre-boiled wheat, as well as the milk, forming large items in the market transactions at Whitby for Christmas materials held the day before Christmas day. The Christmas gingerbread of the shops was wont to be brought from London by shipping in numbers of tons, but it is now chiefly home made, and sent for its celebrity to the surrounding towns.

Early on Christmas day morning, every door has its callers, chiefly among the boys,—'I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,' the first lot being sure to be treated with money, and the local combination cheese and gingerbread; a reward is also distributed, but less bountifully, to some of the succeeding visitors. . . .

The mode of announcing the season in our country places is similar to what has been told of the town; though the rustic, when he calls at the farmstead lacks not his peculiar address on the occasion :—

> 'I wish ye a merry Kessenmas an' a happy New Year,
> A pooakful o' mǫney an' a cellar full o' beer;
> A good fat pig an' a new cawven coo,
> Good maisther an' misthress, hoo de yo do';

and to this he will add at leave-taking 'Good luck to yer feather-fowl,' *i.e.* to your poultry brood. At twelve o'clock on Christmas eve (and we know that the practice has not altogether ceased in this neighbourhood), the farmer was wont to give his stalled cattle each a sheaf of unthrashed oats; and it is related that if the byre is entered at this hour, the oxen will be found on their knees.—ROBINSON, pp. iv.-vi.; INGLEDEW, pp. 341, 342; FISHER pp. 461, 462.

[1] ["Frumity-night Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve," *Robinson sub* FRUMITY *or* (*rarely*) FURMITY.]

Fere. This term though not in use conversationally, occurs in one of the variations of the Christmas 'nomony' or formula of good wishes:

> 'I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year;
> A pocketful of money, and a barrelful of beer;
> Good luck to your feather-fowl *fere*;
> And please will you give me my Christmas box!'

The line containing the word is addressed to the mistress of the house, who, together with her daughters, are [*sic*] usually identified with the merchandise of the poultry-yard.—C. C. R., p. 39.

Christmas Customs, including 'stockings' and mention of Santa Claus. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 61-71.

At Christmastide . . . in the North Riding of Yorkshire every visitor received a slice of 'pepper cake,' a piece of cheese, and a glass of gin.

T. F. Thiselton Dyer, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. x., p. 484.

The old-fashioned 'pepper cake' . . . is . . still made in the moorland districts of the North Riding; while in the East Riding and other parts the very name is unknown. This, too is a Yule cake; it is a kind of gingerbread, and therefore more pungent than the Yule cakes of other districts; hence the name. It has nothing to do with pepper, at least not at the present date. . . . When the pepper-cake is eaten in the moorlands of the North Riding at Yuletide, cheese always is on the table as a concomitant.

MORRIS, pp. 217, 218.

> An't t' house is deck'd wi' Holly round,
> An' t' Kissin'-bush[1] is there;
> There's lots o' pullin' underneeath 't
> For kissin' then is fair.

E. Tweddell, 'T. Acad. Cleveland Customs,' p. 15.

[1] An ornamental bush of holly and evergreens, with roses made of coloured paper, flowers, apples, oranges, etc., interspersed, hung from the centre of the ceiling, or in some other convenient place; the 'common law' in Cleveland being, that every man who can get a

Richmond. [In] the Barbers Shops . . . a thrift box, as it is called, is put by the Apprentice boys against the wall, and every customer according to his inclination puts in something. . . . The custom [of Christmas boxing] is now in a great measure confined to the poorer children and old infirm persons who beg at the doors.

RICHMOND, p. 300.

The Sword or Morisco Dance is an old custom practised here during the Christmas Hollidays by young men dressed in shirts, ornamented with ribbons folded into roses, having swords, or wood cut in the form of that weapon. They exhibit various feats of activity, attended by an old Fiddler, by Bessey in the grotesque habit of an old woman, and by the Fool almost covered with skins, a hairy cap on his head, and the tail of a Fox hanging from his back: these lead the festive throng, and divert the crowd with their droll antic buffoonery. The office of one of these characters is to go about rattling a box, and soliciting money from door to door, to defray the expences of a Feast and a dance in the evening. This old custom cannot be more curiously or better described here than it is by Olaus Magnus in his History of the Northern Nations. 'First, with their swords sheathed, and erect in their hands, they dance in a tripple round; then with their drawn swords held erect as before; afterwards, extending them from hand to hand, they lay hold of each others hilt and point, while they are wheeling more moderately round; and changing their order, throw themselves into the figure of a hexagon, which they call a rose; but presently raising and drawing back their swords, they undo that

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woman under the bush, is fairly entitled to a kiss of her then and there. . . . Since the country has been covered with railways, so that the mistletoe (*Viscum album*) can be purchased at Stockton and Middlesbrough, sprigs of the plant of Venus are often added in the centre of the kissing-bush, for which, in the absence of the mysterious parasite, it has long been the substitute.—G. M. TWEDDELL, pp. 95, 96.

figure, to form with them a four square rose, that may rebound over the head of each. At last they dance rapidly backwards, and, loudly rattling the sides of the swords together, conclude the sport.' . . .

The dance is now performed with the single alteration of laying their swords upon the ground, when formed into a figure, and dancing round them, singing and repeating a long string of uncouth verses, after having cut off in appearance the fool's head. The Fool and Bessy are plainly fragments of the ancient Festival of Fools, held on New Year's Day, when all sorts of absurdities and indecencies were indulged in.—RICHMOND, pp. 296-298.

Northallerton. Practised here during Christmas week. . . . These frolics they continue till New Year's day, when they spend their gains at the ale-house with the greatest mirth, having invited their friends and acquaintance.

INGLEDEW, pp. 342, 343.

St. Stephen's Eve. See *Blakeborough*, p. 71 [St. Stephen's Eve = Christmas Day].

St. Stephen's Day Dec. 26 is a great hunting day; the game laws are considered as of no force for that day.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 880.

Childermas day Dec. 28 is unlucky in the extreme, in so much that the day of the week on which it falls is marked as a black day for the whole year to come. It is a well-known fact, that some years ago, when a ship was going to sail from Whitby on childermas day, one of the crew, at the persuasion of his wife left the vessel: but Providence testified against the superstition; the vessel that sailed on childermas day had a prosperous voyage, while that in which he subsequently sailed was lost with all hands.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 880.

Richmond. The Hagmena is an old custom observed on New Year's Eve. The keeper of the Pinfold goes round

the Town, attended by a rabble at his heels, and knocking at certain doors, sings a barbarous song, according to the custom 'of old King Henry's days'; and at the end of every verse, they shout Hagman Heigh. When wood was chiefly used by our forefathers as fuel, this was the most appropriate season for the hagman or wood-cutter, to remind his customers of his services, and solicit alms from them. The word Hag is still used among us for a wood, and the hag-man may be a compound name from that employment. Some give it a more sacred interpretation, as derived from the Greek ἁγια μήνη, the Holy Month, when the Festivals of the Church for our Saviour's birth were celebrated. Formerly on the last day of December, the Monks and Friars used to make a plentiful harvest by begging from door to door and reciting a kind of Carol, at the end of every stave of which they introduced the words agia mene, alluding to the Birth of Christ, etc.

RICHMOND, pp. 300, 301.

Fragment of the Hagmena Song,

As sung at Richmond, Yorkshire, on the eve of the New-Year, by the Corporation Pinder.

To-night it is the New-year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,[1]
As we used to do in old King Henry's day.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

If you go to the bacon flick, cut me a good bit;
Cut, cut and low, beware of your maw;
Cut, cut and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

[1] 'Ray, ree or rey, a Portuguese coin, 100 of which are equal to sixpence English,' CLARKSON'S *Richmond.*

If you go to the black-ark, bring me X. mark ;
Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.
INGLEDEW (2), p. 225.

New Year's Eve observances. See *Blakeborough*, p. 71.

SECTION XI.

CEREMONIAL.

BIRTH AND INFANCY.

First Cradle. The first Cradle must be paid for before crossing threshold. It is well to turn it wrong side up until the child has occupied it, to keep other things from sleeping therein.—See *Blakeborough*, pp, 114, 115.

Whitby. *Hans in Kelder.*—An old lady, long dead, whose childhood was passed in Whitby, told me she remembered at dessert sometimes this toast being drunk, and of course she neither understood its meaning nor the sort of mirth it seemed to make. In after life, she learned who 'Hans in Kelder' was from the Glossary to Bamfylde Moore Carew's book, and she also found from Yorkshire friends that it was a custom to gather a knot of very intimate friends together, for a take-leave party, at a house where hospitalities would necessarily be suspended till the christening day.—P. P., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 181.

See also ROBINSON, *sub Jack in the Cellar*, p. 102.

Shout. A congratulative ceremony on the occasion of a child being born. When the birth is looked for immediately, the neighbours are summoned and each attends with a warming pan, but this is not put to any use. After the event a festive hour is spent when each person is expected to favour the child with a good wish.—C. C. R., p. 122.

Rhyme as to fate involved in the day of birth.
See *Blakeborough*, p. 106; *Henderson*, p 9.

Hospitality shown about the time of a birth.
Blakeborough, pp. 106-146; *Henderson*, pp. 11, 12.

Child to lie in a maiden's arms even before touched by mother.—*Blakeborough*, p. 106; *Henderson*, p. 12.

Caul. Its importance.—See also under NATURAL OR INORGANIC OBJECTS, p. 51, and *Blakeborough*, pp. 107-112.

Deformed Child.—*Blakeborough*, p. 151.

Moles and Dimples, significance of, according to position. —*Blakeborough*, p. 115.

Visible veins in the Nose [a sign of untimely end]. The superstition alluded to is one that prevails in the North Riding.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. vii., p. 216.

A new-born babe should be taken *up*-stairs in order to insure its future rise in the world, before it is brought down from the chamber where it first saw the light.

ROBINSON, pp. 9, 10.

Bible placed under pillow of unchristened child.—*Blakeborough*, p. 114.

Name should be chosen within nine days and, once chosen, adhered to. — *Blakeborough*, pp. 113, 114; also p. 145.

BAPTISM.

York. It is lucky for a child to cry when baptized; and the vicar of one of the parishes in York has been asked to pinch a child, to make it cry if it did not without.

J. T. F., N. & Q., 6th S., vol. i., p. 392.

While standing at the font [at Darlington] last Sunday (10th after Trinity), and preparing to baptize two children, the nurse attendant on one of the parties abruptly demanded

of the other nurse if the child she presented was a boy. The reply seemed to satisfy her. I took an early opportunity to question her on the subject, and she replied that she 'wondered at my not knowing that a boy was always christened before a girl.' On my assuring her that such was not the custom here, she said 'In Scarborough where I come from, it is always the custom to baptize and bury a boy before a girl.' And she added when I pressed for a reason: 'Doesn't it look reasonable?'—George Lloyd, N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. xii., pp. 184, 5.

Boy will be effeminate and beardless, girl masculine and bearded unless this be attended to.—*Blakeborough*, pp. 115, 116; *Henderson*, p. 86.

When the writer was a parson in Yorkshire, he had in his parish a blacksmith blessed, or afflicted—which shall we say?—with seven daughters and not a son. Now the parish was a newly constituted one, and it had a temporary licensed service room; but during the week before the newly erected church was to be consecrated, the blacksmith's wife presented her husband with a boy—his first boy. Then the blacksmith came to the parson, and the following conversation ensued:—

Blacksmith: 'Please, sir, I've gotten a little lad at last, and I want to have him baptised on Sunday.'

Parson: 'Why, Joseph, put it off till Thursday, when the new church will be consecrated; then your little man will be the first child christened in the new font in the new church.'

Blacksmith (shuffling with his feet, hitching his shoulders, looking down): 'Please, sir, folks say that t' fust child as is baptised i' a new church is bound to dee (die). T'old un (the devil) claims it. Now, sir, I've seven little lasses, and but one lad. If this were a lass again 't wouldn't 'a mattered; but as its a lad—well, sir, I won't risk it.'

BARING-GOULD (2), pp. 1, 2.

VARIA.

At the birth of a first child, the first slice of the gingerbread, which, with cheese and cordials, forms the usual cheer, is cut into small pieces, to be used by the unmarried as *dreaming bread*, after the same form as the fragments of the *dumb cake* above mentioned.[1] *Christenings*, as they are usually called, are attended with feasts; and, as in other parts of the country, the inauguration of the *young christian* is often celebrated by the most *unchristian* revels; an abuse which is the more scandalous as it usually takes place on the sabbath. It is a commendable practice, that the mother pays no visits till she is *churched*; and the custom of presenting an infant, with an egg, a roll, and a little salt, when it is first carried into a neighbours house, savours of hospitality, as much as of superstition.

YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 883; *Blakeborough*, pp. 115, 116.

In the North Riding, twenty or thirty years ago, a roll of new bread, a pinch of table salt, and a silver groat or fourpenny piece were offered to every baby on its first visit to a friend's house. This gift was certainly made more than once to me, and I recollect seeing it made to other babies. The groat was reserved for its proper owner, but the nurse who carried that owner appropriated the bread and salt, and was also gratified with half-a-crown or so, the tribute of those to whom she unveiled for the first time that miracle of nature, the British infant. The same custom, I believe, prevailed among the poor, except that the groat was omitted.—A. J. M., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. ix., p. 138.

The salt, in paper, is usually pinned to the child's clothes.

ROBINSON, p. 155.

Sex of next baby foretold by its predecessor's first utterance of "Papa" or of "Mamma."

Blakeborough, p. 115; *Henderson*, pp. 19, 20.

[1] [See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 209].

Treatment of *nails*, etc., and day-omens.

Blakeborough, pp. 112, 113; *Henderson*, pp. 116-118.

Teeth. Unlucky for first tooth to be in upper jaw.

Blakeborough, p. 115; *Henderson*, p. 20.

If the teeth grow with spaces between them, the child will not be a long liver; for—

'If a bairn teeathes odd
It'll seean gan te God.'

'Seean teeath'd, seean bairn'd'; when the last child cut its teeth earlier than common, the mother, it is said, will soon again be in the family way.—ROBINSON, p. 194.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

St. Dunstan's day [Oct. 21] unlucky for declaration of love.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 131.

Pitchering. It is a custom in some parts of Yorkshire for any third party meeting in a country lane a man and woman engaged in an amorous converse to 'pitcher' the lovers, *i.e.* to demand money from them for beer.

Middle Templar, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. vi., p. 534.

Wensleydale. Pitchering, the name and the custom is still known in Upper Wensleydale, Yorkshire, North Riding. It is not merely, however, when the lovers are met that the demand is made. A visit may be paid to the house where they are, or the gentleman may be accosted after leaving his sweetheart. Hen-silver is also given on the wedding day [See *post*, p. 295].

LL. D. P., N. & Q., 5th S., vii., p. 336.

Pitchering for kissing under a roof, and penalty incurred.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 94.

Lovers' farewells, *ib.*, p. 133.

What is to be done if a younger daughter marries before an elder sister.—*Blakeborough*, pp. 127, 128.

Honi soit, etc. Maidens used to bind about their left leg a garter made from wheat and oaten straws. These had to be drawn from a stook whilst the harvest moon was shining, wheaten straws gave boys, oaten straws girls, as many children as they wished to have, so many straws they used. The plaiting and tying round the leg had to be done in secret. The fact that such a garter band was being worn had to be kept from the knowledge of the bridegroom. At least he was on no account to see it whilst it graced his lady love's leg. The band was plaited and wound about the leg on a Friday evening, and whilst being wound round the maiden repeated a certain charm. This I have been unable to obtain, my informant having forgotten it, but it was something about the straw upon which our Saviour lay when sleeping in the manger. The band had to be worn from Friday evening until Monday morning. If during that time it remained in situ, all well, but if it broke away, the charm lost its power. . . . None but a true maiden dare wear such a band; the charm working evil on every child born in wedlock, if the wearer had ever left the path of virtue. Any way it was a badge of virginity.—BLAKEBOROUGH (2), pp. 46, 47.

Banns. "To be thrown over the Rannal-Bawk." . . . It means to have had one's banns published in church. I have heard the phrase so used in the North Riding of Yorkshire. A 'rannal-bawk' is an iron beam in a kitchen chimney from which kettles, etc., are suspended by means of 'reckans.'—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. ii., p. 368.

Helmsley. *Confirmation and Marriage.*—There is a very wholesome tradition in some parts of the country that a person ought not to be married until he has been confirmed. A former assistant curate of Helmsley in the North Riding of Yorkshire states that this was the prevailing feeling in that parish when he was there more than

twenty years ago. Indeed, once a young man asked him as a great favour to marry him on the promise that he would be confirmed on the first opportunity.

VAUX, p. 108.

A wedding on a Friday is said to be unlucky.

ROUTH, p. 70.

Rhyme concerning this.—See *Blakeborough*, p. 95.

Saying concerning a sunshine wedding.—*Ib.*

'To be wed on St. Thomas's Day makes a wife a widow ere long.'—BLAKEBOROUGH, p. 131.

Leap Year Marriage.

'Happy they'll be that wed and wive,
Within leap year; they're sure to thrive.'

ROBINSON, p. 215.

Colour of Dress. In some of the North Riding dales, and probably in other places also, the antipathy to green as a colour for any part of the bridal costume is still very strong. I was once at a farmhouse in a remote district near Whitby, and when discussing olden times and customs with an elderly dame, was informed there were many she knew in her younger days who would rather have gone to the church to be married in their common every-day costume than in a green dress. My informant herself was evidently one of those who held the same faith on this point as her early companions, for she instanced a case that had come under her own observation where the bride was rash enough to be married in green, but it was added that she shortly afterwards contracted a severe illness! Neither is blue much less unlucky as a colour for the wedding dress, at least if one may judge by the old saying anent the bride, that

'If dressed in blue
She's sure to rue.'

MORRIS, pp. 227, 228.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 95.

Masham. *A quasi-legal shift.*—I have heard that the belief that a husband would not be responsible for a wife's debts, provided she was married *en chemise*, was formerly common at Kirton-in-Lindsey in Lincolnshire; and that marriages have been solemnized in that way in the parish church there. At Masham, in the North Riding of the county of York, there are one or two entries in the registers of marriages actually having taken place in the church, where the bride was habited *en chemise* for the above-mentioned reason . . . to the best of my recollection in the last century.—Virga, N. &. Q., 5th S., vol. vi., p. 178.

Wensley. *Wedding Stone.*—In the centre aisle [of the Church] filling its whole width is a marble slab commemorating two brothers Richard and John Clederow who were both rectors. On this stone have been celebrated from an unknown period the first part of all marriage rites in the church which were afterwards completed at the altar.—SPEIGHT, p. 389.

Danby. In my church, up to the time of its being churchwardenized (otherwise destroyed and rebuilt in the debased barn style), somewhere about 1788 to 1790 there was one particular stone in the pavement of a large size, and situate in the nave, north of the southern entrance, on which the couple to be married were always placed before the commencement of the service, remaining on it until the formal part of the ceremony was complete. This stone though desecrated by removal from the church and relaying as a *doorstone* of the stable of Church House, built upon the site of the ancient country residence of the Prior of Guisborough, is still pointed out as the stone, standing upon which was once considered essential to real marriage. Compare 'Uplandi dicunt *stà pà breda sten*, lapidi lato insistere, quod est connubii foedus jungere' (Ihre *Lex, S. Goth.* i. 262).—J. C. A., N. &. Q., 3rd S., vol. ix., p. 188.

The following curious marriage custom prevails at Danby. After the solemnization of the marriage ceremony, the bridegroom places in the hand of the officiating minister a sum of money, from which he is to take for himself the accustomed fee, and give the remainder to the bride as her dowry or marriage portion.—FAWCETT, p. 182.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 206, 207 ; *Henderson*, p. 38.

For either [bride or bridegroom] to stumble or make a false step as they approached the altar rail, was a sure sign, that an unconfessed moral slip had been committed. It was, and in many places still is, considered most unlucky for the bridal party to be in the church when the clock strikes the hour appointed for the ceremony, hence, they often remain outside the porch until the hour has chimed. It is still considered unlucky for the ring to fall to the ground during the ceremony, and especially so, should it roll *away* from the altar steps. In such a case no kindly disposed bridesmaid would think of trying to find it, as should a maid do so, she would be certain to work evil and to cause jealousy, and most probably strive to win the bridegroom's affections. Should it roll until it rested on a recumbent gravestone it signifies an early death to one of them according to the sex resting beneath. (The idea was that if the ring rested on the grave of a woman the man would die and *vice-versa*.)[1]

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 34.

The first man who can catch hold of the bride after the completion of the marriage service is entitled to kiss her; an old custom to which some of the jolly Cleveland clergymen of the past used to give their personal patronage by trying to obtain the coveted kiss.

G. M. TWEDDELL, p. 96.

At **Guisborough** in Cleveland, . . . guns are fired over the heads of the newly-married couple all the way from

[1] [This explanation is inserted by request of the author.]

church.[1] There too it has been customary for the bridegroom to offer a handful of money, together with the ring, to the clergyman; out of this fees were taken, and the overplus returned. Through Cleveland, he who gives the bride away claims the first kiss in right of his temporary paternity. One clerical friend of mine declares that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot, and though he cannot aver that he has ever availed himself of it, he knows an old north country clergyman who was reported so to do.—WHITBY REPOS., N.S., Vol. i., p. 313. (1866.)

Kissing rights. See *Blakeborough*, p. 102; *Henderson*, p. 39.

Bride's shoe. See *Blakeborough*, p. 102.

Leaping the bench. „ pp. 95, 96.

Coppers scrambled for. *Atkinson*, pp. 205, 206; *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

Gun charged with feathers. *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

Stithy fired to rebuke niggardliness of bride. *Atkinson*, p. 206.

Cockerel torture. *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

Unlucky to meet coffin or cripple. *Blakeborough*, p. 102.

How to cross stream, bridge, and threshold. *Blakeborough*, pp. 103, 104.

Stepping in dirt at Staithes. *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

The race for the bride's garter was a common custom well on into this century, the competitors usually starting from the church door, the moment the ring was placed upon the bride's finger, the bride's door being the winning post, and the successful competitor claiming the privilege of removing the garter, or bridal-band, from the bride's leg.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 33.

See also *Atkinson*, pp. 208, 209; *Blakeborough*, pp. 97, 101, 102, 105.

[1] [See *Atkinson*, pp. 205, 206; *Blakeborough*, pp. 97, 101; *Henderson*, p. 38.]

BRIDE-DOOR. 'To run for the bride-door' is to start for a favor given by a bride, to be run for by the youth of the neighbourhood, who wait at the church-door until the marriage ceremony be over, and from thence run to the bride's door. The prize, a ribbon, which is worn for the day in the hat of the winner. If the distance be great, as two or three miles, it is customary 'to ride for the bride-door.'—MARSHALL, p. 23.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 206, 207, 209; *Blakeborough*, pp. 94, 102; *Henderson*, p. 41.

For any four-footed animal (and worst of all a cat) to cross their path as they passed from the church-door to the gate, was a dreadful calamity, plainly setting forth the idea that ill-will and spite would be their lot. For a man even by accident to cover with his foot the footprint of the bride, if made between the church-door and gate, was most unlucky, as it clearly denoted she would be run after by other men; but for a dissolute fellow to openly commit such an act, simply held the bride up to public shame. A bridesmaid, however, often attempted on the sly to accomplish the feat, as it put her in the way of following in the bride's steps.—BLAKEBOROUGH (2), pp. 34, 35.

Hot Pots.—When the happy united couple are on their return from church, the occupant of the first house they pass stands ready with a bowl of liquor, of quality according to his ability, which the wedding party quaff; and this compliment is repeated by each householder in succession, if his purse allows; so that no inconsiderable quantity must be imbibed before they reach home. Then money and bride-cake are scattered amongst the crowd, and a race for a ribbon follows.—BARKER, p. 259; SHAW, pp. 8, 9.

To spill any of contents of the first bowl from which they drank was looked upon as a most unlucky omen, as in that case they let slip from them the first kindly wishes for their health and happiness.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 35.

Heeat Pots.—Pots of warm ale sweetened and spiced, with which the friends of a bridal party meet them on their road from the church after the marriage ceremony, as practised in the country. Lately at a wedding in this vicinity, noticed in the papers, the bridal party passed out of the church amid a shower of white satin shoes, and then boiling water from a tea-kettle was poured over the threshold, so that the first young lady who crossed the wet place should be the next to get married. The other day at Hackness in this part, handfuls of rice were thrown after the wedding-party when it came out of church as a sign of the wish 'May plenty strew their path.'—ROBINSON, p. 92.

See *Atkinson*, p. 208; *Blakeborough*, p. 96.

On arriving at the door of the bride's home, the bride was presented with a plate upon which was a small cake, a little of which she ate, throwing the remainder over her shoulder, thereby signifying the hope that they might always have enough and something to spare. The bridegroom then took the plate and threw it over his left shoulder, their hope of future happiness depending upon its being broken on falling to the ground.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 34.

After the plate had been broken the bride attempted to cross the threshold, but found the winner of the race kneeling within the doorway, waiting to claim his much coveted prize: placing her left foot just over the threshold, the bride lifted her gown, permitting him to remove her bridal band. This by the way was valued as a potent love charm. For the bridal garter to slip down, and become soiled, was a dreadful mishap, and for the winner to kneel, and afterwards refuse to claim and remove his prize, was an outrageous insult, and always the outcome of ill-will and spite, and considered an omen of ill-luck.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), p. 35.

Hen silver at Weddings spent with additions in feasting and drinking.—Hardrow, Aug. 23, 1885, Y. F., vol. i., p. 10.

Of bridal catch songs there must have been quite a number as many are now remembered in the dales; they like the rest of that class of rhymes are very free: they belong to another age. . .

A CATCH SONG.

The Bridal Garter.

Here's health ti t' lass wheea don'd this band
Ti graace her leg,
An, ivvery garter'd brahd i' t' land,
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.[1]

Aroon her leg it 'ez been bun'
Ah wish ah'd bun it;
A trimmer limb c'u'd nut be fun';
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.

(The next verse is omitted . . .)

Maay ivvery yan 'at lifts his glass
Ti this fahn band,
Upho'd he gans wi't best leyke lass;
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.

Fra wrist ti wrist this band wa pass,
Ez han' clasps han';
I 'turn wa thruff it draw each glass,
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.

An' here's tiv her 'at fo'st did weear
A brahdal band,
Bun roond her leg, gi'e her a cheer;
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.

An' here's ti Venus, let us beg
A boon 'at sha
'll gi'e each brahd, a pattern leg.
Seea sip it, an' tip it, bud tip it doon yer wizan.

BLAKEBOROUGH (2), pp. 57, 58.

[1] Throat.

For manner of toasting (catch and other songs) see *Blakeborough*, pp. 104, 105 and (2) pp., 59, 60, etc.

At a wedding the other day in Richmondshire—the wedding of the squire's daughter—hot water was poured over the door-step of the hall-door as the bride and bridegroom drove away. This is I believe in accordance with local usage.—A. J. M., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. v., p. 172.

A friend has just returned from a wedding in Yorkshire, and sends me the following note:—After the happy couple had driven away, and the old shoe was thrown, the cook came out with a kettle of hot water, which she poured on the stone in front of the house door, as an auspice that there would soon be another wedding from the same house. It was keeping the threshold warm for another bride.—A. A., N. & Q., 2nd S., vol. xii., p. 490.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 103.

Our *marriage* ceremonies have scarcely anything peculiar. The use of the *bride-cake*, which is made very rich, is universal: slices are commonly sent on the wedding day to particular friends, and, in many instances, small portions are passed 9 times through the bride's ring, and given to young people for *dreaming bread.* Among genteel families, the bride receives morning calls from her friends for two or three days after the nuptials, and *sits* to receive company, with the bridegroom for 3 nights after their appearance at church. She afterwards returns the calls of her friends, attended by her *bridemaid.*—YOUNG, vol. ii., 883, 884.

Bride-cake to be first cut by bride. See *Blakeborough*, p. 94.

Gate-Helmsley. WEDDING AT GATE HELMSLEY.—The marriage of Sergeant-Major Floyd, 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers, stationed at Aldershot, to Lillie, second daughter of Mr. John Tattersall, of Gate Helmsley, took place on Tuesday. . . . The presents were numerous, and the couple left at six o'clock for Scarborough. After their

departure the old village custom of racing for the silk handkerchief and blue ribbon and other amusements were indulged in, and a happy evening was spent.

Y. H., April 30, 1896.

Throwing the stocking. See *Blakeborough*, p. 104.

Bride-wain, a carriage loaded with household furniture and utensils, travelling from the bride's father's to the bridegroom's house. Formerly great parade and ceremony were observed on this occasion. The wains were drawn entirely by oxen, whose horns and heads were ornamented with ribbons. Ten or perhaps twenty pair of oxen have, on great occasions, assisted in drawing a *bride-wain*. A young woman, at her spinning-wheel is seated on the center [*sic*] of the load. In passing through towns and villages, the bride's friends and acquaintances throw up articles of furniture, until the 'draught' be it ever so powerful, is at last feigned to be overloaded; and at length is 'set fast' generally however by some artifice, rather than the weight of the load; which, nevertheless, has on some occasions been so considerable, as to require several wains to carry it.—MARSHALL, p. 23.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 210, 211.

Essential it should pass along the 'Church Road' only. *Ib.*, p. 211.

How to enter the new house. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 103, 104.

How to rise from bed. *Ib.*, p. 104.

Wedding ring not to be removed before birth of first child. *Ib.* p. 103.

WIFE-SELLING.

York. Auction sales were conducted in this street [Pavement] . . . Not the least interesting was the sale of a woman about fifty-four years ago [from 1893?] She

had left her husband through his drunken habits and ill-treatment, and in one of his mad freaks he had her brought into the Market-place, near to the end of the church of All Saints', with a halter round her neck. She was mounted on a table beside the auctioneer, who descanted upon her virtues and spoke of her as a clean, industrious, quiet, and careful woman, attractive in appearance and well-mannered for a woman in her position of life. She was offered to the highest bidder, like any other chattel, and when the bidding had risen to 7s. 6d. she was knocked down (halter included), and handed over to the purchaser, who resided in the centre of the city and scarcely out of Pavement. She lived for many years in York and her husband rarely disturbed her; when he did it was only to get a few shillings for a drink. In a few years she removed with her purchaser some twenty miles from York, and on her husband's death which occurred fully twenty years after her sale, she married her purchaser, and died a few years ago at a great age, respectable and respected, her second husband having predeceased her.

CAMIDGE (2), pp. 183, 184.

The proper method of selling one's wife was discussed in "N. & Q." three or four years ago, and several recent cases in point were then cited. Perhaps, therefore, it may be worth while to add to these the following extract from a local newspaper, dated May 9 [1884] which has been sent to me:—

'*Sale of a Wife at York.*—We are informed that yesterday an unusual occurrence took place at an inn on Peasholme Green. A brickmaker sold his wife to a mattress-maker for the sum of 1s. 6d., which was at once paid and the bargain concluded. Four of those present signed their names as witnesses of the transaction. This is the second occurrence of the kind in this city within a few weeks.'

It will thus be seen that one at least of the two women who were sold fetched more than the standard price of one

shilling, and also that the halter which she ought to have worn, is not mentioned.

A. J. M., N. & Q., 6th S., vol. ix., p. 446.

See also under GOBLINDOM, p. 102, *foot-note.*

DEATH AND BURIAL.

I have often heard it said in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that if a clock, strike thirteen times instead of twelve, some member of the household will shortly die, or the death of some relative will be heard of.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. ii., p. 86.

If the pet dog of a sick man comes to his room door and whines and scratches, it is a sign the man will die.—D. J. K., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 193.

'Neca body can dee upon pigeon feathers' for, if any be in the bed, it is said they have a tendency to prolong the last struggle!—ROBINSON, p. 50.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 120.

The dying person may be "held back" by love.

Blakeborough, pp. 119, 120.

Omens denoting the approach of death: (white dove fluttering near window, rapid flight of birds over house, appearance of wraith).

See *Blakeborough*, p. 122.

When a person is dying, it is said that he sees something. If he sees anything black, he goes to hell; if anything white, to heaven; if anything brown, to purgatory.

D. K. J., N. & Q., 4th S., vol. i., p. 193.

For manner of ringing passing-bell, see under LOCAL CUSTOMS, pp. 320, 321.

Cleveland. The usage, hardly extinct even yet in the district, was on no account to suffer the fire in the house to go out the entire time the corpse lay in it, and throughout

the same time a candle was (or is yet) invariably kept burning in the same room with the corpse.

ATKINSON (2), pp. 596, 597.

N. Riding. When a person dies the fire in the room must be extinguished, and the looking-glass covered.

See *Blakeborough*, p. 122.

Five or six years ago, I was present when death entered the chamber. For some minutes prior to the patient dying, the old nurse actually stood by the fender poker in hand 'Tell us' said she 'when sha's gahin, seea az ah can rake t' ashes oot; it 'll mebbins help her a larl piece to git her tahm owered: ah ain 'at summat's ho'ddin 'her back.' The patient had been almost dead twice before that day, but had rallied again. So the nurse with all kindly intentions determined to give her a helping hand towards the borderland, by raking out the fire. Again; a poor body's daughter (I ken the people) died suddenly in the kitchen; there she was laid out, and although the kitchen contained the only grate in the small house, no fire was lighted until the body was carried forth. Personally I do not know of a single instance in which the fire was kept burning.—*Communicated by* MR. BLAKEBOROUGH.[1]

For other observances at the moment of death and shortly afterwards, see FUTURE LIFE, pp. 223, 224.

If the limbs of a corpse are less rigid than common, it is a sign that there will shortly be another death in the family.

ROBINSON, p. 113, *sub Leathweak or Lithwick*, adj. flexible.

[1][It is difficult to reconcile the statements of *A.* and *B.*, but as the latter has suggested to me, *A.* wrote the passage quoted between thirty and forty years ago at a time when many of his parishioners burnt peat in their one living-room, when matches were at a premium, and it was a common thing to keep the hearth alight continuously. These things might affect the practice of the country-side.]

Wake, a company of neighbours sitting up all night with the dead: a custom which is still prevalent.

MARSHALL, p. 42.

Lykewake or Lichwake, the 'corpsewake,' or the watching night and day before the interment.

ROBINSON, p. 119.

See also under FUTURE LIFE, pp. 224, 225.

Helmsley. Among the other old customs the following relating to wakes may be mentioned with interest:—A large fire was made on a brick groundwork (fire-grates in cottages were not then in general use). Near to the fire stood two large puncheons of ale, which had been scalded, and to which herbs and a quantity of sugar had been added. From 20 to 30 persons were generally invited. The oldest men and the best talkers were honoured with a seat in each corner of the fire-place, the others being seated around. Each man, on entering the house, had been invited to go into the room of death to view the remains of some member of the family. On taking his seat, the man had brought before him two silver tankards (kept by ale sellers for such occasions), one containing hot ale, the other cold. The hot was generally preferred. After a few observations on the merit of the deceased, they began the tales of long ago, which in many cases had been handed down from one generation to another. Singular as it may appear, the narratives were principally composed of the history of the place, and this was apparently one of the methods of preserving their tales from obscurity. An old soldier would be requested to recount some of the conflicts in which he was engaged, and this would cause references to battles of an earlier age. The tankards were handed round at intervals, accompanied by cakes seasoned like the ale. Cheese accompanied the cakes. Altogether time passed very comfortably, and the wakers departed during the 'small hours' of the morning, no one being worse for

liquor which, at meetings, was only secondary. Waking since has died out, and I believe that there has not been one on the same footing at Helmsley for the last 60 years.

HELMSLEY, p. 37.

A corpse should be touched by a visitor. See *Blakeborough*, p. 121.

Whitby. It was customary, at the death of an individual in the lower ranks of life, for some persons to sit up with the corpse on the night previous to interment. . . . The company is usually composed of two or three females, perhaps, one rather of an advanced age; these make it their business, on such occasions to discuss the whole annals of spectrism . . . till at length . . . [they] are ready to fancy the corpse moves, and is about to rise and lay hold of them. This, of course, furnishes them with topics of conversation on another similar occasion; where they will state that they are persuaded Willy Such-an-one is not at rest, for at his wake, his corpse appeared to move frequently; that the candles were nearly extinguished divers times; that shrouds were formed round them, pointing to some one, of whose husband there has been no account of since he sailed; that on entering the room where the corpse was laid they were just in time to prevent the candle, which is always kept burning in that room from being overturned upon the corpse by some invisible supernatural power; and numerous other distressing circumstances.

WHITBY REP., vol. iv., p. 180 (1828).

No living thing must pass over a corpse. See *Blakeborough*, p. 121.

Scarborough. *Bell-man.*—This officer was also head constable. There was a singular custom at one time prevailing in Scarbrough. All burials were announced by the bellman, who finished his cry after this manner, 'I am to give notice that Mrs. . . . of . . . will be buried on. . . .

Her husband (or wife) desires your company at his house at three o'clock, to observe the time of day and so to church.' BAKER, p. 467.

Thornton Rust. At Thornton Rust (a common contraction of St. Restitutus) in this parish [Aysgarth] is a tradition of a church the bell of which was carried about and rung by the hand, so that at every death it was rung in the middle and at each end of the village. This was a public invitation to one member of each family to attend the funeral, which was announced by another peal rung in the same singular manner.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 103.

At Danby the "Bidder" went round from house to house. See *Atkinson*, p. 226.

I purposely use the word *Popæ* [*sic*] as the more general Title of the Officiating Priest, because it may seem to particular in a matter disus'd so many Centurys ago, to apply it to the *Arvales*, a particular Order of Priests instituted by *Romulus* who went in Procession with Songs and Prayers for the increase of their Corn, offering sacrifices, etc., tho' I am apt to think that the custom not only obtain'd, but continu'd very long in these Northern Parts, where the Word continues to this very day, tho' now apply'd to a different Solemnity from the Feasts upon Sacrifices, being transferr'd to those at Funerals, which are in many parts of the Country accompany'd thro' the Fields with singing, and the Treats upon those occasions are to this day call'd *Arvills*, which I confess surpasses my skill to deduce from any other Language or Custom.

A letter from Mr. Ralph Thoresby of Leeds to Dr. Hans Sloane *Concerning some Antiquities found in Yorkshire.*

LELAND, vol. iv. p. ix.

Arvill or *Averill*, a funeral. Heard thirty years ago, but now obsolete. 'Averill-breead' funeral loaves, spiced with cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar, and raisins.—ROBINSON, p. 5.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 227, 228.

Kirkdale. As to these burial repasts the Rev. R. Bramley of Kirkdale, Yorkshire, has told me that the cake, which in his neighbourhood is handed round at the feast beforehand, is always arranged in a peculiar manner. Should a deceased woman have had a child in her unmarried state the ceremony is omitted, and he adds:—'I think that I am correct in saying that the bell is not rung the usual number of times indicating the sex of the departed.'

VAUX, p. 131.

Whitby. At Whitby a custom still obtains which is doubtless old, and which I have not observed elsewhere. A round, flat, rather sweet sort of cake-biscuit is baked expressly for use at funerals, and made to order by more than one of the bakers of the town; it is white, slightly sprinkled with sugar and of a fine even texture within. One would think it not well adapted to be eaten with wine.—O., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. iv., p. 326.

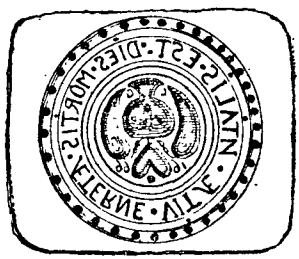
In **Upper Wensleydale**, Yorkshire, N.R., sponge cakes (with wine) are used, as noted in Leicestershire, &c. but these are not the 'funeral cakes.' The custom is to invite one from a house of friends and neighbours. They meet two hours at least before the funeral. There is breakfast or dinner, according to the hour, for those from a distance; then cakes and wine for all; lastly, just before leaving the house, each person receives a funeral card in a mourning envelope and a funeral cake, made of Scotch 'short cake,' round, five to seven inches diameter and three quarters of an inch thick (price 4*d.*, 6*d.* or 8*d.*), divided into two halves laid together, and sealed in a sheet of white paper. After the funeral, if not at the house before, there is often dinner at an inn.—LL. D. P., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. v., p. 236.

See *Atkinson*, pp. 226, 227.

MR. URBAN, I send you (see fig.) a drawing of a stone mould for marking funeral-cakes, in the possession of Thomas Beckwith, of the city of York, painter, and F.A.S.

1785. The outer circle is 11½ inches diameter, on a square stone about two inches thick; the hollow parts sunk about ¼ of an inch.

It hath been long a custom in Yorkshire to give a sort of light sweetened cake to those who attended funerals. This cake the guests put in their pocket or in their handkerchief, to carry home and share among the family. Besides this, they had given at the house of the deceased hot ale sweetened, and spices in it, and the same sort of cake in pieces. But if at the funeral of the richer sort, instead of



hot ale they had burnt wine and Savoy biscuits, and a paper with two Naples biscuits sealed up to carry home for their families. The paper in which these biscuits were sealed was printed on one side with a coffin, cross-bones, skulls, hacks, spades, hour glass, &c.; but this custom is now, I think, left off, and they wrap them only in a clean sheet of writing-paper sealed with black wax. It is customary also to set a plate or dish in the room where the company are with sprigs of rosemary; and every one takes a sprig which they carry in their hand to the grave, and as soon as the ceremony is ended, every one throws their rosemary into the grave.—T. B., GENT. MAG., 1802, Pt. 1, p. 105.

Church-road. The road which affords the usual or stated means of access to the church. In the ordinary phrase it is 'unlucky' to convey a dead body to the churchyard by any other route than the Church-road, what-

ever saving in point of time, distance, good road, or the like might be made by a deviation from it. I have heard of a discussion as taking place on the moor on such a subject, and decided in favour of the accustomed path, notwithstanding serious objections. The idea is that the person to be buried would not rest quietly in his grave if taken to the church by an unaccustomed way.

ATKINSON (2), p. 593.

[In one instance] the bearers had to wade through almost impassable accumulations of snow, which the Church-road, leading over a moorland plateau of 1000 ft. elevation, with tremendous banks on either side, rendered all the more troublesome and difficult.—ATKINSON (2), p. 328.

Ghosts may walk, if the wrong road be taken to the grave. See *Atkinson*, pp. 219, 220, 230.

But they may be puzzled by the corpse being borne from the house by an unusual exit. See under GOBLINDOM, p. 120.

Danby, etc. Discovery of coins charcoal and potsherds in Danby graves and of potsherds at Dunsley. See *Atkinson*, pp. 214, 215, 221-223.

Hats formerly worn in Danby church by chief mourners. See *Atkinson*, p. 225.

Dale, dole. A disappearing custom is that of 'giving *dale*' in connection with the funeral of one who had been a person of substance. After this has taken place, the parish poor people, of all ages, assemble in a field, near of access, and some principal farmer, who is usually in authority as overseer, proceeds to 'give *dale*.' This consists of money, bread, cheese, and ale. The old people get about threepence, the children a penny, and all a good share of the edibles. The quantity of ale dispensed to each person is supposed to be limited to a draught.

C. C. R., p. 29.

Bee observances. See under ANIMALS, pp. 65, 66.

Cow „ „ „ p. 69.

The *death-hunters* in a country village are usually two. They are persons who go from parish to parish, as a burial occurs, carrying small black stools called 'buffets,' on which the coffin is rested while the funeral hymn is being sung in the open air in front of the house where the corpse has lain. These stools are also useful on the way to church, distant, in some cases, several miles. Some parishes have got their public hearse, but this vehicle finds no favour. Its use is objected to on superstitious grounds.

C. C. R., p. 30.

Use of white sheet. See *Blakeborough*, p. 118.

Masham. Extracts taken from the Act Books, belonging to the Ecclesiastical or Peculiar Court of Massam from the year 1583 to the year 1641 containing the Presentments which were made in the Ecclesiastical Court there.

At a Court held in Massam Church 16th December 1623.

Thomas Bird for having superstitious crossings with towells at the burial of one of his children.

FISHER, pp. 542, 548.

Redcar. A friend wrote to me in 1871 to say that at Redcar in Cleveland, in the earlier part of this century, a funeral was preceded by a public breakfast. Then the coffin was carried slung upon towels knotted together, and borne by relays of men to Maroke [Marske?], up the old 'Corpseway,' and bumped upon a heap of stones, three times. This was an ancient resting-place at the top of the hill. The 'Lamentation of a Sinner' was then sung, and the procession moved to the churchyard, every man, woman, and child receiving a dole of sixpence as they entered.

The 'Lamentation of a Sinner' may be found printed

at the end of the Metrical Psalms in most old Prayer Books. The first stanza is :—

'O Lord turn not Thy face away
From him that lies prostrate ;
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before Thy mercy's gate.

And the last

'Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask
This is the total sum ;
For mercy Lord is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.'

VAUX, p. 129. J. C. Atkinson, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. vii., p. 298.

Graves were carefully made so that the corpses lay from east to west, as any other position was considered unlucky as well as dishonourable. To meet a funeral was considered a sad calamity, and the certain forerunner of ill-luck, and if by any means possible it was avoided. The ghost of the last person interred was always accredited with the responsibility of keeping watch over the churchyard until another interment took place. . . . At Easingwold the old parish coffin still survives. . . . The coffin not only served the purposes of decency, but restrained the deceased from becoming a wandering and troublesome ghost, as it was believed that no person could appear again if buried in a parish coffin.—CAMIDGE (2), p. 90.

Thirsk. An invariable custom has been transmitted from antiquity to the Church of England, of placing the head of the coffin towards the *West* and the feet pointing to the *East*. . . . But in this cemetery many graves are posited *North* and *South*, as well as *East* and *West*. The circumstance may have arisen from a scarcity of consecrated ground.—THIRSK, p. 63.

Filey. At the procession of funerals it is in some places a custom, by way of showing honour to the dead, and to afford comfort and consolation to the living, to carry out

the body with psalmody; it was much more the practice formerly than now. . . . It was also quite usual for the body to be carried forth to the Church, and from thence to the grave by near relations, or persons of such station as the circumstances of the deceased required; nor was it thought unsuitable to the dignity of the higher order, either of the clergy or laity to carry the bier. It was farther customary, especially with the Roman Catholics, to invite the *poor* to funerals. . . . For those who attend the funeral to be regaled with bread, cheese, and ale, is still common in the county of York.

At *Bempton* money is distributed in the Church-yard among the old women and children, when the surviving relatives are in circumstances to afford it; by only giving a single penny to each, ten shillings and even more have been thus disposed of.[1]

Still greater respect is usually paid to the memory of *unmarried females* at their funerals, especially in the retired villages and dales of Yorkshire and other neighbouring counties. It is the encircling a ring or hoop (in some places two hoops crossing each other) with wreaths of white paper, which is hung up in the Church over the pew or seat of one who had [*sic*] been recently interred. A custom of this sort was formerly observed at Filey, and here and in some other places the form of a hand, cut in white paper, is inserted in the middle of the hoop or hoops, upon which is fairly written the name of the deceased maiden, with her age. The friends and relatives of the deceased usually attend the corpse as bearers. . . . In some country Churches, the wreaths of white paper are exchanged for garlands of flowers suspended over the seats of deceased virgins.—COLE, pp. 138, 139, 140, 141.

[1] 'It was the practice of the attendants at funerals in the County of York who served the company with ale or wine, to have round one of their arms a clean white napkin; and to the handle of the tankard was affixed a piece of lemon peel.'

The usual hour of burial at Whitby is 3 o'clock P.M. from michaelmas to lady-day, and 5 o'clock during the rest of the year; but several of the genteel families bury in the morning at 7 or 8 o'clock.—YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 611.

Whitby. 'Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on.' Old people in this part have dwelt on the adherence to former-day customs in funeral matters, with allusions to the keeping of corpse linen for laying-out purposes, which had done duty on family occasions in past generations. Long ago, we were shown by a Whitby lady, her provision of caps for both sexes; a cambric material for folding upon the breast and neck while the body lay upon the corpse-bed, sheeting of the snowiest hue, along with draperies for the bed-hangings and festooning purposes. These fabrics, after use, were again consigned to the linen-chest which contained other productions of the loom some being marked with the date 1668. At the funerals of the rich 'burnt wine from a silver flagon' was handed with macaroons and sweet biscuits to the company, before the body was removed,—this cordial being a heated preparation of port wine with spices and sugar. Moreover, the passing bell was tolled at all hours of the night, and not deferred, as at present in the case of night deaths, until the following morning; while to the burying, the parish clerk was the usual 'Bidder'; for the neighbours and acquaintances, much the same as in our day, were invited to attend. Many of the old inhabitants had an aversion to be hearsed, choosing rather to be 'carried by hand, and sung before,' as it was the mode of their families in time past; and in the suspensary manner of 'hand carrying' with the hold of linen towels passing beneath the coffin, we still see women borne by women, as men by men, and grown-up children by young people. Infants are carried under the arm of a female; while women who have died in childbed have a white sheet thrown over the coffin by way of distinction.

All this however is to be taken with our old parish church in the background; for owing to the discontinuance of burials in crowded grounds, except in unfilled family vaults already made, the churchyard of St. Mary's in use for the last 700 years, is now closed. . . .

It is customary, to send gloves to the friends of the deceased, white for a young and unmarried person, and black otherwise; while at the burial hour, couples of females called 'servers,' with decanters, salvers, and glasses, hand wine and sweet biscuits to the relatives in the house, and to the 'sitters,' or those who are waiting in the neighbouring dwellings to join the procession, as well as to the numbers met for the same purpose outside the doors. The servers precede the corpse to the grave, dressed in white for a young or unmarried person, and in black for the aged and married; with a broad ribbon, white or black, crossing over one shoulder like a scarf; and a silken rosette in accordance, pinned to the breast. If by hearse conveyance, the sable plumes of that vehicle, and the mourning hat-bands of the white-gloved carriage-drivers, are entwined with white ribbons for the young and unmarried of both sexes. When the corpse of a girl or a spinster is to be borne by hand from the hearse into the church, in both cases the bearers are usually young or unmarried women, dressed in white or in a combination of white and black, with white gloves and white straw bonnets all trimmed with white alike; and in the case of an unmarried man, his bearers are distinguished by white gloves to the usual suit of black. . . . In some places in this vicinity the mourners kneel around the coffin in the chancel during the service. . . . The upper classes usually bury in a morning. . . . We have witnessed the primitive manner of carrying the corpse 'bauk-ways' that is, upon cross sticks beneath the coffin, half-a-dozen or eight bearers having hold of the projecting ends, three or four on each side. . . .

It was formerly a custom in this quarter for a couple of white-robed maidens to walk before a virgin corpse, holding aloft a garland of coloured ribbons having a white glove suspended in the centre, and marked in the palm with the initials and age of the deceased. Examples of these garlands remain hung up in the old church at Robin Hood's bay, and in the church of Hinderwell, in this part; white garlands of 'silver filagree' have been disclosed elsewhere, as if placed with the coffin in the grave. Further, 70 years ago, it was the practice at Whitby, not to toll but to ring at full speed, one of St. Mary's bells for poor-house deaths—a custom alluded to by our poet Gibson :—

> 'From the squat steeple hear the jangling bell
> The welcome fate of parish paupers tell;
> Unlike that brazen mouth whose hollow tone
> The pompous exit of the rich makes known.'
>
> ROBINSON, pp. viii.-xi.

See also under TREES AND PLANTS, pp. 57, 58; YOUNG, vol. ii., p. 884.

If you are unmarried, be very careful to keep in mind the fact that having attended three funerals, you must at least be present during part of a wedding service before standing at the graveside of a fourth, or you will die single. . . . Yes, things go by threes. If one death takes place in a street, it wont be very long ere the bell tolls for two others.—BLAKEBOROUGH, p. 127.

I seem to remember having been told by a Yorkshire woman that it is unlucky to keep mourning garments after the term for wearing them is over.

St. Swithin, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. i., p. 212.

Account of Danby funerals.—See *Atkinson*, pp. 231-233.

„ of a country funeral. „ *Blakeborough*, 117, 118.

SECTION XII.

GAMES.

Ball-playing. See under FESTIVALS: Shrove Tuesday, p. 238, Easter, p. 246.

Bull-baiting. **Leyburn.** There is a bull-ring in the market-place similar to that at Middleham. Till a recent date, bull-baiting was a popular sport in Richmondshire.

BARKER, p. 163.

See also under LOCAL CUSTOMS: **Thirsk**, p. 360.

Cockelty Bread. Cockelty is still heard among our children at play. One of them squats on its haunches with the hands joined beneath the thighs, and being lifted by a couple of others who have hold by the bowed arms, it is swung forwards and backwards and bumped on the ground or against the wall, while continuing the words 'this is the way we make cockelty bread.'—ROBINSON, p. 40.

Cock-fighting and throwing. See under FESTIVALS: Shrove Tuesday, pp. 238, 240; and p. 319.

Codlings, Tip and Go, or Tip and Slash a game among youths similar in its routine to Cricket, a short piece of wood being struck by a long stick instead of a ball by a bat. To become a cricketer, 'learn codlings first.'

ROBINSON, p. 41.

Cogs. The top stone of a pile is pelted by a stone flung from a given distance, and the more hits or '*coggings* off' the greater the player's score.—ROBINSON, p. 41.

Counting out Rhymes etc. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 259-262.

"*Crickets.*" See under FESTIVALS: Easter, p. 246.

Dancing, Sword. See under FESTIVALS: Epiphany-tide, pp. 231, 232; Christmas, pp. 280, 281.

Do-dance or Doo-dance a round-about way to a place or process. 'They led me a bonny do-dance about it.' A fool's errand or first of April affair. From a note we have seen on this word left by Mr. Marshall, a doo-dance was originally a public dance by women for a *doo* (or dove) in a cage ornamented with ribbons, the worth of the reward being not so much thought about as the distinction of obtaining it,—hence from the throng on the occasion, a scene of hurry or commotion is called a *do-dance.*

ROBINSON, p. 54.

Ducks and Drakes. A winter pastime in which discs of some flat material are made to skim or shy along an iced surface.—ROBINSON, p. 58.

[The collector has known a North Riding man skim a stone on the surface of a river and exclaim "A dick," "duck," "drake" and "penny white cake" according to the number of its rebounds.]

Felto the game of 'Hide and Seek.'—ROBINSON, p. 65.

Fives. See under FESTIVALS: Easter, p. 246.

[Walls against which this game is played are to be seen on village-greens.]

Football. See under FESTIVALS: Easter, p. 246.

Guisborough *games.* The people breed there live very longe; if they be awhile absent, they growe sycklye; they are altogether given to pleasure, scarce one good husband amongst them, day and night feastinge, making matches for horse-races, dog-runinge, or runinge on foote, which they use in a fielde called the Deere close, where, as if yt were in Campus Martis, you shall see from morninge tyll

12 or one of the clocke at night boyes and men in their shirtes, exercisinge themselves.—H. Tr., pp. 408, 409.

Jennie o' Jones. There is a very common girls' game not only in the North Riding, but in most parts of England called 'Jennie o' Jones.' It is a singing game. One verse runs :—

> Red is for the soldiers,
> For soldiers, for soldiers ;
> Red is for the soldiers,
> And that will never do.

BLAKEBOROUGH, p. 260.

[This verse occurs in a version of 'Jenny Jones' jingles from Belfast, quoted from N. & Q., 7th S., vol. xii. p. 492, by Gomme, vol. i. p. 262.]

Jowling or *Jowls* the boys' game played much the same as hockey, by striking a wooden ball from the ground with a long stick clubbed at one end.—ROBINSON, p. 103.

Mana Minetail. I will mention an old game for both sexes that has sprung up again under a new name called 'kissing in the ring.' . . . The old game was called in country parlance 'Mana Minetail.' The proper meaning I cannot give. The players stood in a circle, and every man had his turn to call a lady out, which was done in the following manner :—*He* : 'Mana, Mana, Minetail.' *She* : 'Pray you for what ?' *He* : 'Drink a glass of thinetail.' *She* : 'Thank you for that—but catch me first.' She did not run from the ring, but kept threading about, all hands being raised to let her pass, while her pursuer met with every obstruction that could be offered. He had to hold his head down to get under, while she was making ins and outs he could not see, therefore he would lose his thread, and when that took place he had to retire.

HELMSLEY, p. 36.

Otter-hunting. The river Yore was formerly celebrated for Otter-hunting, and until within a very few years, Otter hounds were kept at Middleham ; but of late, the breed of

otters has fearfully diminished, and the sport is little followed. . . . The pomp and circumstance of the olden Otter-chase were very striking: the huntsmen sallied forth arrayed in vests of green, braided with scarlet, their caps of fur, encircled with bands of gold, and surmounted with ostrich plumes. Boots, much of the fashion of those known to modern hunting-fields, reaching to the tops of the thighs, and water-proof, encased their lower limbs, and were ornamented with gold or silver tassels. Their spears were also embellished with carving and costly mountings.

BARKER, pp. 160, 162, *foot-note.*

Pally-ully or *Pally-hitch,* a child's game of chance with rounded pieces of pot the size of a penny. Divisions are chalked on the pavement and the '*pally-ullies*' are impelled within the lines by a hop on one leg and a side-shuffle with the same foot. Sometimes called Tray-trip, Scotch-hop, or Hopscotch.—ROBINSON, p. 140.

Paste Eggs. See under FESTIVALS: Easter, pp. 245, 246.

Quoits. [Played.]

Sheet-dance. Rape is thrashed on sheets; the young workers finding employment in laying on the produce, while the men use the flail. When this labour is ended, merriment begins; and after supper, the young people resort to the barn, where there is dancing on the *sheet* which has been in use during the day; and hence the association.—C. C. R., p. 121.

Shinnops. SHINNOPS a youths' game with a ball and stick heavy at the striking end; the player manœuvring to get as many strokes as possible, and to drive the ball distances.—C. C. R., p. 121.

Shuttlecock. See under FESTIVALS: Shrove Tuesday, p. 240.

Spell and knor. . . . A game played with a wooden ball, and a stick, fitted at the striking end with a club-

shaped piece of wood. The *spell* made to receive and 'spring' the ball for the blow, at a touch, is generally a simple contrivance of wood, an inch or so in breadth, and a few inches long, but may also be in these modern days, an elaborate piece of mechanism, with metal cup, catch, and spring; together with spikes, for fixing into the soil etc. The players, who usually go in and out by turns each time, after a preliminary series of tippings of the *spell* with the stick in one hand, and catches of the ball with the other, in the process of calculating the momentum necessary for reach of hand, are also allowed two trial 'rises' in a striking attitude, and distance is reckoned by scores of yards.

C. C. R., p. 133.

Knor or *Gnar*, a small wooden ball for playing at the game of 'Spell and *Knor*,' the spell being the trap or tilt from which the ball is struck by the 'tribbit stick'[1] which has a bat-like piece of wood at one end of it.—ROBINSON, p. 109.

See under FESTIVALS : Shrove Tuesday, p. 238.

Shooting at a mark. [At **Brompton** Church, Scarbro', The] S. door is a beautiful specimen of rich Perpendicular work. . . . The old handle is gone but the staple fastening it remains, and has engraven upon it the figure of a face. . . . This door is much disfigured with bullet holes, the result of a practice which formerly existed here of shooting from a distance of a hundred yards, at the handle before mentioned, for a copper kettle. The practice existed within the memory of persons now living.—FAWCETT, p. 51.

Varia. [Formerly] the Rivaulx public houses had the major portion of their customers from Helmsley. These people assembled to play foot-ball on Sundays! This was however suppressed—probably through the exertions of Dr. Conyers.[2] One of the chief amusements of the day was

[1] A three-foot pliable stick, to the end of which a bat-shaped piece of wood is fixed, for striking the ball.—ROBINSON, p. 202.

[2] [Vicar of Helmsley in the latter half of the 18th century.]

cock-fighting, for which then Helmsley men were notorious. . . . Iron skates had not then made their way into the country, but wooden ones were used. They were called a 'schol.' . . . 'Sholling' is the word now used for sliding in this part of Yorkshire. . . . Easter was about the time to begin field sports. The Helmsley people on Easter Monday turned out to play at 'dab and shel' (nurr and spell). . . . Their dab was far heavier than those now in use, while the handle was a quarter cleft. A young ash tree was selected and split into four quarters.

HELMSLEY, p. 36.

SECTION XIII.

LOCAL CUSTOMS.

BELLS AND OTHER SIGNALS.

Catterick. The Curfew is rung from the Church every night during the winter season.—COOKES, p. 72.

Masham. The practice of ringing the Curfew-bell morning and evening, has been continued at Masham down to the present time.—FISHER, p. 458.

The manner of tolling the Passing-bell or Soul's-bell, here is very ancient and different to that which prevails in other Parishes. Here, in the case of persons dying within the town of Masham, or in Burton Constabulary, the Tenor-bell is first rung out, but not so in the case of persons dying in any other part of the Parish; after which, in the case of a child under seven years of age, three knells are given on each of the six bells in succession if a female, and three knells on the first four bells, and five knells on the last two bells in succession if a male. For a person under sixteen years of age, five knells are given on each of the six bells in succession if a female, and five knells on the four first bells, and seven on the last two bells in succession if a male. For a person above sixteen years of age, but unmarried, seven knells are given on each of the six bells in succession if a female, and seven knells on each of the first four bells, and nine knells on the last two bells in

succession if a male. For a married person, nine knells are given on each of the six bells in succession if a female, and nine knells on each of the first four bells, and eleven knells on each of the last two bells in succession if a male.

FISHER, pp. 460, 461.

Formerly it was the custom to ring the Church-bells on the eve of the September Fairs, the object being (according to a tradition handed down to us through old Jack Harrison, the leaders of the ringers) to guide by the sound of the bells, persons coming across the wide moors (which were then laid open and unenclosed) to attend the fairs.

FISHER, p. 460.

Northallerton. The custom of ringing the eight o'clock, or curfew-bell, is still kept up at North Allerton.

INGLEDEW, p. 10.

Richmond. In the Tower [of Holy Trinity Church] hang two bells, on the largest is inscribed in very old and chaste black letter: *Omne super* [*n*?]*omen*[1] *Jh'us est venerabile nomen*. . . . The curfew is tolled on it every day at 6 a.m. and 8 p.m., a custom that has probably continued in this town without intermission since the day the Conqueror issued his famous order; and on the death of a parishioner, twelve strokes are rung on it and after the last stroke, the knell: nine for a man, six for a woman, and three for a child. It is likewise tolled, in accordance with the articles of Queen Elizabeth of 1564, when a funeral is about to take place and whilst the corpse is being borne to the grave, and hence called the 'Gathering Bell.' The smaller one is supposed to have been brought from St. James' Chapel in Bargate, and is called the 'Common Bell' and is rung when the Sessions are held, and the Mayor chosen, or a fire occurs, and at 11 o'clock on Shrove Tuesday, to bid the 'housewives tend the fires to cook the pancakes well.'

COOKES, pp. 21, 22.

[1][Also *omen* in CLARKSON, p. 130.]

Richmond's Ancient Customs. At the annual meeting of the Council after the election of Mayor the two sergeants-at-mace were duly re-elected. In the case of the bellman Alderman W. Ness Walker suggested that the appointment should be referred to committee. The calls used to finish with 'God save the Queen, and lords of the Manor.' For some time past the 'lords of the Manor' had been dropped, and now 'God save the Queen' had dropped. The curfew bell was also rung very irregularly. He (Alderman Walker) very strongly maintained that they should keep up the old customs in an ancient place like Richmond, inasmuch as it showed a loyalty and respect for her Majesty the Queen.—*Y. H.*, Nov. 11, 1899.

See also under FESTIVALS, pp. 237, 238, 239, 240, 275. See also under CEREMONIAL, **Scarborough** and **Thornton Rust**, pp. 303, 304.

Stainton Dale. As long ago as 1140 the manor of Stainton was granted by King Stephen to the Knight Templars, on condition that they should offer daily prayer for the Kings of England and their heirs, and as this was a 'desert place,' they should entertain all poor travellers, providing themselves with a 'good sounding bell and a horn,' to be sounded each evening at twilight. The place was known for generations as 'bell-hill,' from which this invitation sounded.—FRANKS, p. 222.

About the year 1340 . . . John Moryn, escheator to Edward III., took possession of the manor of Stainton Dale as a forfeit; alleging that it had been given by king Stephen to the *knights templars*, for keeping a chaplain there to celebrate divine service daily, and for receiving and entertaining poor people and travellers passing that way, and for ringing a bell and blowing a horn every night in the twilight, that travellers and strangers might be directed thither; and that as this charity and alms had been withdrawn by the master and brethren of the hospital, the

manor was forfeited to the king. . . By [the] decision it would appear, that the service . . . was voluntary, and not made a condition in their charter. Whether they resumed it again or not, . . . has not been ascertained; but the rising ground where the bell once sounded is still called *Bell-Hill*; the site of the chantry . . . is called *Old Chapel*.—YOUNG, vol. i., pp. 443, 444.

Thirsk. The ringing of the curfew bell, morning and evening, is still continued at Thirsk.—THIRSK, p. 50.

Chantry, nr. W. Witton. An old custom at Chantry was the firing of a gun after sundown, to guide benighted travellers on Penhill to a place of safety.

BOGG (3), pp. 239, 240.

York (*S. Michael's Spurriergate*). At six o'clock every morning (Sunday excepted) a bell is rung in the tower of this Church, and after this bell has chimed, another is rung as many times as will correspond to the day of the month. The custom of ringing the first-mentioned bell is said to derive its origin from the circumstance of a traveller having lost his way in the forest that formerly surrounded York. After wandering about all night, he was rejoiced to hear the clock of St. Michael strike six, which at once told him where he was. To commemorate his deliverance from the perils of the night, he left a sum of money that the bell might thenceforward be rung at six every morning. The Curfew Bell, too, still continues to be tolled here at eight o'clock in the evening.—WHELLAN, vol. i., p. 553.

Bainbridge. Bainbridge was the chief place of the forest of Wensleydale . . . and from time immemorial the 'forest horn' has been blown on the green, every night at 10 o'clock, from the end of September to Shrovetide and it is blown still; for are not ancient customs all but immortal in our country? The stiff-jointed grey beard [the horn-blower] hearing that a curious stranger wished to look at

the instrument, brought it forth. It is literally a horn—a large ox-horn, lengthened by a hoop of now rusty tin, to make up for the pieces which some time or other had been broken from its mouth. He himself had put on the tin years ago. Of course I was invited to blow a blast, and of course failed. My companion, however, could make it speak lustily; but the old man did best, and blew a long sustained note which proved him to be as good an economist of breath as a pearl-diver. For years had he thus blown, and his father before him.—WHITE, p. 238.

At Bainbrigg the 'Forest Horn' was anciently blown every night at ten o'clock between the feast of Holy Rood (Sep. 27) and Shrove Tide, to guide belated wanderers through the forest. . . . The custom of horn-blowing is still kept up at Bainbrigg. . . . In the beginning of this year, [1864] it was voted by the Bainbrigantes in solemn conclave assembled, that James Metcalfe (locally known as Jim Purin), the village hornblower, aged 87, had better husband his remaining breath; and accordingly another Metcalfe was appointed in his room and stead. This ancient horn was also examined, and was found to present rather a discreditable appearance, its mouthpiece being made of cobbler's wax, and the wide end of the instrument being lengthened with a four inch hoop of rusty iron. The old Horn's voice proved on trial as melodious as ever, but its 'appearances' were against the venerable tube, and so it was ruthlessly condemned. An African buffalo's horn presented by Mr. Harburn of Bishop Auckland, and fitted by public subscription with a grand brass chain and mouth-piece to match, was inaugurated on the 10th of March last with much rustic pomp and ceremony.[1] Let us see what is going on. All Bainbrigg is in holiday. It is noon: a grand proces-

[1] [The old horn became the property of William 'Butcher' (Metcalfe) son of Jim Purin: see HARDCASTLE, p. 30. According to WHALEY, p. 66, it, or another disestablished instrument, is now in the museum of Bolton Castle.]

sion is forming. Look! it contains twelve white horses and two donkeys all decorated with scarlet ear-caps and housings, their riders flaunting in gay ribbons. Here comes the Bainbrigg Band sounding through the town; and there glitters the new Horn, and the new Horn-blower also in gorgeous array—red breeches, white leggings, four-square cap and feather. . . . But who comes here; this most reverend, grave, and potent seignior, meetly arrayed in scarlet cap of maintenance and flowing robe? It is the Right Honourable John Scarr Foster, the unanimously elected Lord Mayor of this most ancient British and ante-Roman Burgh.—HARDCASTLE, pp. 26, 27.

MOCK MAYORS, FEASTS, ETC.

Askrigg. Drunken Barnaby referring to Askrigg says

> Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
> Ever was elected there

but this would scarcely appear true to the facts of the case at present as we gather from the following account published in the *Wensleydale Advertiser* of January 6th 1848, that

'On Wednesday last the citizens of this spirited place proceeded with all due solemnity to their ancient custom of appointing and electing an eligible person to the honourable office of Mayor of this City. Several candidates announced their intentions of contesting the vacant chair, and more than the usual interest was excited on the occasion. At 7 o'clock precisely, the Right Hon. the retiring Mayor, Jeffrey Jack Esq was seen wending his august personage towards the Town Hall, preceded by two bands of music, and carried on the shoulders of ten stalwart bearers in his magnificent chair. The proclamation of his retirement having been duly made, the assemblage adjourned to the house of Mr. A. Hutchinson, where a large

concourse of citizens were awaiting the arrival of his ex-lordship, and where he was received with loud acclamation. After the sensation had in some manner subsided, it was proposed and seconded that the above-named gentleman be re-elected to the aforesaid honourable office for the ensuing year. On hearing of this the other candidates immediately retired, and the election was declared to have fallen unanimously on Mr. Jack. The chairing subsequently followed and was distinguished by more than the usual *eclat*, being the 25th year of His Lordship's successive reign. After descending from the chair, His Lordship addressed the citizens to the following effect:—Fellow-citizens my old reed is grown so hoarse that I can hardly sound my high note, but I don't want to play trumpeter now myself when all my life I have been used to more polite music. Gentlemen my old heart knocks away to the favourite tune of my old scissors, viz.: 'We part to meet again,' and I think you and I do meet again. These 25 years I have governed you my children in Adam's kitchen, and now when the down hill of life gently inclines towards my wandering footsteps I long to play with my old companions the harmonious tunes of boyhood. My needle flies through the broad cloth with less activity—my old bellows cannot keep up the steam in my favourite bassoon, nor can my old shakey fist throw the fly for the poor deluded trout with such unerring precision as it did, but my old heart can and does thank you for these accumulated honours, and I wish good health, pleasure, and pastime among us all.' The hon. gentleman retired amid loud applause and the assemblage afterwards celebrated his return in due style in Adam's kitchen.'—WENSLEYDALE, pp. 78, 79.

Bellerby. At Bellerby on the north side of the dale, [Wensleydale] a man, tarred and feathered, is dragged in a cart round the village, to the yells of youths and shouts of ''Ere we cum, 'ere we cum' begging for tarts, cheesecakes,

drink, or whatever the people think proper to give, to help to swell the coming feast.—BOGG (3), p. 239.

Bishopthorpe. Once a year the villagers hold their feast, Trinity Monday and Tuesday being the days of the festival. . . . Formerly a company of men, accompanied by the Bishopthorpe Brass band, perambulated the street on the morning of the second feast day, to collect tarts and cheese cakes, after the fashion of the feast at Fulford and elsewhere; but although the 'Lord Mayor' and some of his attendants still live in the village, the custom of collection with all its excitement and noisy associations has died out.—CAMIDGE, p. 343.

West Burton in Bishopdale. Boasts of . . . a pair of stocks, and a village-cross crested with a cock bedizened with ribbons tied to him at the village feast on the 6th of May.—HARDCASTLE, p. 33.

Kilburn. At Kilburn immediately before the village feast, which is held on the Saturday after Midsummer Day, a man was dressed up to represent the Lord Mayor of York, and another to represent the Lady Mayoress. These two were then dragged through the village streets in a cart by lads. As they went along they recited a doggerel and visited all the houses of the place, exhorting the people to tidy their gardens, trim their hedges, and make their tenements look generally respectable for the feast; in the event of these orders being disregarded a mock fine was imposed.—MORRIS, p. 232.

Middleham. In the Middleham Household Book of Richard III., there are some curious items. Among them is 5s. allowed for chesing (choosing) a king of West Witton, . . . and 6s. 8d. for chesing of the King of Middleham.

WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 125 *note*; BARKER, p. 275.

Masham. The 'Masham Fairs' have ever been pregnant with roast-beef, pickled cabbage, and strong ale, to

which by the laws of hospitality prevailing in the Parish, all comers are ever welcome: every individual, however humble his circumstances, considering it his bounden duty to provide a plentiful supply of these indispensable articles for consumption on these occasions.—FISHER, p. 464, 465.

Many districts had a curious local custom of making a special kind of cake or cakes to grace their festive board. In some places they favoured fat rascals; at another a special spice loaf; a third, tarts; a fourth, lemon cheese-cakes, &c. Each of these very rich and indigestible morsels held predominant sway over wide areas; and, be it remembered, of whatever else you might indulge, you were expected to demolish a goodly plateful of the local favourite before you recrossed the threshold. In the early days of this century, before entering a house on feast-day morn, the visitor made a rude cross with the left foot upon the sanded doorstone; and as he crossed the threshold, uttered some pious invocation on the inmates. It was in some places the custom, if the house possessed a babe under a year old, to leave a piece of silver on the plate, after having partaken of the "feast cake or tart." This feast money, I believe, was most religiously put by as a store for the little one.

BLAKEBOROUGH, (3) 3, Jan. 21st, 1899.

Muker. There is . . . an annual fair called 'Muker old Roy,' so called we believe because the miners here kept up the custom of having a good spree, or 'roy,' as it is locally called, on each annual recurrence of this fair.

ROUTH, p. 21.

Oswaldkirk. The fair is on the first Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday after the 6th of July. One 'who can act the fool the best' is chosen as Lord Mayor of Oswaldkirk, and there is also the Lady Mayoress, a man dressed in woman's clothes. They are both attired as comically as possible, and they go about in a cart drawn by the children. There

is a proclamation 'Oh Yes! Oh Yes! I am the Lord Mayor of Oswaldkirk for one year and one day and I don't care. I have reduced tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff three-ha'pence per ounce: that's as much as any Lord Mayor can reduce. I advise all you young ladies to take care or you come before me, the Lord Mayor.' Then comes the fine; for instance, half-a-crown for not having the rose-tree nailed up, or for a gate not being painted. The children cheer and pass on. Two men, who wear white aprons, and have each a steel hanging on one side, collect from the right and left of the street respectively, fragments of festal fare and money for races. The fines swell the fund out of which runners are rewarded, and the cakes are handed round to strangers etc.—*Communicated by* A RESIDENT.

Reeth. Reeth 'Bartle Fair' was formerly a great event, and an old song[1] commemorates the manner in which it was celebrated fifty or sixty years ago, when times were good in Swaledale, and miners could earn something more than a bare subsistence.—ROUTH, p. 14.

Scarbro'. A great fair, or market called 'gablers'' or 'jabblers' fair' day was originated by charter of King Henry III., dated January 22nd 1253, granting a fair to the town. Its earliest origin most probably arose from a tax imposed by King Henry II., the particulars of which were that every house which stood with its gable end facing the street should pay fourpence yearly, while those which stood in a contrary direction should pay sixpence. . . . This fair was held on the Feast of the Assumption of the "Blessed Mary" August the 12th, until the Feast of St. Michael, and as a free mart was an important privilege, and attracted a great concourse of strangers from all parts. . . . The annual custom of proclaiming the fair open was

[1] [See *A Glossary of Words used in Swaledale* (E. D. S.) by Captain John Harland, author, in about the middle of the 19th century, of the "old song" in question (pp. 3, 4, 5.)]

after the following manner. . . . The town's officers on the morning of the Assumption, preceded by a band of music and accompanied by crowds . . . made a grand procession on horseback. The heads of the horses were adorned with flowers, and the hats of the riders in the same fanciful manner. The cavalcade . . . paraded the streets halting at particular stations, where and when the common crier made proclamation of the mart, and welcomed strangers to the town on paying their tolls and customs. The words of the proclamation were :—

" Lords, gentlemen and loons,
You're welcome to our toons
Until St. Michael's day,
But tolls and customs pay,
From latter Lammas day.
To Burgesses we say,
Pay your gablage pay.
Take notiche evericke one,
This fair be kept till set of sun.
No sort of food I rede ye sell
But what will fit the body well.
No sort of goods I rede ye vend,
Unless their worth ye first commend.
And also, all be found to plese,
On pain of stocks and little ease.
And buyers all that comen here,
The wonted dues and tolls shall clear.
Now may ye sport and play I wis,
And all things do ; but nowt amiss ;
So quick your booths and tents prepare,
And welcome strangers to the Fair.
God save the King and the worshipful Mr. Bayliffes.

When the cavalcade had paraded every quarter of the town, so as to return to the place from whence it set out, the whole party dismounted and prepared to join the sports which were attendant. . . . This ancient custom of proclaiming the fair or free mart was continued till the year 1788 when owing to the successful competition of the mart opened at Seamer it fell into desuetude.—BAKER, pp. 315, 316, 317.

Seamer. There is a custom observed on the Fair-days at Seamer (July 15th, 16th,) of exhibiting a bush, which in ancient times denoted an Inn or house of entertainment.

FAWCETT, p. 3.

Thoralby. During the Martinmas week Thoralby is aroused from her slumbers; then all the young men and maidens are at home for a week's holiday, and there is the usual dressing up of guys and mumming, etc., and the perambulating of the village to the din of concertina and fiddle, and the begging from house to house for anything to swell the big feast, which takes place either at the inn or some large room, ending with a jumping dance, which concludes the festivities.—BOGG (3) p. 234.

West Witton. See *ante* p. 327, sub *Middleham.* The village feast begins on Saint Bartholomew's day, and lasts for several days. . . . The week's feasting at West Witton is concluded by a very ancient and singular custom or ceremony, the origin of which I have not been able to ascertain. . . . An effigy, supposed to represent the Saint, is made, after which it is dragged up and down the village by the younger generation. Then a large fire is prepared, on to which the effigy is tossed, and whilst the figure is burning, is chanted many times over :—

In Penhill crags
He tore his rags.
At Hunter's thorn
He blew his horn.
At Capplebank Stee
He broke his knee.
At Briskill beck
He brake his neck.
At Wadham's end
He couldn't fend.
At Briskill end
He made his end.

Huntersthorn, Capplebank, Brisgill and Wadham are well-

known places in the district. On the sides of Penhill above the village are beautiful woodland paths, etc.

BOGG (3), pp. 238, 239.

York, *S. Michael's, Spurriergate.* On the day preceding Old Lammas Day, in each year. . . . [a] bell was tolled at three o'clock in the afternoon. Thereupon the sheriffs of the city gave up their authority, by delivering their white rods or wands of office to the Archbishop; and a fair called the 'Bishop's Fair' was commenced, and continued for two days. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the day succeeding Old Lammas Day the bell was rung again; the fair ended, and the Archbishop's bailiff re-delivered the white rods to the sheriffs, who then resumed their suspended authority. . . . During the fair days the Archbishop's bailiff had to serve all judicial processes and execute all legal business connected with, or in place of the sheriffs. He was practically the Sheriff of York for the two days.—CAMIDGE, p. 87.

The Archbishop keeps a court of *pyepowder* at this fair and a jury is impannelled out of the town of *Wistow*, a town within the bishop's liberty, for determining all differences of such as complain unto them of matters happening within the said fair.—DRAKE, p. 218.

[A] fair is always kept in *Micklegate* on St. *Luke's* day for all sorts of small wares. It is commonly called *dish fair* from the great quantity of wooden dishes, ladles, etc. brought to it. There is an old custom used at this fair of bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four sturdy labourers, and each labourer was formerly supported by another. This without doubt is a ridicule on the meanness of the wares brought to the fair, small benefit accruing to the labourers at it. Held by charter *Jan. 25, an. regis H. VII.*, 17.

DRAKE, pp. 218, 219.

PUNISHMENTS.

Easingwold. On the south-east side of the [market] cross formerly stood the stocks, removed from their ancient site, but not altogether out of use: and near them a whipping-post, possibly serving upon occasion, the somewhat gentler purpose of a Kissing-Post whose heathenish origin and use is thus noticed by Leland.[1] 'In places of public resort, was frequently erected a Kissing-Post, and the loungers or porters of the town civilly requested any stranger passing to kiss the post. If he refused to do this, they forthwith laid hold of him, and by main force bumped his body against the post; but if he quietly submitted to kiss the same, and paid down sixpence, then they gave him a name, and chose some one of the company for his godfather.' The post generally represented some old image or pagan deity.—GILL, pp. 100, 101.

Easingwold. On the north-side of the market-place was a ducking-stool. . . . Its chief victims, at least in latter times, were scolds and unquiet women, who were placed in a stool or chair fixed at the end of a long pole, and thence let down into the water.—GILL, p. 101.

Helmsley, Jan. 12, 1657. Margery Watson of Whitby, being a scold, to be ducked by the Constable, unless she within a month do ask Jas. Wilkinson and his wife of Sneaton forgiveness in Whitby Church publiquely and at the Cross in the market town there.

RECORDS, vol. v., p. 262.

Richmond, 13th Oct. 1606.—[In connexion with the mention of an evil living man and 'wieff who is a common skolder with her neighbours' it is noted] That in the towne of Langthorne aforesaid there is neither stockes nor cockinstole for the punishing of offenders.

RECORDS, vol. i., p. 56.

[1] *Coll.* p. lxxvi.—1770.

Scarborough. Heywood in a ballad published by him on the taking of Scarbrough Castle says:

> 'This term Scarbro warning grew—some say—
> By hanging for rank robbery there;
> Who that was met but suspect in that way,
> Straight he was trussed up, whate'er he were.'

This would imply that Scarborough used that law [gibbet law].—BAKER, p. 398.

York. In the Theatre [of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society's Museum] . . . appended to the wall, is a brank, the old punishment for scolding women, given by Lady Mary Thompson, late of Sheriff Hutton Park in 1880.

HANDBOOK, pp. 144, 145.

Masham. 'Riding the Stang' for offenders against the laws of conjugal propriety, has become, by long usage, an institution in this Parish. The offender, however, instead of being mounted *in propria persona* and borne backwards upon the stang or pole, is here represented by an effigy, which is publicly carried about the town in a cart, and thus exhibited for three successive nights. On the last of those nights it is burned at the Market-cross and an oration in doggerel rhyme, composed for the occasion, pronounced over it by way of warning to all persons in likeways offending.—FISHER, p. 465.

Northallerton. Riding the Stang is intended to expose and ridicule any violent quarrel between man and wife. Formerly the culprit was fastened to the stang or pole, and carried about the street; latterly, he or she has been represented by a straw effigy, which is afterwards burnt before the offender's house. . . . Many are the rhymes used on these occasions, the following are subjoined.

> Hey Derry! Hey Derry! Hey Derry Dan!
> It's neither for your cause nor my cause that I ride the stang;
> But it is for Tom——for banging his deary,
> If you'll stay a few minutes I'll tell you all clearly.

One night he came hofne with a very red face,
I suppose he was drunk as is often the case:
Be that as it may; but when he got in,
He knocked his wife down with a new rolling pin.
She jumped up again, and knocked off his hat,
And he up with the pestle, and felled her quite flat.
She ran out to the yard and shouted for life,
And he swore he would kill her with a great gully knife.
So all you good people that live in this row,
I'd have you take warning, for this is our law;
And if any of your husbands you wives do bang,
Come to me and my congregation, and we'll Ride the Stang.

or according to another version:

With a ran, tan, tan,
On my old tin can,
Mrs.——and her good man.
She bang'd him, she bang'd him,
For spending a penny when he stood in need.
She up with a three footed stool;
She struck him so hard, and she cut so deep,
Till the blood run down like a new stuck sheep!

INGLEDEW, pp. 347, 348.

Northallerton. According to the *York Herald* of March 1, 1887, the amenities of Northallerton still include this time-honoured corrective exercise:—

"'RIDING THE STANG.'—Last night considerable stir and excitement prevailed at Northallerton consequent on the 'riding of the stang." The reason given in the doggerel rhyme which was repeated was that an ostler attached to a well-known hostelry had proved unfaithful to his bride, whom he married a short time ago. In a small pony cart an effigy was placed and the ringing of a bell, together with the shouts of those who were in attendance, created quite a hubbub. It is between three and four years since a similar exhibition took place."

Two days later the same paper chronicled:—

"Last night the final riding of the stang took place at Northallerton for the unfaithful ostler. The two figures

were paraded round the town, after which a bonfire was lit on the green below the church, and after the doggerel rhyme had been proclaimed the figures were burnt."

The reports are not quite in harmony with each other but future historians of our domestic manners may be able to reconcile them.

St. Swithin, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. iii., p. 367.

Thirsk. At Thirsk a succession of ridings may occupy a week, but then each case needed three ridings on successive nights. The *poetry* was changed each night by the leader of the stang-band, an important officer of the town indeed; and the last night an effigy was burnt before the offender's door, and the spokesman then proceeded to him for the groat, which was usually paid under the influence of fear or custom. Formerly the spokesman there was carried on a ladder or men's shoulders, but is now drawn in a cart. An old shoemaker once accompanied the fourpence with a treat of ale, which the stangrider drank greedily. It was dosed heavily with jalap. The magistrates decline to interfere with the old custom as long as no property is damaged, and in absence of rural police they scarcely have power to do otherwise. If damage did occur the spokesman was to be liable. I remember a tradesman losing a cause at the County Court. A powerful party of the poor were so delighted that they rode the stang for him. . . . The following *morceau* recited for a druggist at Thirsk, some twenty years ago, was obtained from its *author*, the retained stangrider aforesaid. [The first version given by Ingledew, above.] [He said] he usually composed the songs 'on the spur of the moment, something fresh every night for three nights.'—LONGSTAFFE (2), p. 337.

Swaledale. Riding the stang is an old usage which was in days of yore carried out with great enthusiasm. But the custom is fast becoming obsolete. It was formerly the practice when a man and his wife, or when neighbours

differed, or came to blows, to carry out the 'riding of the stang.' A number of young men procured a cart, and the one amongst their number who had the strongest lungs and the most loquacious tongue got upon the cart, which was dragged through the village by the rest. Every now and then the cart was stopped and the man standing on the top of it would harangue the neighbourhood with some doggerel rhymes which would run something like the following:—

Hey dilly, how dilly, hey dilly dan,
It's neither for thy part nor my part that I ride stang.
It is for —— and her old man.
He banged her, he banged her, he banged her, indeed,
He banged poor —— till she stood little need,
He neither took stick, stone, nor stour,
But he up with his fist and knocked her three times o'er,
So all you good neighbours that live in this row
I'd have you take notice that this is our law
If you or your neighbours should chance to fall out,
We'll do the same trick without any doubt.
Tally ho!

ROUTH, pp. 71, 72.

See *Blakeborough*, pp. 88, 89.

West Scrafton, etc. The ancient custom of riding the stang for a married man and a married woman who are alleged to have misconducted themselves has been carried out recently at West Scrafton, in Coverdale. The stang has been ridden at Caldbergh, West Scrafton, and Carlton townships, and has created quite a sensation.

Y. H., Jan. 19, 1901.

Whitby. We hear also of 'Riding Skimmington,' a phrase well known elsewhere, as *e.g.* in Hampshire. Some say this is an imported expression, and means the same as our *riding the stang*. Others again state, that 'riding Skimmington' had something different in the performance, but in what that difference consisted we cannot effectually

learn. The same in purpose or nearly so, it exhibited a man at one end of a long pole and a female at the other, sustained by rows of men on each side for the double weight; while she is said to have displayed a chemise by way of banner, expanded at the end of a staff, with the usual tumult on such occasions.—ROBINSON, p. 154.

FARMING CUSTOMS.

Bean-day, a given day. These days have a casual occurrence. When a new-comer enters late upon the occupancy of a farm, the rest of the farmers of the village will unite in doing him a good turn. If it is ploughing that requires to be done, they will go on the land with their teams, and plough all in a day without unyoking, thus enabling the late-comer to 'overtake the season.' The evening of such a day is spent in a festive manner; the neighbours, generally, enjoying the farmer's hospitality. At times of push, as during rape and mustard-thrashing, there are *bêan-days*, when neighbours assist each other, by hand and implement, with a merry evening to follow. If a person allows a footpath across any part of his land, this act of sufferance is recognized by a *bêan-day*, when the farmers render suit and service for the concession. [Called a "plough-day." HONE, Y. B., p. 30.]—C. C. R., p. 7.

FEST, hiring-money; 'I've got half-a-crown *fest*.'
C. C. R., p. 39.

Godspenny [or God-penny], earnest money given at the statute hirings.—C. C. R., p. 53.

Luck-brass, [or money] the money returned for luck to the bargain by the seller to the purchaser. Thus what is given back to the buyer of a pig, is termed 'penny-pig-*luck*.'—ROBINSON, p. 118.

Pickering. *Horsum, Hungil-Money*, a small tax which is still paid (though the intention of it has long since

ceased) by the townships on the north side of the Vale, and within the lathe or weapontake of Pickering, for horsemen and hounds kept for the purpose of driving off the deer of the forest of Pickering from the corn-fields which bordered upon it. When that field of a given township which lay next the forest was fallow, no tax was due from it that year; and tho' this forest has long been thrown open, or disafforested, and the common fields now inclosed, the *fauf* year (calculating every third year) is still exempt from this *imposition*.—MARSHALL, p. 30.

Soke (*vulg.* sooac), an exclusive privilege claimed by a mill, for grinding all the corn which is used within the manor or township it stands in.[1]—MARSHALL, p. 38.

We may notice the practice among country matrons, of giving their daughters on the wedding-day, if they marry farmers, a 'butter-penny' for placing on the scale along with the *pundstan*,[2] that customers may never have to complain of hard weight. The penny-piece has to be one of the heaviest.—ROBINSON, p. 148.

PUN'STON. A pebble, or cobble-stone, of as nearly twenty-two ounces weight as possible. In old days butter was sold by the lang-pund, or pound of twenty-two ounces; and when meat was sold in the shambles by 'weight of hand' or 'by lift,' instead of by ascertained weight, we can easily understand the selling of butter by an approximate rather than an exact weight. Moreover the lang-pund was sold at 4d. per lb.—ATKINSON (2), p. 394.

[1] Some trials at law relative to this ancient privilege have lately taken place; but the millers have generally been cast. It seems to be understood, however, that an *alien* miller has no right to ask publicly for corn to be ground in a parish which has a corn mill belonging to it. A horn may nevertheless be sounded, or a bell be rung.

[2] [A natural stone weighing 1 lb.]

TENURES, etc.

Arden Hall. The only relics of the priory remaining, are a chimney, probably that of the kitchen, which yet retains its antique appearance, and performs the same part in the modern building as it did in the old. It is popularly said to be the *title deed,* by which the payment of 40*l.* a year from the owner of the park lands of Upsall, is secured to the lord of the manor of Arden; while the chimney endures the claim holds good—when it ceases to exist, the claim becomes void. This is the common story told in the neighbourhood, if true, it must certainly be ranked among singular tenures.—GRAINGE, p. 321.

Barton. [Court Rolls of two manors in Barton, belonging to R. H. Allan, F.S.A. of Blackwell, ascend to early date; and with these rolls etc. has descended] a strange service perhaps originally that of the lord's farrier, the presentation to the lord of a horse-shoe, with eight or nine nails stuck in it.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 149.

Coxwold. Sir Thomas Colevyle, knight, holds the manor of Cuckwold, in the county of York, of Thomas, late Lord of Mowbray, as of his manor of Threke, (Thirske) rendering one target or shield with the arms of the said Lord painted thereon, yearly, at Whitsuntide.—BLOUNT, p. 416.

Dalton, West Gilling Wapentake. A field near the village of Dalton is or was formerly held by the service of finding a grindstone for ever for the people of the place.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 499.

Fyling? nr. Whitby. 'Henry of Ormesby, and Emma Wasthose his wife, gave, granted, and by their charter confirmed, to God, and the church of St. Peter and St. Hilda of Wyteby, and to the Monks performing divine service there, half a carucate of land in the territory of Fieling, free and clear from all services, exactions, or demands, viz.

that half carucate of land which they held of Richard de Wivil, and his heirs, on paying annually to the heirs of Richard de Wivil, half of a soaring sparrow-hawk (*dimidium sparveriumsorum*) for all services and demands belonging to the said land.' [n.d.]—CHARLTON, p. 201.

Hutton Conyers, etc. Near this town, which lies a few miles from Ripon, there is a large common, called Hutton-Conyers Moor, where of William Aislabie, esq. of Studley-Royal (lord of the manor of Hutton-Conyers) is lord of the soil, and on which there is a large coney-warren belonging to the lord. The occupiers of messuages and cottages within the several towns of Hutton-Conyers, Melmerby, Baldersby, Rainton, Dishforth and Hewick, have right of estray for their sheep to certain limited boundaries on the common, and each township has a shepherd.

The lord's shepherd has a pre-eminence of tending his sheep on any part of the common, and wherever he herds the lord's sheep, the several other shepherds are to give way to him, and give up their hoofing-place, so long as he pleases to depasture the lord's sheep thereon. The lord holds his court the first day in the year, and to entitle those several townships to such right of estray, the shepherd of each township attends the court, and does fealty by bringing to the court a large apple-pye, and a twopenny sweet-cake except the shepherd of Hewick, who compounds by paying sixteen-pence for ale, (which is drunk as after mentioned) and a wooden spoon; each pye is cut in two, and divided by the bailiff, one half between the steward, bailiff, and the tenant of the coney-warren before mentioned, and the other half into six parts, and divided amongst the six shepherds of the before-mentioned six townships. In the pye, brought by the shepherd of Rainton, an inner one is made filled with prunes. The cakes are divided in the same manner. The bailiff of the manor provides furmety and mustard, and delivers to each shepherd a slice of cheese

and a penny roll. The furmety well mixed with mustard, is put into an earthen pot, and placed in a hole in the ground, in a garth belonging to the bailiff's house, to which place the steward of the court, with the bailiff, tenant of the warren, and six shepherds, adjourn with their respective wooden spoons. The bailiff provides spoons for the steward, the tenant of the warren, and himself. The steward first pays respect to the furmety, by taking a large spoonful; the bailiff has the next honour, the tenant of the warren next, then the shepherd of Hutton-Conyers, and afterwards the other shepherds by regular turns; then each person is served with a glass of ale (paid for by the sixteen-pence brought by the Hewick shepherd) and the health of the lord of the manor is drunk; then they adjourn back to the bailiff's house, and the further business of the court is proceeded in.[1]

In addition to the above account, which the editor received from the steward of the court, he learnt the following particulars from a Mr. Barrowby of Dishforth, who has several times attended the court, and observed the customs used there. He says, that each pye contains about a peck of flour, is about sixteen or eighteen inches diameter, and as large as will go into the mouth of an ordinary oven: that the bailiff of the manor measures them with a rule, and takes the diameter, and if they are not of sufficient capacity, he threatens to return them, and fine the town. If they are large enough, he divides them with a rule and compasses into four equal parts, of which the steward claims one, the warrener another, and the remainder is divided amongst the shepherds. In respect to the furmety, he says, that the top of the dish in which it is put is placed level with the surface of the ground; that all persons present are invited to eat of it, and those who do not are not deemed loyal to the lord: that every shepherd is obliged

[1] From a letter addressed by Henry Atkinson, esq. of Ripon, to the editor, dated 19th January, 1778.

to eat of it, and for that purpose is to take a spoon in his pocket to the court, for if any of them neglects to carry his spoon with him, he is to lay him down upon his belly, and sup the furmety with his face to the pot or dish; at which time it is usual, by way of sport, for some of the by-standers to dip his face into the furmety; and sometimes a shepherd, for the sake of diversion, will purposely leave his spoon at home.—BLOUNT, pp. 555-557.

Killing Nab Scar. 'In the dale of Goadland, within the ancient Honour of Pickering Forest, tenants were bound by tenure of their lands, to promote the breed of a large species of hawk that resorted to a cliff called Killing Nab Scar, and to secure them for the King: these birds continue to haunt the same place, but it is remarkable that there is seldom more than one brood produced in a year.'

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 912.

It is somewhat singular that this large species of hawk has but recently become extinct.—FRANKS, p. 169.

Kirklevington. About the year 1200 Kirklevington was given by Adam de Brus to Henry de Percy on marriage with his daughter Isabel, on condition that . . . 'the said Henry and his heirs should repair to Skelton Castle every Christmas-day, and lead the lady of that castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and from thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her depart.'

ORD, p. 495.

See too under PLACE ETC. LEGENDS: **Skelton Castle**, p. 407.

Middleham. Certain fee-farm rents in Middleham, were required to be paid upon St. Alkelda's Tomb, and were regularly deposited on *a stone table* (most probably an altar), in the middle of the nave, as were also some annual doles of bread, until the stone was removed, within the memory of persons recently living.—BARKER, pp. 18, 19.

York Minster. John Haxby, treasurer of this Church, died the 21st of January 1424. His tomb (which is a Stone Table, supported by an Iron Lattice about two Feet and a Half high, with an Effigy laid at full Length within the Lattice) is remarkable for Money Payments limited to be made thereon by old Leases and Settlements.

DESCRIPTION, p. 73.

Upsal. The park at Upsal is a royal one, and has to pay yearly to the Queen the sum of £40., as well as a buck, a doe, and a horse gate, to the Rector of Kilvington.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 694.

Whitby. A Printed paper is in these our days, and has for time immemorial been handed about and sold in the town of Whitby, relating a transaction that is said to have happened in the year 1159. As no copy of this paper is to be found among our Abbey records, or in any written deed now extant, it will be very difficult for us to trace it to its original. Most probably . . . it has had its rise from the making up of the Horngarth, which was the tenure by which all the Abbey-land near Whitby was formerly held: But then the Horngarth is here so connected and interwoven with a story about the death of a Hermit or Monk, that it will require some trouble to clear up matters. We shall beg leave . . . to present the reader with an exact copy of this extraordinary paper. . . .

'In the fifth year of the reign of King Henry II. after the conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Ugglebardeby, then called William de Bruse, the Lord of Sneton, called Ralph de Percy, with a gentleman and a freeholder, called Allatson, did, on the 16th day of October, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desart place belonging to the Abbot of the Monastery of Whitby; the place's name is Eskdale-Side, the Abbot's name was Sedman. Then these gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place

before-named, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-Side, where was a Monk of Whitby, who was an Hermit. The boar being very sore, and very hotly pursued, and dead run, took in at the chapel-door, and there died: Whereupon the Hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the Hermit, who opened the door and came forth and within they found the boar lying dead; for which the gentlemen in very great fury, (because their hounds were put from their game) did most violently and cruelly run at the Hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he died soon after. Hereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time the Abbot, being in very great favour with King Henry, removed them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death. But the Hermit, being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the Abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him: The Abbot so doing, the gentlemen came, and the Hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me; the Abbot answered, They shall as surely die for the same; but the Hermit answered, Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be contented to be enjoined this penance for the safeguard of their souls. The gentlemen being present, and terrified with the fear of death, bid him enjoin what penance he would, so that he would but save their lives. Then said the Hermit, You and yours shall hold your lands from the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner, That upon Ascension

evening, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-Heads, which is in Eskdale-Side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the Abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruse, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some for you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty and one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day beforementioned: At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour or service shall cease; and, if low water, each of you shall set your stakes at the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers, and so stake on each side with your strout stowers, that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof: Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service all that very hour every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works, the officer of Eskdale-Side shall blow, *Out on you, Out on you, Out on you*, for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I intreat, and earnestly beg that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service: And I request of you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man. Then the Hermit said, My soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely for-

give these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves upon the cross: And in the presence of the Abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.* So he yielded up the ghost on the 8th day of December, upon whose soul God have mercy. Amen.'—CHARLTON, pp. 125-127; MARMION, Cantos ii., v., xiii.

Planting of the Penny Hedge. This interesting ceremony was performed in the Harbour, near Messrs. Gill and Brown's coal warehouse, on Wednesday morning, being 'the morn of the eve of Ascension Day.' The Lord of the Manor's newly appointed bailiff, Mr. John Rickinson, of Thorpe, was present to see the devoir properly performed, Mr. Isaac Hutton, tenant under the Herberts, the owners of the property to which this relic of feudalism is attached, being the planter of the hedge. The notes from a borrowed foghorn, and the cry, 'out on ye, out on ye,' signalled the completion of the task. This forms one of the rare exceptions when the hedge has been planted away from the late boat-building premises of the Messrs. Falkingbridge, the only other time being when it was set at the back of Mr. H. S. Horne's house, then occupied by the late Dr. Taylerson. Mr. Rickinson intends adopting these latter sites in future, as the ground is so much firmer in the bed of the river. It seems a very great pity that this beautifully unique ceremony should have been shorn of a portion of its attractiveness by the absence—we trust only temporary—of the ancient horn, which has been used from time immemorial for the purpose. We understand that the horn has not yet been handed over to the new bailiff; though it surely should have been for this occasion. Mr. Robert Stratford and Mr. Thomas Langbourne, two of the oldest attenders at the planting ceremony, were greatly distressed at its disappearance, the former, one of the most

efficient players who have ever been present, having blown it for twenty consecutive years.

W. GAZETTE, May 12, 1893.

Whorlton. Nicholas de Menyll held the manor of Whorlton, etc. of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by serving the said archbishop, on the day of his consecration, with the cup out of which the archbishop was to drink that day.

BLOUNT, p. 397.

York Minster. About the time of King Canute the Dane, Ulph, the son of Thorold, a prince of that nation, governed in the western part of Deira that division of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria which was bounded by the river Humber southwards, and to the north by the Tyne, which continued so distinguished under the Danes, but is now better known by the name of Yorkshire, and the five other northern counties of England. 'This prince, by reason of a difference like to happen between his eldest son and his youngest, about his estate after his death, presently took this course to make them equal: without delay he went to York, and taking with him the horn, wherein he was wont to drink, he filled it with wine, and kneeling upon his knees before the altar, bestowed upon God and the blessed St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, all his lands and revenues.[1] The figure of which horn, in memory thereof is cut in stone upon several parts of the choir, but the horn itself, about King Edward VI.'s time, is supposed to have been sold to a goldsmith, who took away from it those tippings of gold wherewith it was adorned, and the gold chain affixed thereto: it is certain that it was remaining among many other ornaments, and preserved in the Sacristy at York, in the time of King Henry VIII., some time before the Reformation: where it lay from the time of King Edward VI. till it fortunately came into the hands of Thomas Lord Fairfax, general of the parliament army, there is no account; but he

[1] Camd. Brit. tit. Yorkshire, West Riding.

THE HORN OF ULPHUS

See page 349.

SCULPTURED IVORY TUSK, in the Treasury, York Minster. Length (outer curve), 54¾ in. Diameter of the mouth, 5 in.

being a lover of antiquities, took care to preserve it during the confusions of the civil wars : and dying in 1671, it came into the possession of his next relation, Henry Lord Fairfax, who restored it again to its first repository, where it now remains a noble monument of modern as well as ancient piety.

As to its present condition, its beauty is not the least impaired by age, it being of ivory (of an eight-square form) : the carving is very durable, and it is ornamented in the circumference, at the larger extremity, with the figures of two griffins, a lion, unicorn, dogs, and trees interspersed in bas relief, and where the plates are fixed, with foliage after the taste of those times.

Lord Fairfax supplied the want of the plates, which anciently embellished this horn, honoured in all probability with the name of the donor, (the loss of which original inscription can only be lamented, not retrieved) and substituted the present one, with the chain of silver gilt :

CORNV HOC VLPHVS, IN OCCIDENTALI PARTE DEIRAE PRINCEPS,
VNA CVM OMNIBVS TERRIS ET REDDITIBVS SVIS,
OLIM DONAVIT :
AMISSVM VEL ABREPTVM
HENRICVS DS. FAIRFAX DEMVM RESTITVIT DEC. ET CAP. DE NOVO ORNAVIT. AN. DOM. 1675.[1]

In English.

ULPHUS, PRINCE OF THE WESTERN PART OF DEIRA, FORMERLY GAVE THIS HORN, TOGETHER WITH ALL HIS LANDS AND RENTS :
BEING LOST OR TAKEN AWAY,
HENRY LORD FAIRFAX AT LENGTH RESTORED IT TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER, NEWLY ORNAMENTED, A.D. 1675.

BLOUNT, pp. 397-399.

The identity of the curious relic called Cornu Ulphi . . . rests entirely upon the tradition. The church is unable by

[1] *Archæologia*, vol. i., p. 168, et seq.

documentary evidence to trace her possession of it to any period antecedent to the fourteenth century. But that it had long previously been an object of great interest appears from the form of the horn having been sculptured in stone upon the walls of the Cathedral, in parts of that structure which are known to have been commenced before the year 1300[1] . . . It is not, strictly speaking, a horn. It is the tusk of an elephant, having its surface decorated with sculptures, executed by no mean artist. . . A border about 4 inches broad, carved in low relief, encircles the upper or thickest end of the horn or tusk. The design represents four principal figures. Two of them facing each other, have between them a tree bearing palmated leaves, and fruit in the shape of a cone. One of these is a gryphon, a fabulous creature, with the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle. The other monster has the body of a lion with the wings of an eagle and a head resembling that of a wolf or dog. The tails of both are borne erect, and each terminates in the head of a wolf or dog. The other two principal figures, have between them a smaller stem of the same description of tree or plant, with a single cone at the top. One of the animals is a lion of the ordinary type in the act of grasping and devouring a fawn or young deer. The other represents a monster having the body and mane of a lion with the head of an antelope armed with one horn, and its tail terminating in the head of a wolf or dog. The heads and collared necks of three wolves or dogs are rising from the base of the circle, and in the upper part is seen a similar animal in the act of running. A band beneath the principal circle, and two narrower bands round the smaller parts of the horn, are ornamented with scrolls composed of the stem leaves and fruit of a plant or tree similar to that represented

[1] [The present Dean of York (Purey-Cust) considers it probable that these sculptured horns did not represent that attributed to Ulphus. See *The Heraldry of York Minster*, p. 36.].

in the principal design. These carvings bear the impress of oriental art and feeling.—DAVIES, pp. 8, 9, 10.

Lammas Offering. Some suppose it is called Lammass Day, quasi Lamb-masse, because, on that day, the tenants who held lambs of the Cathedral Church in York, which is dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass.

BRAND, vol. i., p. 348; BLOUNT, p. 405.

OFFICIAL CEREMONIAL.

Helmsley. At Helmsley there is still held once a year what is called the *Vardy Dinner.* In the days before the Government appointed sanitary officers, Helmsley elected its own local committee to inspect the town once a year as regards sanitary matters. In the evening the inspectors met, supped, discussed, and gave their 'verdict.' Hence *Vardy Dinner.* The form, I am told, is still kept up but chiefly for social purposes. The dinner is held annually, the committee having earlier in the day gone through the form of walking through the main streets, scrutinising at least the outside of the dwellings as they pass.

MORRIS, p. 232.

William Wright, labourer, who left Helmsley 1850-4 remembered the Vardy Chaps. They were the head men of the village called to meet together by the kirk-warners, just before the feast.[1] It was their business to elect a Vardy Warden for that year, and to make a tour of inspection to see that all the house fronts were properly painted and colour-washed, and that drains and chimneys were all right. Each house had to have two buckets of water at the grate of each of its drains; this water was poured down in presence of the Vardy Warden and others; if it cleared away at once, that was considered a true and

[1] [The Vardy Day is usually in October. The ceremony was omitted last year, 1899.]

clean drain. Any suspected chimney was liable to have a armful of straw set fire to in it, to see if it had been properly swept. In fact the Vardy Warden and his followers were the Sanitary Inspectors, and at one time they seem to have carried out their inspection in a thorough kind of way. They imposed fines for neglect; these fines the poorer folk had divided amongst them as a Christmas dole. At least that was so at one period, but William Wright had only heard that such was the case "afore his time." After the inspection the Warden, with his brethren and their friends indulged in a substantial feast known as the Vardy Dinner.—*Contributed by* Mr. R. BLAKEBOROUGH.

See also *sub* **Oswaldkirk**, p. 229.

York Minster: *Boy-Bishop.* From very early times it was the custom in many ecclesiastical foundations to observe on the three days after Christmas Day the *tripudia* respectively of deacons, priests and boys. One of the MSS. used by Dr. Henderson in his edition of the York Missal belonged to the Metropolitan Church, and has many rubrics specially referring to it. Amongst them are some which let us see with what observances these *tripudia* were kept there in the fifteenth century; and it is satisfactory to find that the fooling was innocent enough, and there was none of the grotesque indecency which was indulged in in some places —chiefly I believe in Germany and parts of France. Other festivities may have taken place outside the church—and probably did—but inside it things went on as usual except that particular prominence was given on each day to the order who were celebrating their feast, and all the choral parts were assigned to them. St. Stephen's Day, the morrow of Christmas Day, belonged to the deacons, with whom were classed the sub-deacons. . . . The next day, that of St. John the evangelist, was the great day of the priests, and by old custom all the priests in the city attended the Cathedral in silk copes, and if it were Sun-

day, joined in the procession. During the service they stood in order on each side of the quire. . . . Next came Innocents' Day and with it the boy bishop and his chapter. "Prius facta processione si Dominica fuerit, omnibus pueris in capis. Præcentor illorum incipiat officium," or as we now call it, the Introit, and so the service went on. "Omnibus pueris in medio chori stantibus et ibi omnia cantantibus, Episcopo eorum interim in cathedra sedente. Three boys sang the Grayle in the midst of the choir, and the *turba puerorum* sang "Alleluya" if it were Sunday, and if not "Laus tibi Christe." The boy precentor began the sequence, and the deacon sought the blessing of the boy-bishop before the Gospel, and presented the book for him to kiss after it. It does not appear whether the boy-bishop blessed the people at York, but he did in some places.

J. T. Micklethwaite, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. xii., pp. 505, 506.

Installation of Canons, etc.—In the good old days . . . when the Canons enjoyed their stipends, it was the custom, at their installation to have cakes and wine provided for the spectators who were present at the ceremonial. When the late Ven. C. M. Long was installed Archdeacon of the East Riding in October 1854, twelve dozen large currant buns made specially for the purpose were disposed of in the Chapter House of York Minster. They were thrown about in all directions, and eagerly snatched up by the bystanders, the scene being one of a noisy and rude character. A dozen of port and sherry was afterwards drank to the health of the new archdeacon. Precisely the same custom was observed at the installation in June 1858 of the late Dean of York, Dr. Duncombe. Since that time there has been no repetition of this questionable mode of festive rejoicing.

Y. H., June 1, 1888.

Present use. The Dean then admitted him to the canonry, vesting him to all the rights, powers, and privileges thereof, and in token of the same handed to him a copy of

the Scriptures, symbolic of the 'Word of Life,' and also a roll of bread, in token of the 'Bread of Life' and saluted him by the kiss of Christian charity.

Y. H., June 1, 1888.

It was the privilege of the Dean to 'see' when a residentiaryship was vacant and the first prebendary who caught his eye succeeded.—WALCOTT, p. 61.

Christmas Eve Offering. Stukeley in his 'Medallic History of Carausius' ii. 163, 164 mentions the introduction of mistletoe into York Cathedral on Christmas Eve as a remain of Druidism. Speaking of the winter solstice, our Christmas, he says: 'This was the most respectable festival of our Druids, called Yule-tide; when misletoe, which they called *all-heal*, was carried in their hands, and laid on their altars as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of Messiah. This misletoe they cut off the trees with their upright hatchets of brass, called celts, put upon the ends of their staffs which they carried in their hands. . . . The custom is still preserved in the north, and was lately at York: on the eve of Christmas Day *they carry* MISLETOE *to the high altar of the cathedral and proclaim a public universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city towards the four quarters of heaven.*[1]—BRAND, vol. i., pp. 524, 525.

York. Every sheriff about a month after his election takes an oath of secrecy in the council chamber, and is then admitted to be one of the privy council. At which solemnity the lord-mayor, aldermen, recorder and sheriffs, with the rest of the council, drink wine out of a bowl, silver-gilt, which is called the *black bowl.* A vessel the commoners of *York* have an utter aversion to.

DRAKE, p. 186.

The ceremony of riding, one of the greatest shews the city of *York* does exhibit, is performed on this manner, the

[1] See *post*, pp. 356, 357.

riding day of the Sheriffs is usually on *Wednesday*, eight days after *Martinmas*; but they are not strictly tied to that day, any day betwixt *Martinmas* and *Yoole*, that is *Christmas* may serve for the ceremony. It is then they appear on horseback, apparelled in their black gowns and velvet tippits, their horses in suitable furniture, each sheriff having a white wand in his hand, a badge of his office and a servant to lead his horse, who also carries a gilded truncheon. Their serjeants at mace, attorneys, and other officers of their courts, on horseback in their gowns riding before them. These are proceeded by the city's waites, or musicians in their scarlet liveries and silver badges playing all the way through the streets. One of these waites wearing on his head a red pinked or tattered ragged cap, a badge of so great antiquity, the rise and original of it cannot be found out. Then follows a great concourse of country gentlemen, citizens, etc., on horseback, who are invited to do this honour to and afterwards dine with them, and though they dine separately I have seen near four hundred people at one entertainment. In this equipage and manner, with the sheriffs waiters distinguished by cockades in their hats, who are usually their friends now, but formerly were their friends in livery cloaks, they first ride up *Micklegate* into the yard of the priory of the *Trinity* where one of the serjeants at mace makes proclamation as has been given.[1] Then they ride through the principal streets of the city, making the same proclamation at the corners of the streets on the west side *Ousebridge*. After that at the corner of *Castlegate* and *Ousegate*; then at the corner of *Coneystreet* and *Stonegate* over against the *Common-hall*; then again at the south gate of the *Minster*. After that they ride unto St. *Marygate* tower without *Bootham-bar*, making the same proclamation there. Then returning they ride through the streets of *Petergate*, *Colliergate*, *Fossgate*, over *Fossbridge* into *Walmgate*, where the proclamation is again made; and

[1] DRAKE, p. 196.

lastly they return into the market-place in the *Pavement*; where the same ceremony being repeated, the sheriffs depart to their own houses, and after to their house of entertainment; which is usually at one of the public halls in the city.—DRAKE, pp. 196, 197.

Yule *att* York, *out of a Coucher belonging to the Cytty*, per Carolum Fairfax *ar.*

The Sheriffs of *York*, by the Custome of the Citty, do use to ride betwixt *Michaelmas* and *Midwynter*, that is *Youle*, and for to make a Proclamation throughout the Citty in Formè following.

O Yes! We command of our Leige Lord's Behalf the King of England (*that God save and keepe*) *That the Peace of the King be well keeped and maynteyned within the Citty and Suburbs by night and by day* &c.

Also that no common Woman walke in the Streetes without a Gray-Hood,[2] *on her Head, and a white Wand in her Hand*, &c.

Also the Sheriffes of the Citty on St. *Thomas* Day the Apostle before *Youle*, att tenne of the Bell, shall come to *All-Hallow* Kirke on the Pavement, and ther they shall heare a Masse of St. *Thomas* in the High Wheare, and offer at the Masse, and when the Masse is done they shall make a Proclamation att the Pillory of the *Youle Girth* (in the Forme that follows) by ther Serjant:

We commaund that the Peace of our Lord the King be well keeped and mayntayned by Night and by Day &c. prout solebat in Proclamatione prædicta vice-comitum in eorum equitatione.

Also that no manner of man make no Congregations nor Assemblyes, prout continetur in equitatione vice-comitum.

Also that all manner of Whores, and Theives, Dice-Players, Carders, and all other unthrifty Folke, be welcome to

[2] ["Ray-hood," DRAKE, p. 196.]

the Towne, whether they come late or early, att the Reverence of the high Feast of Youle, *till the twelve Dayes be passed.*

The Proclamation made in Forme aforesaid, the fower Serjeants shall goe or ride (whether they will) and one of them shall have a Horne of Brasse, of the Toll-Bouth: And the other three Serjeants shall every one of them have a Horne, and so goe forth to the fower Barres of the Citty, and blow the *Youle Girth.* And the Sheriffes for that day use to go together, they, and ther Wives, and ther Officers, att the Reverence of the High Feast of *Yole* on ther proper Costs &c.

Out of Mr. *Dodsworth's* Coll. MSS., vol. 157, fol. 114 a.

LELAND, vol. iv., 182, 183.

Because that antient customs are treated of in this chapter, I am here tempted to give the reader the following, which was once used in this city; though the traditional story of its rise has such a mixture of truth and fiction, that it may seem ridiculous in me to do it. I copied it from a manuscript that fell into my hands of no very old date, for the reader may observe, that this was wrote since the *Reformation*, and not above threescore years from the disusing of the ceremony. The fryery of St. *Peter*, I take it, was what was afterwards called St. *Leonards* hospital, of much older date than the conquest; but I shall comment no more upon it.

The antient custom of riding on St. Thomas's *Day, the original thereof and discontinuance, etc.*

WILLIAM the conquerour in the third year of his reign (on St. *Thomas's* day) laid siege to the city of *York*, but finding himself inable, either by policy or strength, to gain it, raised the siege, which he had no sooner done, but by accident he met with two fryers at a place called *Skelton* not far from *York*, who being examined, told him they belonged to a poor fryery of St. *Peter* in *York*, and had been sent to seek reliefe for their fellows and themselves against *Christmas*; the one having a wallet full of victualls and a

shoulder of mutton in his hand, with two great cakes hanging about his neck; the other having bottles of ale, with provisions likewise of beife and mutton in his wallett.

The king knowing their poverty and condition thought they might be serviceable to him towards the attaining of *York*, wherefore, (being accompanied with sir *George Fothergill* general of the field, a Norman born) he gave them money, and withall a promise, that if they would lett him and his soldiers into their priory at the time appointed, he would not only rebuild their priory, but indowe it likewise with large revenues and ample privileges. The fryers easily consented, and the conqueror, as soon sent back his army, which that night according to agreement, were let into the fryery by the two fryers, by which they immediately made themselves masters of all *York*; after which sir *Robert Clifford*, who was governor thereof, was so far from being blamed by the conqueror, for his stout defence made on the preceding days, that he was highly esteemed and rewarded for his valour, being created lord *Clifford* and there knighted, with the four magistrates then in office, *viz. Howngate, Talbott* (who afterwards came to be lord *Talbott*) *Lascells* and *Erringham.*

The arms of the city of *York* at that time, was argent a cross gules, viz. *St. George's cross.* The conqueror charged the cross with five lions passant gardant *or*, in memory of the five worthy captains magistrates, who governed the city so well, that he afterwards made sir *Robert Clifford* governor thereof, and the other four to aid him in counsell. And the better to keep the city in obedience he built *two castles* and double moated them about.

And to show the confidence and trust that he putt in these old, but new made, officers by him, he offered them freely to ask whatsoever they would of him before he went and he would grant their request; whereupon they (abominating the treachery of the two fryers to their eternal infamy) desired, that on St. *Thomas's day* for ever, they

might have a fryer of the pryory of St. *Peter's* to ride through the city on horse-back with his face to the horse's tayle, and that in his hand instead of a bridle, he should have a rope, and in the other a shoulder of mutton, with one cake hanging on his back and another on his breast, with his face painted like a *Jew*, and the youths of the city to ride with him and to cry and shout YOUL, YOUL, with the officers of the city rideing before and makeing proclamation, that on this day the city was betrayed; and their request was granted them. Which custom continued till the dissolution of the same fryery; and afterwards in imitation of the same, the young men and artizans of the city on the aforesaid St. *Thomas's* day used to dress up one of their own companions like the fryer, and called him YOUL which custom continued till within these threescore years, there being many now living which can testify the same, but on what occasion since discontinued I cannot learn: This being done in memory of betraying the city by the said fryers to *William* the conqueror.—DRAKE, p. 217.

VARIA.

Barningham. Barningham, where formerly the sexton was paid a yearly sum for whipping cats out of the churchyard.—BOGG (4), pp. 89, 90.

Bishopthorpe. A custom prevails with the sailors on board the training brigs, to fire three guns every time they pass; a signal which is answered by a certain portion of ale being always distributed amongst them, by order of the archbishop.—HARGROVE, vol. ii., P. 2, 518 note.

Nunnington. An old but unusual custom still prevails in this church of separating the male and female part of the congregation, the former occupying the seats to the north of the aisle, the latter those on the south.

EASTMEAD, pp. 171, 172.

Kirby Ravensworth, nr. Richmond. *Yorkshireman* writes: —'There is a curious custom in connection with the election of the wardens of the Kirby Hill Hospital and Charity. The name of each person nominated is enclosed separately in a ball of cobbler's wax, and the balls are put into a jar of water. The vicar then plunges in his hand and brings up a ball, and the person whose name is enclosed in it is the senior warden for the next two years. The next ball brought up discloses the name of the junior warden, and thus the election is conducted. It is all in accordance with an ancient deed in the possession of the trustees for the time being.'

Newspaper paragraph, *cir.* April, 1893.

Scarborough. *Caulking Kiss.*—For several years before and for some years after 1787, the carpenters employed in the shipyards at Scarborough had a custom as follows:— When the seams of a new ship were being first caulked, each man had his portion of work marked off, where he was stationed until the caulking was completed. The man who worked nearest to the stern was by indispensable custom, obliged to demand a kiss of every female who might happen to pass by during the caulking. If the lady refused the favour, she had to compound by giving something to purchase oil to rub the 'riming iron,' that it might more easily enter the seams. If the lady did not comply with either of the requests, the carpenter was compelled by his companions to take the kiss or be 'cobbed' by them. Neither inhabitants nor visitors were exempt from this tax, and those females who chose to pay seldom estimated the value of a kiss at less than a shilling. Shipbuilding is no more at Scarbrough, and with its departure has gone this free and somewhat intrusive salutation.—BAKER, p. 469.

Thirsk. A circle in the pavement near the cross, yet marks the place where the bull baitings were held: the ring was taken up about twenty years ago; before its

removal a custom prevailed amongst the youths of the town, when any of them had completed his term of apprenticeship, to meet together at midnight, and to drink to each other with the arm holding the drinking glass through the ring.—GRAINGE, p. 113.

York. St. *Luke's* day is . . . known in *York* by the name of whip-dog-day, from a strange custom that school-boys use here of whipping all the dogs that are seen in the streets that day. Whence this uncommon persecution took its rise is uncertain; yet though it is certainly very old, I am not of opinion with some that it is as antient as the *Romans*. The tradition that I have heard of its origin seems very probable, that in times of popery, a priest celebrating mass at this festival at some church in *York*, unfortunately dropped the *pax* after consecration; which was snatched up suddenly and swallowed by a dog that laid under the altar table. The profanation of this high mystery occasioned the death of the dog, and a persecution begun and has still continued on this day, to be severely carried on against his whole tribe in our city.

DRAKE, p. 219.

'Whoever is imprisoned at York shall, on going in, pay 1d. for a cord, although he be a true man; and so if he be found guilty the gaoler shall find for him a rope; and if he be set free he loses his 1d.' This statement was inserted by an ancient annotator at fol. 53a. of his copy of Bracton (See Mr. Horwood's Introd. to the Year Books 20 and 21 Edw. I., p. xvii.).—Q. V.; Y. F., vol. i., p. 234.

SECTION XIV.

TALES AND BALLADS.

The Legend of Sister Hylda.

ON the eve of St. Mark, in the year of 1281, the Lady Abbess of Appleton assembled the nuns from St. Mary's Abbey at York, the monks from Acastor Malbis, and the Archbishop from his castle at Cawood, to hold high mass, the cause being to lay the haunting spirit of Sister Hylda to rest. For years a ghastly vision had hovered around the nunnery at Appleton, causing great alarm and terror to the people. On this night an awful storm swept over the place, the tempest howled, the lightnings glared, and the thunders crashed, and rattled their levin bolts. In the midst of this whirling tempest, when 'the holy Archbishop, in sacred stole, was before the altar, the veiled sisters of the Virgin Mary stood by the choir, and the monks were arranged beyond the fretted pillars of the chapel,' there came a loud knocking at the convent gate, and the porters admitted the Grey Palmer, whose coming had been foretold by the ghost of Sister Hylda. He told how he had wandered through terrible dangers by land and sea, and how he had fought in the Holy War against the Saracens, how he had crossed the burning sands and met the wild lords of the deserts in shocks of steel, but never was his soul so appalled as by the rage of the elements that weary night, "and how in the forests where the pelting

hail blasts, the red flashes of lightning, and the rolling torrent of the Wharfe opposed his course, the spectre of Sister Hylda shrieked in his ear, 'Grey Palmer, thy bed of dark, chill, deep earth, and thy pillow of worms are prepared; thy fleshless bride awaits to embrace thee.'" . . . 'When the Palmer entered the sanctuary, the seven candles which burned with perpetual blaze before the altar expired in blue hissing flashes. A gloomy light circled along the vaulted roof, and Sister Hylda, with her veil thrown back by her skeleton hand, stood pale grim and ghastly by the Palmer, who was recognised as Friar John. The holy sisters shrieked. The Archbishop in horror, commanded the spectre to tell why she thus brake in upon them. Unearthly groans issued from her colourless lips as, with fearful agitation she thus spoke:—'In me behold Sister Hylda dishonoured, ruined, murdered by Friar John. He stands by my side and bends his head lower and lower in confession of his guilt. I died unconfessed, and for seven long years has my troubled and suffering spirit walked the earth, when all were hushed in peaceful sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your masses have earned grace and pardon for me. I now go to my long rest.' The roar of the elements suddenly ceased, soft strains of delicious music swelled in the air, and stole along the surface of the Wharfe, melting in the woodland; to the astonishment of the startled nuns a bright flame rekindled the holy tapers; but Sister Hylda and the Palmer had vanished and were never seen more.—BOGG, p. 19.

[This story is related at greater length by *Cobley*, pp. 20-23 and taken from him, is elaborated by *Camidge*: pp. 470-473; *Parkinson* repeats it 1st S. pp. 66-70; *Timbs* vol. iii. p. 171. The date given by *Cobley* is 1200. If traditional, it has manifestly been much overlaid by penmen.]

The Little Crooked Old Woman and the Pig.—See *Blakeborough*, pp. 263-265.

The Boy and His Wages.—Blakeborough, p. 265-267.

The Golden Ball, referred to as being common in the North Riding.—*Blakeborough*, p. 273.

The Cruel Step-Mother and her Little Daughter.—Blakeborough, pp. 273-276.

The Hand of Glory.—See *Tales and Traditions* part ii., pp. 74-75, written by the late Mr. R. W. Atkinson of Barnard Castle, *circ.* 1885. Cf. *Macquoid*, pp. 65-70; Mr. R. W. A. was the informant.

[The author of *The Atelier du Lys, etc.*, tells a "Hand of Glory" tale, as of Yorkshire, in *Under a Cloud* (pp. 63-64); she believes that it came to her from a Pontefract lady. The scene is laid in "Outhdale."]

See also under GENERAL FOLKLORE: *Praying for Husbands*, p. 220.

See also under PLACE, &c., LEGENDS: **Rudby** and **York** *Sextons*, pp. 387, 388.

A Tale of the Moors.

[The Oft-told Tale.]

About some 70 or 80 years since, or perhaps more, in the wildest and most romantic part of one of those fine vales which lie from 12 to 17 or 18 miles from Whitby . . . there lived a farmer of the name of Jonathan Gray. . . The prosperity of the family was aided by an uncommon advantage. . . Jonathan's grandfather had a servant of the name of Ralph; he was a stout lusty young fellow . . . he often boasted that he could challenge all the lads within a dozen miles round at mowing, shearing, thrashing, etc. . . He was frozen to death in a wreath of snow on returning from a nocturnal visit to the fair. Some little time after

the death of the luckless Ralph, a visitor of an uncommon kind appeared in the house of his master, or rather in the outbuildings belonging to the same. One of the family who happened to be awake at the dead of night, heard the thump of a flail in the adjoining barn: the whole house, of course, were soon afloat, and all were certain that it was no mortal thrasher that had broke their slumbers. However no one manifested any inclination to pay a visit to the barn, at least not until the sun had been some hours above the hills, when they ventured in a body to take a look at the workmanship of the unknown labourer; when lo! to their astonishment, they found as much corn thrashed as would have cost even Ralph himself, a week's labour. This midnight visitation was repeated again and again . . . the family . . . [jestingly identified the worker] as the spirit of Ralph. In hay-time and harvest particularly he was useful; he mowed, sheared, or carted, just as happened to be most convenient; but always at the dead of night.

The farmer finding his guest so profitable, began to consider that it would be only fair he should make some return for such kindness. . . Accordingly he placed in the barn, the head-quarters of the goblin, a jug of cream, with sundry other viands which he remembered were favourites with his defunct servant. What use the sprite made of these is not known; certain it is, that they had disappeared next morning, nothing but the empty jug being left.

On the death of the old man, Ralph passed, together with the stock, crop, etc., to the next in succession, and from him to his son Jonathan, our hero; still continuing his labours, and receiving the accustomed cream jug as at first.

Nothing occurred for many years to interrupt the harmony between Jonathan and Ralph, until, unfortunately, Jonathan's wife Margery, happened to die; when he, finding himself, as he expressed it rather *unkward*, thought fit, after waiting a decent time, to marry again. Now his second

partner proved to be a woman of a saving disposition. . . No sooner was she established as ruler of the household, than she began to grudge the dainty viands which were set apart for Ralph; and in a season when butter chanced to be very dear, her repinings at the waste of so much good cream, could no longer be kept within bounds; and in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, who dreaded the consequences of a change in the goblin's diet, she substituted a jug of skimmed milk, for that of cream . . . from that day forward not one jot of work did the goblin do; harvest came, not an ear of corn was either shorn or housed; winter passed, his flail was never once heard. But not only did he cease from being useful, but he turned himself to acts of mischief; and in these he seemed especially determined to revenge himself on her who had given him such dire affront. In vain did she churn, not an ounce of butter was forthcoming, her chickens died of the pip; her geese disappeared, and the fox was blamed; her cheese was spoiled, she knew not what to blame.—Strange noises were heard at night in the house, kettles were turned into kettle-drums, pewter plates into cymbals; the bed-clothes were pulled off, and the bed lifted up—and then succeeded a concert of knockings, groanings, scratchings, hissings, howlings, drummings, thumpings, etc., so that there was no rest whatever to be had in the house.

The unlucky pair endured these tormenting proceedings for some time, if not very patiently, as well as they could; but having tried in vain the exorcisms of the minister, with every other method recommended by all knowing in such matters . . . they resolved at last, though reluctantly, to seek another abode. Accordingly, having taken a farm at some distance, Jonathan began the removal of his property. He had just set out from his old habitation with the last cart-load of his household goods and farming utensils, when he was met by an old acquaintance: 'Hegh, Jonathan, what are ye about?' 'We are flitting,' he said with a

heavy sigh. 'Yes' said a strange voice 'we're *flutting*.' They started at the sound, and looking to the place from which it seemed to proceed, they saw an awful looking figure seated on an old churn at the top of the cart; he had eyes, of course, of an uncommon size; and seemed exulting with a kind of unearthly malicious glee. Jonathan surveying him with a mixture of fear and vexation, exclaimed; 'If thout art *flutting* we'll e'en *flut* back again.'

O. F. WHITBY MAG., vol. ii. (1828), pp. 27-30.

See also under GOBLINDOM, pp. 133, 134.

The Fish and the Ring, or the Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter (a reprint for William Robinson, Esq., 1843).

In famous York city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours well;
He had a wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a young child every year.
In seven years six children he had,
Which made their parents' heart full glad;
But in a short time, as we did hear say,
The farmer in wealth and stock did decay.
Though once he had riches in store,
In a little time he grew very poor;
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive,
He hardly could keep his children alive.
The children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife conceiv'd again, we are told,
And when the time came in labour she fell;
But if you would mind an odd story I'll tell:

A noble rich Knight by chance did ride by,
And hearing this woman did shriek and cry,
He being well learned in the planets and signs,
Did look in the book which puzzled his mind.
The more he did look the more he did read,
And found that the fate of the child had decreed,

Who was born in that house the same tide,
He found it was she who must be his bride;
But judge how the Knight was disturb'd in mind,
When he in that book his fortune did find.

He quickly rode home and was sorely oppressed,
From that sad moment he could take no rest;
At night he did toss and tumble in his bed
And very strange projects came into his head,
Then he resolv'd and soon try'd indeed,
To alter the fortune he found was decreed.
With a vexing heart next morning he rose,
And to the house of the farmer he goes,
And asked the man with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night?
'Worthy sir' said the farmer, 'although I am poor,
I had one born last night, and six born before;
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
They are in good health and likely to thrive.'
The Knight he reply'd 'If that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep it most brave,
For you very well one daughter may spare,
And when I die I'll make her my heir;
For I am a Knight of noble degree,
And if you will part with your child unto me
Full three thousand pounds I'll unto thee give
When I from your hands your daughter receive.'

The father and mother with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this kind offer and were in surprize;
And seeing the Knight was so noble and gay,
Presented the infant unto him that day.
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
'We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child'
'You need not mind,' the Knight he did say,
'I will maintain her both gallant and gay.'
So with this sweet babe away he did ride,

Until he came to a broad river's side.
Being cruelly bent he resolv'd indeed
To drown the young infant that day with speed,
Saying, 'If you live you must be my wife,
So I am resolved to bereave you of life;
For till you are dead I no comfort can have,
Wherefore you shall lie in a watery grave.'
In saying of this, that moment, they say,
He flung the babe into the river straightway;
And being well pleased when this he had done,
He leaped on his horse, and straight he rode home.
But mind how kind fortune for her did provide,
She was drove right on her back by the tide,
Where a man was a fishing, as fortune would have,
When she was floating along with the wave.
He took her up, but was in amaze;
He kissed her and on her did gaze,
And he having ne'er a child in his life,
He straightway did carry her home to his wife.
His wife was pleased the child to see,
And said, 'My dearest husband, be ruled by me,
Since we have no children, if you'll let me alone,
We will keep this and call it our own.'
The good man consented, as we have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold,
Until she was over eleven full year,
And then her beauty began to appear.

The fisherman was one day at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him:
His wife sent this girl to call her husband home,
But when she did into the drinking room come,
The gentlemen they were amazed to see
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty.
They ask'd him if she was his own,
And he told them the story before he went home:

'As I was fishing within my bound,
One Monday morning this sweet babe I found;
Or else she had lain within a watery grave;'
And this was the same which now he gave.
The cruel Knight was in the company,
And hearing the fisherman tell his story,
He was vexed at the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her again did contrive,
Then spake the Knight, and unto him said,
'If you will but part with this sweet maid
I'll give you whatever your heart can devise,
For she in time to great riches may rise.'
The fisherman answered with a modest grace,
'I cannot unless my dear wife were in the place,
Get first her consent, you shall have mine of me
And then to go with you, sir, she is free.'
The wife she did also as freely consent,
But little they thought of his evil intent;
He kept her a month very bravely they say,
And then he contrived to send her away.

He had a great brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man worth ten thousand a year,
And he sent this girl unto him with speed
In hopes he would act a most desperate deed.
He sent a man with her likewise they say,
And as they did lodge at an inn on the way,
A thief in the house with an evil intent
For to rob the portmanteau immediately went,
But the thief was amazed, when he could not find
Either silver or gold, or aught to his mind,
But only a letter the which he did read
And soon put an end to this tragical deed:
The Knight had wrote to his brother that day,
To take this poor innocent damsel away,
With sword or with poison that very same night,

And not let her live till morning light.
The thief read the letter and had so much grace
To tear it, and write in the same place,
'Dear brother, receive this maiden from me,
And bring her up well as a maiden should be;
Let her be esteem'd, dear brother, I pray,
Let servants attend her by night and by day.
For she is a lady of noble worth,
A nobler lady ne'er lived in the north;
Let her have good learning, dear brother, I pray,
And for the same I will sufficiently pay;
And so, loving brother, this letter I send,
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.'
The servant and maid were still innocent,
And onward their journey next day they went.
Before sunset to the Knight's house they came
Where the servant left her, and came home again.
The girl was attended most nobly indeed,
With the servants to attend to her with speed;
Where she did continue a twelvemonth's space,
Till this cruel Knight came to this place,
As he and his brother together did talk,
He spy'd the young maiden in the garden to walk.
She look'd most beautiful, pleasant, and gay,
Like to sweet Aurora, or the goddess of May.
He was in a passion when he did her spy,
And instantly unto his brother did cry,
'Why did you not do as in the letter I writ?'
His brother replied, 'It is done every bit.'
'No, no,' said the Knight, 'it is not so I see,
Therefore she shall back again go with me';
But his brother showed him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed, but nothing did say.

Soon after the Knight took this maiden away,
And with her did ride till he came to the sea,

Then looking upon her with anger and spite,
He spoke to the maiden and bade her alight.
The maid from her horse immediately went
And trembled to think what was his intent.
'Ne'er tremble,' said he 'for this hour's your last;
So pull off your clothes, I command you in haste.'
This virgin, with tears, on her knees did reply,
'Oh! what have I done, sir, that now I must die?
Oh! let me but know how I offend
I'll study each hour my life to amend,
Oh! spare my life and I'll wander till death,
And never come near you while I have breath.'
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make
Straight from his finger a ring did take,
He then to the maiden these words did say,
This ring in the water I'll now throw away;
Pray look on it well, for the posy is plain,
That you when you see it may know it again.
I charge you for life never come in my sight,
For if you do I shall owe you a spite,
Unless you do bring the same unto me:'
With that he let the ring drop in the sea,
Which when he had done away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe.
She rambled all night, and at length did espy
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie,
Being hungry with cold, and a heart full of grief,
She went to this cottage to seek for relief;
The people reliev'd her, and the next day
They got her to service, as I did hear say,
At a nobleman's house, not far from this place
Where she did behave with a modest grace.
She was a cookmaid and forgot the time past,
But observe the wonder that comes at last.

As she for dinner was dressing one day,

And opened the head of a cod, they say,
She found such a ring, and was in amaze
And she, in great wonder, upon it did gaze
And viewing it well she found it to be
The very same the Knight dropped in the sea,
She smil'd when she saw it, and bless'd her kind fate,
But did to no creature the secret relate.

This maid in her place, did all maidens excel,
That the lady took notice, and lik'd her well;
Saying, she was born of some noble degree,
And took her as a companion to be.
The Knight when he came to the house did behold
This beautiful lady with trappings of gold,
When he ask'd the lady to grant him a boon,
And said it was to walk with that virgin alone.
The lady consented, telling the young maid
By him she need not fear to be betrayed.
When he first met her, 'Thou strumpet,' said he,
'Did I not charge thee never more to see me?
This hour's thy last, to the world bid good night,
For being so bold as to appear in my sight.'
Said she 'In the sea you flung your ring,
And bid me not see you unless I did bring
The same unto you. Now I have it,' cries she,
'Behold, 'tis the same that you flung into the sea.'
When the Knight saw it, he flew to her arms,
And said 'Lovely maid, thou hast millions of charms.'
Said he, 'Charming creature, pray pardon me,
Who often contrived the ruin of thee:
'Tis in vain to alter what heaven doth decree,
For I find you are born my wife to be.'
Then wedded they were, as I did hear say,
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay,
They quickly unto her parents did haste,
When the Knight told the story of what had passed.

But asked their pardon upon his bare knee,
Who gave it, and rejoiced their daughter to see.
Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent,
And for their past troubles did them content.
And so there was joy for all them that did see
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

JONES, pp. 510-515; ANTHOL, pp. 129-138.

For a version slightly differing, see *Ingledew* (2), pp. 193-202. Variant in prose, *The Poor Old Cobbler and the Wicked Knight*; see *Blakeborough*, pp. 269-272; and the tale is often told, *e.g. Macquoid*, pp. 22-27; *Under a Cloud*, pp. 51-55.

A marble monument on the outer east wall of the chancel of the church of St. Dunstan at Stepney . . . is to the memory of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Elton of Stratford Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696. The arms on this monument are Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling a fish and in the dexter chief point, an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms has given rise to the tradition that Lady Berry was the heroine of the popular ballad called 'The Cruel Knight or the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.' . . . The ballad it must be observed, lays the scene of the story in Yorkshire.—TIMBS (2), vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

Story about the Magic of the Ouse. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 40.

There is an old Ballad, written in 1577, entitled, 'A Brefe Balet, touching the traytorous takyng of Scarborrow Castele, imprinted in London, in Flete Street, by Thomas Powell, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum,' in black letter.—BAKER, p. 70. See also *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 170.

Yule in York. The following carol, which was printed on a broadsheet in the possession of F. Bacon Frank, Esq. of Campsall Hall, co. York, will be found in the 'Sixth Report of the Hist. MSS. Commission,' pt. i. 451 b. Perhaps

the missing stanzas may be supplied on some future occasion:

"*Yule in York.* 'Our Saviour is come.' Begins,

Man's tears and wofull plaint hath pierst the lofty skies,
With gladsome news in glittering robe from heaven an angell flies.

(six verses of four lines) and burden to each—

The ayre therefore resounds, Yule, Yule, a babe is born,
O, bright and blazing day, to save mankind that was forlorn.

The meaning of Yule in York (four [this should be, five] verses of six lines). Begins,

'O, famous York rejoice, and think, of thee no shame.'

The burden is—

True Israelites resound, Yule, Yule, a babe is born,
O, bright and blazing day, to save mankind that was forlorn.

The significations are given of the characters, viz. True Israelites, Children, Shalms, Nuts, Serjeants, Rejected draffe, Distaffe on Rock. (A broadside, *c* James I.)."

W. F. Prideaux, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. x., p. 513.

Fragment of a Song, [also, "formerly sung in South Yorkshire"; see *Addy*, pp. 145-146].

It rains, it hails, it snows, it blows,
And I am wet through all my clothes,
So I prithee, love, let me in! (*bis*).

Oh no, kind sir, it cannot be,
For there's nobody in the house but me,
So I prithee be gone from the door (*bis*).

He turn'd him about somewhither to go,
When a little compassion she did show,
And she called him back again (*bis*).

They spent the night in happy content,
And the very next morning to church they went,
And he made her his lawful bride (*bis*).

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. xi., pp. 226 and 454.

BALLADS AND SONGS RELATING TO NORTH YORKSHIRE, IN INGLEDEW'S COLLECTION.

Athelgiva. A legendary tale of Whitby Abbey by William Watkins.—*Ingledew* (2), pp. 4-18.

The Battle of Cuton Moore. First printed by Mr. Evans in 1784.—*Ib.*, pp. 18-35.

The Noble Fisherman; or Robin Hood's Preferment. From three old black-letter copies; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection.—*Ib.*, pp. 48-51.

The Felon Sew of Rokeby and the Fryers of Richmond. First published in Whitaker's *History of Craven*, 1805 [and subsequently lengthened and corrected from a MS. copy]. —*Ib.*, pp. 93-104.

Yorke, Yorke for my Monie by W. E. (William Elderton) A.D. 1584. From a broadside (black letter) in the Roxburgh Collection in the British Museum. It is a favourite chap-book history.—*Ib.*, pp. 113-119.

Bold Nevison the Highwayman. To Edward Hailstone esq. F.S.A., F.G.S. etc. . . . I am greatly indebted for the above.—*Ib.*, pp. 125-128.

Roseberry Topping [from *Yorkshire Anthology*].—*Ib.*, pp. 128-130.

The Cruel Step-Mother; or the Unhappy Son.—*Ib.*, pp. 131-138.

The Bowes Tragedy; or a Pattern of True Love. The author . . . was the then master of Bowes grammar-school.[1]—*Ib.*, pp. 145-152.

[1] *Edwin and Emma.* [The foundation of the story of Mallet's *Edwin and Emma* and of *Bowes Tragedy*, an anonymous poem:]

Burials at Bowes 1715.

Rodger Wrightson Junr. and Martha Railton both of Bowes buried in one grave. He died in a Fever and upon tolling his passing Bell,

The Romanby Tragedy.—*Ib.*, pp. 164-171.

Paul Jones, the Cumberland Militia and Scarborough Volunteers. From a broadside in the Roxburgh collection. Another on this event, is published by J. Forth of Pocklington.—*Ib.*, pp. 184-187.

A New Fox Hunting Song composed by W. S. Kenrick, and J. Burtell. The Chase run by the Cleveland Fox Hounds, on Saturday the 29th day of January, 1785. From a broadside in the Roxburgh collection, pp. 187-190.

Spence Broughton, Who was hung at York for robbing the mail on the 14th of April, 1792, pp. 191, 192.

The Yorkshire Knight, or the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter. A favourite chap-book history, sometimes called 'The Yorkshire Garland'; or, 'The Cruel Knight, and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.' See a broadside in Rox. coll.—*Ib.*, pp. 193-202. See *ante*, pp. 367-374.

A Yorkshire Tragedy; or a Warning to all Perjur'd Lovers. Printed and sold in Bow church-yard London. See Horace Rodd's *Garland*, in the British Museum.—*Ib.*, pp. 211-217.

Scarboro' Sands. From a broadside.—*Ib.*, p. 219.

The Yorkshire Volunteers' Farewell to the Good Folks of Stockton, by Herbert Stockhore, Private in Earl Fan-

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she cry'd out my heart is broke and in a few hours expired, purely as supposed thro' Love.

March 15th 1714/5.
Aged about 20 years each.

A true Copy of the Register of Bowes.

Bowes, Jan^{y}. 22nd 1819. Richd. Wilson, Minr. of Bowes.

[Found in MS., on a loose sheet of paper, in a copy of Dinsdale's *Ballads and Songs by David Mallet.* In the text of that book, p. 230, the "as supposed" is printed above the line and careted between "purely" and "thro." In the duplicate register in the Consistory Court of Richmond there is "(as suppos'd)."]

conberg's Yorkshire North Riding Volunteers. Called in the Rox. coll., 'Hark to Winchester; or, the Yorkshire Volunteers, etc.'—*Ib.*, pp. 221-224.

Fragment of The Hagamena Song. As sung at Richmond, Yorkshire on the eve of the New-Year, by the Corporation Pinder.—*Ib.*, p. 225.

See under FESTIVALS, **Richmond**, pp. 282, 283.

The Beggar's Bridge by Mrs. George Dawson.—*Ib.*, pp. 233-235.

See under PLACE ETC. LEGENDS, **Egton**, pp. 233-235.

The Banks o' Morton o' Swale. Communicated by Mr. Wm. Todd of Heckmondwike author of 'T' Country Chap,' etc.—*Ib.*, pp. 235-237.

The Sweeper and Thieves by D. Lewis. The incident here recorded happened at a farm house, on Leeming Lane, some years ago, and is a favourite chap-book history. —*Ib*, pp. 259-261.

[Published at Bedale about 1800-1815. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 305, 306.]

The Twea Threshers. A story of two rustics and the history of their several mistakes during a holiday which they took in 1842, to go to Scarborough to see the Florentine Venus, then being exhibited in that town, pp. 273-275.

Alice Hawthorn. From a broadside *penes me* written by John Tate 'the Pocklington Poet,' and reprinted by J. Forth, Pocklington.—*Ib.*, pp. 286, 287.

When I was a wee little totterin bairn.—*Ib.*, p. 306.

[Published at Bedale 1800-1815. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 279, 280.]

Colonel Thompson's Volunteers. From a broadside *penes me*, printed by Forth, Pocklington.—*Ib.*, pp. 307, 308.

ADDITIONAL PIECES FROM HALLIWELL'S "YORKSHIRE ANTHOLOGY."

Awd Daisy an Eclogue.—Anthol., pp. 31-34.—[About 1800. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 308-311.]

The Praise of York-shire Ale (1697).—*Ib.*, pp. 46-66.

A Yorkshire Dialogue In its Pure Natural Dialect as is now commonly spoken in the North parts of York-shire. Being a Miscellanious Discourse, or Hotch-Potch of several Country Affaires etc. York 1697.—*Ib.*, pp. 67-92.

Verses on Serving-Men.—Ib., pp. 121-124.

A Ballad on May. A ballett T. Pearson doing, 1578, maidin at Yorke (Cotton MSS.) "The fragraunt flowers most feshe to vewe."—*Ib.*, pp. 192, 193.

The Murder of Lewes and West (Ashmole MSS., 16th Century). A Ballad describing the murder of Lewes and Edmond West, two gentlemen of Aitton in Yorkshire, who were beset and slain by John and George, two sons of the Lord Darcy.—*Ib.*, pp. 233-241.

A New Song on the Joyful news of Sir Miles Stapilton's gaining Conquest at the late Scrutiny in the Parliament House.—Ib., pp. 280-285.

A New Song called Robert Wilson and John West.—Ib., pp. 323-325.

A True and Tragical Song concerning Captain John Bolton, of Bulmer near Castle-Howard, who, after a trial of nine hours at York-Castle on Monday, the 27th of March 1775 for the wilful murder of Elizabeth Rainbow, an Ackworth girl, his apprentice, was found guilty and immediately received sentence to be executed at Tyburn near York, on Wednesday following, but on the same morning he strangled himself in the cell where he was confined, and so put a period to his wicked and desperate life. His body was

then, pursuant to his sentence given to the surgeons at York Infirmary to be dissected and anatomized.—*Ib.*, pp. 329-331.

Constance of Cleveland. A very excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Cleveland, and her disloyall Knight.—*Ib.*, 345-353.

The Merchant's Son [*of York*] *and the Beggar-Wench of Hull.*—*Ib.*, pp. 354-356.

Luke Hutton's Lamentation, Which he wrote the day before his death, being condemned to be hang'd at York, for his robberies and trespasses committed thereabouts.—*Ib.*, pp. 376-382.

Many of the North Riding pieces given in *Ballads and Songs* and the *Anthology* are included in the following gathering with, doubtless, others which cannot be disentangled: 'List of Yorkshire Ballads and Songs' by Abraham Holroyd of Shipley printed in *O. Y.*, vol. v., pp. 99-105.

Blakeborough stamps as being of the North Riding: *A Dialogue between Two Yorkshire Farmers on the Indecency of Dress adopted by Fashionable Ladies* (Bedale 1800-1815), pp. 280-282.

A Hundred Years Hence (from about 1800), pp. 303, 304.

Darby an' Joan an' their Daughter Nell: A Dialogue (Bedale 1800-1815), pp. 306-308.

The Invasion (1810), pp. 311-313.

A Beautiful Boy: Comic Song (about 1750), pp. 314, 315.

Noa (known to have been sung in 1790).—*Blakeborough* (2), pp. 48, 49.

T' Saame aud Taal Ower Again; (Stokesley 1810).—*Ib.*, p. 50.

Tha're all on 'em efter t' saame Gam; (sung at a Mell Supper, 1808).—*Ib.*, pp. 51-53.

A'e Nowt ti Deea wi' t' Lasses; (Before 1800).—*Ib.*, pp. 54-56.

Mah Wedding Day.—*Ib.*, pp. 59, 60.

A Catch Song. See under CEREMONIAL CUSTOMS—*Marriage*, p. 296.

The Horse Race, given by *Ritson*, pp. 12-14, was run in the Ainsty.

[The present collector has seen in MS., copied from the *Times* of Aug. 2nd, 1828, *A Yorkshire History, wherein is shown Faith preferred before Charity, and the Fatal Effects thereof.* Composed in 1688.]

William and Mary [a tale in rhyme of two lovers who "in death were not divided"].—*Fitzhugh.*

Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, J.P., promises, through Mr. Elliott Stock, two volumes entitled *Yorkshire Anthology*, which are to contain ballads and songs ancient and modern, and hitherto unpublished, that will cover a thousand years of Yorkshire history in verse. He intends to give a full index of Halliwell and Ingledew's collections.

SECTION XV.

PLACE AND PERSONAL LEGENDS.

CHURCHES AND THEIR BELONGINGS.

Alne. Here is . . . an effigy in alabaster of a lady in a recumbent posture. She appears to have been a person of rank, but the tomb bears no inscription. . . Her monument or its site is known in the village by the name of *complin*, a term which signifies the last act of worship by which the services of the day are completed and may possibly indicate that this office was usually performed near her grave.—GILL, p. 389.

Acaster Malbis. The church, as is generally known, is commonly called 'The Synagogue.' The tradition concerning it is as follows:—'At the last general persecution of Jews in England, about the year 1189, considerable numbers escaping from the city of York, sought refuge in the various villages lying along the banks of the Ouse. Among these was Acaster. The De Malbysse of the day was opposed to the policy of persecution, harboured and sustained the Jews who concealed themselves around his home, and even allowed them secretly to use the parish church for their worship of Jehovah upon the seventh day of the week (Saturday) when it was not wanted by the Christian population. Hence the name of the 'Synagogue' by which the church is known.' This is the tradition.

Now to examine into the facts. In the first place the De Malbysses were not the owners of Acaster until, at the earliest, the very year of this same persecution. Next one of the family was actually fined £40 (a large sum in those days) for the exceptional barbarity of his treatment of 'the people called Jews.' Thirdly the prejudice of Christians against the Jews was so intensely strong that it is most unlikely that such a use or abuse of the church would have been endured. And lastly the present church . . . was not built for very nearly two hundred years after the date, 1189, of the last great persecution.

BROMEHEAD, pp. 22, 23.

[Traces of a stream, as of blood, are to be seen on, and beneath, the sill of the north transept window. I am told that the church was fired when the Jews were within, and that when they essayed to escape by this window their heads were chopped off, or battered in, as soon as they put them forth. Hence the indelible stains. The present church dates from the 14th century; it succeeded one on the same site.]

Bossall. I am told that the old name by which the Church was known to the country people about a century ago was the 'Synagogue,' . . . which points to intercourse with the Greek Church probably in crusading times.

BELT, p. 9 (marginal note).

York. *Church of St Dennis.*—There is a tradition that this church was originally a *Jewish Synagogue*, or *Tabernacle*; but the writer has not been able to trace the rise of this opinion.—HARGROVE, vol. ii., p. i., pp. 292, 293.

Aysgarth. On the south side of the chancel, changed from its more appropriate position in the old church, is the magnificent rood screen brought here, shoulder high by twenty men in its complete state from Jervaulx Abbey.

COOKES, p. 109.

Bilbrough. Speaking to one of the farmers about my visit to the warrior's tomb, he remarked: 'Bless ye, 'Black Tom'[1] isn't buried there.' 'Then,' said I, 'where is he buried?' The reply was: 'That's what we all want to know, but no one can tell us.' From my conversation with the farmer I learnt that, during the restoration of the church, the tomb was opened, but no remains were found. Another story is that the night following the interment his body was removed to Walton and secretly buried. There might have been some suspicion lurking in the minds of his friends that the hero's resting place would not be held sacred . . . The rage of vengeance having passed when Fairfax died, the story of the removal of the body probably rests on mere tradition.

BOGG, pp. 57, 58.

Cf. **Newburgh,** *post*, p. 404.

Bolton Percy. On the north side of the west end [of the Church] is a very ancient door known as the 'devil's door.' Opposite is the early Norman font . . . It was supposed that the devil always took his flight through this door when a child was baptized and admitted into the Church of God.

BOGG, p. 29.

Mount Grace (nr. Northallerton). At some distance, on the summit of the mountain that shelters the monastry, on the east, are the ruins of an ancient building, called the Lady Chapel, which was founded in the year 1515. . . . Numerous miracles are reported to have been performed at this chapel, by our lady's help; such as the sudden recovery of a child that seemed dead, and the cure of many from the *sweating sickness*, and other afflicting maladies; but these carry with them so much the appearance of superstition, that we, at present, forbear any further repetition.

GRAVES, pp. 134, 135.

[1] [Lord Fairfax.]

Hackness. Tradition states that a Lord Rutherford lies interred in the Chancel of this Church.

FAWCETT, p. 101 (note).

Healaugh. A hole in the church door is said to have been caused by a bullet fired by one of Cromwell's troopers.

BOGG, p. 60.

Helbeck Lunds. There is a traditionary report quite current in that part of the country, that during several years there was no door whatever to . . . [the] chapel [of-ease in this place], in lieu of which the chapel-clerk procured an old thorn, with a bushy top, which he used to place in the doorway to prevent the sheep and cattle from taking up their abode within these consecrated walls. About the same time the small bell was missing from the place where it hung, not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground, to remedy the loss of which the same ingenious person (the chapel-clerk) used to come down to the chapel on the morning of the Sabbath-day, at the usual hour of tinkling the bell, and elevating himself sufficiently, so as to enable him to thrust his head through the hole where the bell had rung, vociferated lustily, 'bol-lol, bol-lol, bol-lol.'

BARKER, pp. 252, 253.

Hutton Buscel. Tradition reports that the weather vane now on the Tower of Hutton Buscel was formerly placed upon York Minster, and given to this parish by Bishop Osbaldeston, at the time Dean of York.—FAWCETT, p. 31.

Kirkby (Cleveland). In the churchyard are two very ancient effigies of a knight and lady, now so much defaced, mutilated, and worn away, as to defy all investigation into the 'local habitation and name' of the originals. It seems probable, however, that they belong to some of the Eure family, formerly lords here.[1]

[1] The traditionary story, that this is the monument of one Lockey, or Lockwood, and his wife, who died through extraordinary exertion in mowing a field—still known by the name of Lockey's day's work—is

Middleham. At one of the angles of Middleham Church there is often a good deal of wind. It needed accounting for to the mind of the old-time natural philosopher, and he did it thus. The Canon, it seems, was one day in his own rectory or glebe house, many miles away, when it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to be attending at that very hour a meeting of the chapter, which had utterly escaped his memory. It was important, and so he gave way to rather strong language. He exclaimed incautiously: "I'd sell my soul to get to the meeting in time." Promptly, as usual, there appeared 'a gentleman,' who took him at his word before he had time to retract. He was to get there in time on the conditions assigned, and the payment was to be made on delivery, that is, on the ready-money system, and at a particular spot at the west end of the church. All was, of course, carried out to the letter by the usual aerial process. The dignitary attended his meeting, but thought a good deal more of his bargain than about anything else. It then occurred to him that the big church had more doors than one. So he left early by another exit, and has never been near the place again. But the poor, simple devil is flying about there ever since, waiting for his victim. Hence the incessant breeze ![1]

Reprinted from *Church Gazette*—Y. H., Sep. 30, 1898.

Preston-under-Scar. Preston *i.e.* the priest town, belies its name, for it does not possess a church, although tradition reports a church did once upon a time exist.

BOGG (2), p. 126.

Rudby. An old gentleman in the village related a curious story of the ghoul-like deeds of a certain parish-

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too absurd for contradiction. Hewers of wood, drawers of water, and mowers of grass, however deserving, were not in those days, or any other, graced with monumental effigies.—ORD, p. 439 and *note.*

[1] [A windy angle at the West End of York Minster has lately—but perhaps only lately—been called Kill-Canon Corner.]

clerk, who also officiated as sexton, some years ago. It would appear that a married woman of the village having been given up for dead, was at length removed to the usual place of interment. Whether from some implied wish on her part, or difficulty in releasing it, the wedding-ring was allowed to remain on the finger. This circumstance awakened the cupidity of the parish-clerk, who at the lone hour of midnight, crept cautiously to the new-made grave. Having removed the earth, and unscrewed the coffin, he proceeded to take off the ring, but from the contracted state of the fingers was unable to effect his purpose. Accordingly with his pocket-knife he set about amputating the finger; but he had scarcely reached the bone, when, O horror! the corpse bolted nearly upright in its coffin, at the same time uttering a loud and dismal scream. The parish-clerk, who, by the by, was a tailor, immediately darted homeward with the utmost speed, his hair bristling on end. Meantime the poor woman, who had been unconsciously buried in a trance, alarmed at her strange and peculiar situation, directed her steps to her husband's residence, and knocked loudly at the door. What was her husband's amazement and consternation to behold his buried wife, in her shroud and grave-clothes, standing at the door, calling for admittance! His first alarm having somewhat abated, he proceeded to make further inquiry, and was at length convinced that his true wife, in flesh and blood, had in reality returned from the tomb. Afterwards, the injured finger and the state of the grave, pointed suspicion to the parish-clerk; but the husband, instead of punishing him for allowing his wife to return from her last resting-place, actually presented him annually with a web of the finest linen (he being a linen manufacturer).

ORD, p. 470.

We have been informed that the woman rescued from the grave in so extraordinary a manner, was wife of the miller of Rudby mill.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 758, *note.*

York. A story used to be told how a sexton of this city, knowing that some valuable rings had been buried on a corpse recently interred, opened the vault, and then opened the coffin in which the body lay, and proceeded to cut the rings from the fingers. By this act he cut the fingers of the apparently deceased lady, but it turned out that she was not dead, but had been buried whilst in a trance, and the drawing of her blood awakened her from her strange sleep, much to the terror of the affrighted sexton, and to the delight of her friends, to whose house she proceeded, and to whose home she was restored.

CAMIDGE (2), p. 90.

Skelton, nr. York. There is an interesting legend about the beautiful little church of Skelton near York. The antiquary Gent, writing in 1731, 'mounted on his courser' to visit it, 'because it is affirmed 'twas built with the stones that remain'd after the south cross of the minster had been finished by the archbishop Walter Gray' (Gent's Ripon, pt. ii. 3).—FAST. EBOR., vol. i., p. 293, *note.*

[The church is under the invocation of All Saints, but it has often been called "Little St. Peter's."]

Nr. Tadcaster. In old Saxon times the site of Bossall was a town (where 'old Bossall' field now is) situate on the eastern border of the forest track extending for many miles on each side of York, and the haunt of outlaws and wild animals, the deer, the wild boar, the wolf, and the wild-cat. Tradition says that further north [corrected in pen and ink to S.W.], near Tadcaster, there was a hand to hand fight between a huge wild-cat and an unarmed forester, who succeeded in killing the wild beast, but died of his wounds, and an old chapel attests the fact.—BELT, p. 5.

Thirsk. There is a tradition that the church was built out of the ruins of the castle, but there appears to be no evidence to support it. . . . The Altar Table is of massive oak, the feet carved into a resemblance of sea-lions.

Tradition says it was brought from Byland Abbey. . . . In the tower are four bells, the largest weighing 22 cwt. Tradition says that this bell originally belonged to Fountains Abbey.—GRAINGE, pp. 123, 125, 130.

York Convent (*Blossom St.*). In all the rolls of martyrdom other countries might be able to show he doubted if one could show a record more beautiful than the history of the English, Irish and Scotch martyrs on these islands in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They saw the same pathway of suffering in York. The hand of Margaret Clitherow which they were going to venerate, reminded them of a poor feeble woman who suffered martyrdom for harbouring a priest. Her hand was preserved in the convent near Micklegate Bar—the first convent established after the Reformation, and established with great danger and immense difficulty. One day the priest-hunters came to that convent and opened the chapel door. The candles were lighted, mass had only just been said, and the priest had just taken off his vestments, but the priest-hunters saw nothing. Their eyes were blinded by a miracle and they went on their way. On another day an angry mob of citizens surrounded the convent shouting 'Down with the nuns, down with the Pope' and declaring their intention of setting fire to the building. Then the mobs melted away quietly and slowly without any apparent cause. Some one had seen above the convent, the figure of a heavenly horseman which the nuns believed to be St. Michael because they had been praying to St. Michael before a picture of him which stood above the door of the convent.

From a sermon preached by the Rev. Philip Fletcher to R. C. pilgrims to York.—Y. H., June 11, 1896.

York, *S. Martin's Church* (Coney St.). The east end abuts on Coney Street, and is rendered remarkable by a large circular illuminated clock, which projects into the street. Upon this clock is the figure of a man holding a

quadrant, as if in the act of taking a solar observation. The wags of the City say that this man steps down from his elevated situation every time he *hears* the clock strike.

WHELLAN, vol i., pp. 540, 541 and *note.*

York Minster. The popular notion respecting the constant repairing of York Minster is that if ever the building be completed it returns to the Roman Catholics ; or according to another version, it becomes the property of the Crown (Croon, the York dames say).—J. W. M.; Y. F., vol. i., p. 166.

At the End of Simeon Dunelmensis MS. *amongst Archbishop* Laud's *MSS. in Bibl.* Bodl. L. 53.

In *Yorke* before the Quere Doore standes all the Kinges of *England* in great Pictures, amonge whome was the Picture of holye Kinge *Edward,* which was pulled downe in Dispytte of his great fame that he was mayd a St. The Stone that the Picture did fall upon in Sole of the Churche turned read as Blood, to the great Disgrace of him that pulled downe the same ; and the Stone is read untill this day as may be seene, as of auntient Men is credibly reported.—LELAND, vii. xxvii.

Choir Screen. The image of this last monarch (King Henry VIth) was certainly taken down in compliment to his enemy and successor Edward IV. by the archbishop's orders then in being. The policy of this was just ; for the common people bore so high a veneration for the memory of this sanctified king that they began to pay adoration to his statue.—DRAKE, 521.

N. Transept. The end of this building is beautified with five noble lights which constitute one large window ; and reach almost from top to bottom of this north end. This window has been called the *Jewish* window,[1] but

[1] [The . . . term probably arising from their being embellished entirely with foliage and geometrical figures, whereas the other adorned windows of the church have, more or less, figures represented in them.] BROWNE, p. 89.

for what reason I know not. There is also a tradition that five maiden sisters were at the expence of these lights ;[1] the painted glass in them representing a kind of embroidery or needle-work, might perhaps give occasion for this story.—DRAKE, p. 532.

The best-known grisaille windows in England are the famous group of long lancets, ending the north transept of York Minster, which are known by the name of the Five Sisters. You remember the legend about them. The 'inimitable Boz' relates it at length in 'Nicholas Nickleby'; but it is nonsense, all the same. The story tells how in the reign of Henry the Fourth five maiden ladies worked the designs in embroidery, and sent them abroad to be carried out in glass. But, as it happens, they belong to the latter part of the thirteenth century; they are unmistakably English work; and what is more, no woman, maiden, wife or widow, ever had, or could have had a hand in their design. Their authorship is written on the face of them. Every line in their composition shows them to be the work of a strong man, and a practical glazier, who worked according to the traditions that had come down to him. A designer recognises in it a man who knew his trade, and knew it thoroughly. The notion that any glazier ever worked from an embroidered design is too absurd. As well might the needlewoman go to the glazier to design her stitchery. But such is the popular ignorance of workmanship, and of its intimate connection with design, that no doubt the vergers will go on repeating their apocryphal tale as long as vergers continue to fill the office of personal conductors.—DAY, pp. 146, 147.

Chapter House. This noble structure had like to have met its fate, in the late Days of Rapine and Sacrilege; for we have a tradition very much credited, that a certain

[1] [There seems to be no evidence in support of this story.] BROWNE, p. 69.

Person in this city [York] had obtained a grant, from the pious Legislature, of those days to pull down the Chapter House as a useless part of the Church. We are further told, that the Man had certainly effected it, and had designed to have built Stables out of the Materials, had not Death surpriz'd him in a Week before the intended Execution of his wicked project.—DRAKE, p. 478.

Vestry. As to the old Sword and Cock in the Vestry, I should be utterly silent, were it not to undeceive some, who might find Fault with its Omission, and who vainly suppose that one is a Representation of that Sword which cut off the Ear of the High Priest's Servant; and the other of the Cock which crow'd at *Peter's* Denyal: When in real Truth, the Cock was no other than what belong'd to some Crest or Head-Piece; and for the old rusty Sword, it was taken from a Buff-Coat *Oliverian*, who, equally drunk with Liquor and Spleen, had irreverently enter'd the Church with his drawn Blade, and in that daring and impious Manner was approaching the Altar, as if he meant to attack all that was Good and Sacred.

GENT, pp. 56, 57.

The Fiddler. The learned Mr. William Hargrove, in his celebrated work on the 'History and Description of the Ancient City of York,' says in describing the southern entrance of York Minster, 'The summit is crowned with neat and elegant turrets; on the centre one of which is the figure of a *fiddler*.'—Vol. ii., part i., p. 62.

It may interest some of your many readers to become acquainted with the history of this fiddler. With your kind permission I will attempt to give it in a few words.

The celebrated Archbishop Blackburne was a member of King's College, Cambridge, a college so remarkable for 'fast men,' and having got seven o'clock gates during his first term, for 'cutting' chaples, [*sic*], ran away from the University, carrying off a fiddle from his tutor's rooms,

with which he played his way up to London, where he underwent great hardships for some time. At last he bound himself apprentice on board a Newcastle collier, but on his first voyage to the north, the 'Fair Sally' was taken off Scarbro' by the private schooner 'Black Broom,' then commanded by the dreaded Redmond of the Red Hand. When next heard of some years after, it is as captain of the fearful Black Broom, sweeping the seas from Cyprus to Cape Wrath, the terror of every merchant in Europe. He retired from business in the prime of life, and set up as a country gentleman, at the foot of the Yorkshire Wolds, changing his name from Muggins to Blackburne—a corruption of 'Black Broom.' Bucolic pursuits he soon found to be uncongenial to his active disposition, so he turned his attention in another direction, entered into holy orders, and passing through the various gradations, seated himself in due time (if my memory serves me right A.D. 1724) on the Archiepiscopal throne of York. The fiddle he had carried off from Cambridge he had never, in all his mutation of fortune, parted with; and to his credit be it said, shortly after his elevation, he returned it to its owner, the Rev. Lawrence Leatherhead, in a case of the most costly and elaborate workmanship, in which was also enclosed his appointment to the Archdeaconry of Holderness. To commemorate his Archiepiscopate he caused this effigy of himself, fiddle in hand, to be placed in the proud position which it has now occupied through storm and tempest for so many generations. So much for history.—Part of a letter signed C. Prior 27 Lowther-street, Groves, York. Y. G., Nov. 8. 1879. Reprinted O. Y., vol. i., pp. 158, 159.

A little spiral turret, called the fidler's turret, from the image of a fidler on the top of it, was taken some few years ago from another part of the building.—DRAKE, p. 486. [The fiddler is now to be seen in the crypt. The collector has been told that this musician used to play

whenever he heard the clock strike twelve.—Cf. St. Martin's, Coney Street, p. 390 *ante*.]

For Traditions relating to Church, *etc.*, Sites, see under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 22-25.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

Acaster Malbis. Eight miles from the city of York, amongst picturesque scenery on the banks of the river Wharfe, was anciently the site of a Convent of the Nuns of the Cistercian order. There was a contemporary monastery of monks at Acaster Malbris [Malbis] and tradition relates that a subterranean passage afforded the inmates access to each other.—TIMBS, vol. iii., p. 171.

Easby Abbey. Adjoining to it [the Abbot's oratory] is an arch level with the ground, supposed to have been the entrance to a subterranean passage to the Castle of Richmond, or St. Martin's Priory; but it was probably nothing more than a large drain for carrying off the sewage of the Abbey. This passage is stopped up by a wall, at some 8 yards distance from the opening.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 58.

Guisborough. There is a tradition of a subterraneous passage running from the Priory to the Plantation Field, in Tocketts, and a ridiculous story that midway in this dismal pathway is a large chest of gold, guarded by a raven or crow, who keeps incessant watch over the precious contents; that once only was the treasure invaded by a courageous fellow, who was terribly used by its guardian—the crow—which suddenly became transformed into his satanic majesty.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 193 *note*.

Hutton Sheriff. There is another local tradition of the elders of the village that there was once a subterraneous passage between the Castle and the Park.

CAST. HUTTON, p. 40.

Lastingham. Towards the west end of the north aisle [of Lastingham Church] is a doorway opening into a curious underground passage now only a few feet in length, but tradition has it that it led once under the moor to Rosedale Abbey some three miles away. We may dismiss this idea, however because the passage does not turn in the right direction for the Abbey, and was, moreover obviously intended to give access to the crypt from the lower ground to the east, without the worshippers having to pass through the upper church. The stories of subterranean passages moreover in connection with ancient structures in North Yorkshire are many.

LEYLAND, pp. 163, 164.

Middleham Castle. It is expected that a subterranean passage exists, and will be found somewhere at the south side, connecting that part with the large hill in Sanaskew called King William's Hill, where a redoubt is thrown up around the hill, which has been made for warlike defences; and it is also fully expected a passage will be found in connection with the Monastery of Jerveaux, as there is one at that place, evidently in the direction of this Castle.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 129.

New Buildings, nr. Thirsk. From one of these vaults at the extreme north-west corner, a subterraneous passage leads, some say, to Upsall Castle. That such a passage exists is certain, but that it goes as far as Upsall is very doubtful. It was explored by the late Francis Smyth Esq., a considerable distance, when his further progress was arrested by the fall of the roof. The entrance is now walled up.—GRAINGE, pp. 246 and 278.

East Newton Hall. Leading from the basement of the house is a subterranean passage in a north-easterly direction. This passage is at present bricked up about fifty feet from the entrance, and is six feet high and six feet

wide. It is arched at the top, and has a flagged footway in the centre. Nothing whatever is known concerning it.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 887.

Richmond Castle. From [the vault of Potter Thompson's adventure,[1] under the Keep] there runs a subterranean passage to Easby Abbey[2] along the river side. A drummer boy, fully equipped, was sent along to explore and by his drumming was traced for about a quarter of a mile. There the music ceased and it was conjectured that the roof had fallen upon him. A stone marks the spot where he was last heard, (it is just at the entrance to the Grammar School Cricket Field, at the foot of Clink Bank) and at midnight, under certain conditions, the roll of his drum may yet be heard by those intent on hearing.

COOKES, pp. 11, 12.

The station of the Chamberlain, is the Golden Tower or Gold Hole, being so named from a story of treasure having been found under it. Tradition delights in giving the character of a dungeon or place of concealment to this tower, and in making it the entrance to a passage under the bed of the River to St. Martin's Priory, through which the ladies of the Castle might escape in time of peril.

COOKES, p. 14.

Scarborough. *Peaseholm Ruin.*—Of this ruin tradition says that formerly it belonged to the order of Cistercian monks at Scarbrough; another tradition, that it was a fortified place in advance of the town. With the former is associated the legend that a duck was once seen to enter a hole whence the water from the little stream which runs through the field trickled, and that on investigation an underground passage was discovered, connecting the ruin with the Cistercian buildings of St. Mary's, and that also after this discovery it was again closed.

[1] See *post*, p. 406. [2] See *ante*, p. 394.

Castle, etc. A similar legend is said to connect the castle with the harbour, and there are old fishermen who persist that they know it. But the whole is a legend only, and no one ever offers to prosecute the search.—BAKER, p. 427.

Whitby. It has long been the belief that subterranean passages connected the Abbey House with Mulgrave, Saltwick, and other places along the coast.

HORNE, p. 14.

York. [The Salt-hole or Warehouse formerly under the 'Grecian Steps' leading from the side of old Ouse Bridge to King's Staith.] A legend exists in connection with this place to the effect that at one time this warehouse was simply the mouth or opening of a subterraneous passage which ran under Low Ousegate and other streets up to the Minster. In support of this statement a story used to have currency that a man once went into the hole and never came out again. Common credence without any ground for its faith accepted this story for many generations.

CAMIDGE, p. 111.

BUILDINGS AND PLACES.

Bolton Castle *and* **Leyburn.** There is a tradition prevalent in Wensleydale, and believed in ever since the Queen's [Mary Stuart's] day, that she once attempted to escape, but was retaken at a pass on Leyburn Shawl, thence named 'The Queen's Gap.' In corroboration of this, a window in her chamber at Bolton is shown, which has apparently been walled up about that period. It is the only one in the room which looks on the country, and is said to have been blocked in consequence of her descending from it by night. But of this escape all known history is silent; neither can any allusion to it be found in her own correspondence; the last fact however has little weight; we know she was removed hurriedly, and it is

clear that, excepting her immediate guards, she was surrounded by friends in Wensleydale.—BARKER, pp. 77, 78.

Crackpot. About a mile from this place is a valley, called the 'bloody vale,' the scene unquestionably, of a sanguinary combat at some remote period.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 489.

Countersett Hall, Wensleydale. There is . . . a tradition of a king having stayed a night at this house, possibly when hunting in the adjoining glens, but there does not seem to be any reliable record who the king was. One elderly native remarked 'All ah know is that it wor eh war time.'—BOGG, (3) p. 213.

Danby Castle. A tradition still prevails that an English queen resided for some years in the castle. This is quite borne out by the marriage of John Neville, third Lord Latimer, of Danby, with Katherine Parr, daughter of Sir Thomas Parr of Kendal, and afterwards wife of King Henry VIII.—ORD, pp. 336, 337.

Ebberston. On a hill close by the village of Ebberston, on the north side, there are some vestiges of a cave, now almost filled up, over which was once placed, (as some old people now living can recollect) a stone, and afterwards a board, with an inscription to the following purport: 'Alfrid king of Northumberland, was wounded in a bloody battle nigh this place, and was hid in a cave, and from thence he was removed to Little Driffield, where he died.'[1] This

[1] [There is an inscription relating to him on the S. chancel wall of Little Driffield Church.] YOUNG (vol. i., p. 36, *note*) quotes as being "shamefully incorrect" a paragraph from Cooke's *Topography of Yorkshire* which tells how "in 1784 the Society of Antiquarians, having had undoubted information that the remains of King Alfred the Great, who died in 901, was deposited in the parish church of Little Driffield," two of that learned body went thither with other gentlemen, and discovered the skeleton. ROSS (pp. 9, 10) states that in 1784 "search was made in the church of Little Driffield, by a party of gentlemen, for

battle, it is said, was fought partly on the heights, and partly on a plain on the west side of the village, now called *the bloody field.*—YOUNG, vol. i., p. 35.

Eggleston or **Eglistone Abbey.** [Mrs. Macquoid relates as a legend of the Wars of the Roses an account of the escape of Margaret of Anjou and her son to and from this house after the battle of Towton, when they were trying to get to France. "History, however, says that Margaret was with her husband in York and that they fled to Scotland when the news of the defeat of Towton reached them."]

MACQUOID, pp. 47-51.

Egton. *Beggar's Bridge or Lover's Bridge.*—The famous Beggar's Bridge . . . spans the Esk. . . . There is . . . a graceful legendary story concerning [it] to the effect that an Eskdale lover . . . once unable to visit his mistress on the eve of his departure to seek his fortune afar because the angry Esk could not be swum, vowed if ever he should return rich, that he would erect a bridge so that no Eskdale lover should ever be so tortured again. Further, they say that it is called the Beggar's Bridge because he went away poor, despised of the lady's father, and returned when he had acquired glory in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and wealth among the treasure ships of the Spanish Main.

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the relics of the King [of Northumbria], but without discovering anything whatever. Nevertheless it was stated and published that a deputation from the Society of Antiquaries . . . found a stone coffin, and on opening the same discovered an entire skeleton of that great and pious Prince, together with most part of his steel armour, the remainder of which had probably been corroded by rust and length of time. After satisfying their curiosity, the coffin was closed, as well as the grave, that everything might remain in the same state as when found. This apocryphal narrative found its way into most of the subsequent Topographies of Yorkshire, but it was altogether untrue and was nothing more than a hoax, put forth to test the credulity of antiquaries."]

As a singer has it:

> 'The rover came back from a far distant land,
> And claimed from the maiden her long-promised hand;
> But he built ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
> And the lovers of Egton pass over it now.'

LEYLAND, pp. 94, 95.

Fors Abbey. Tradition says that the monks' burial-place lay between the abbey and the river, and a little way on the right, near an ancient high-peaked bridge over the beck, he showed us where he said, a 'dale o' human beins' bones was found,' during the railway excavation; when we suggested that this had been the monks' burial place, he demurred. He said these were the bones of Scotchmen, and he added that they had been taken to Scotland for interment; but we did not hear this story confirmed.

MACQUOID, pp. 102, 103.

Nr. Guisborough. A tradition (familiar to every one in Gisborough) has brought down to us the story of a bloody battle on this spot, probably during the furious dynasty of the Danes; and here one of the soldiers is said to have fought with incredible valour after his legs were hewn off literally on his *stumps*—wherefore "Stumps Cross." I did conceive at one time that this tradition might refer to the contest between the royalists and rebels mentioned at p. 63; but on further consideration, I am inclined to fix the site of the latter elsewhere viz. 'War's Fields' (so called to this day).—ORD, p. 135.

Nr. Goathland. *Killing Pits.* Killing Pits (so called from the tradition of a battle having been fought here), [are] one mile south of Goathland Chapel.—ORD, p. 327, *note.*

Ilton. On the south side of Ilton [near Masham] is a small piece of land, which it is said belongs to no man, and is common to everybody. It is marked out by three upright stones set up by the Ordnance surveyors.

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 373.

Kirby Hall, nr. Boroughbridge. Formerly the land on which the mill [of Skelton, West Riding] stands and two other strips of ground adjoining belonged to the parish of Kirby Hill. Legend gives the reason for their transference to the parish of Skelton: 'Many years ago the dead body of an unknown man was found at this spot; the expense of the interment fell on the parish where the corpse was found. As the parishioners of Kirby were remiss in complying with the above custom, the people of Skelton removed the body to a place of burial in their churchyard, and by an old law claimed this land for their parish. See Swaine's *Guide to Boroughbridge.*

BOGG, (3), p. 338; BULMER, pp. 733, 734.

Kirby Moorside. Kirby Moorside continued in the possession of the Earls of Westmoreland till the 13th of Queen Elizabeth (1570),[1] when Ralph the then Earl, was attainted and all his possessions confiscated. Tradition says the Earl made his escape into Scotland when the ground was covered with snow, and eluded his pursuers by having the shoes of his horse reversed; and that the descendants of the blacksmith who shod his horse long enjoyed a house in Castle Gate at the rent of a farthing a year.[2] On repairing the Church of Kirby Moorside, several years ago, a stone having the insignia of the blacksmith's craft was found under the flooring, and was believed to have been cut in commemoration of the case referred to.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 235, and *note.*

Lanquit or **Longthwaite, Arkendale.** There is a legend to the effect that Lanquit was sunk down from a higher elevation on account of its wickedness!—ROUTH, p. 60.

Leake. A tradition exists that Leake was formerly a large town, and that it was destroyed by the Danes—which is not unlikely; many circumstances contribute to

[1] ["December, 1569."—GILL, p. 110.]

[2] ["With the privilege of shooting and hunting."—GILL, p. 110.]

shew that it was of more importance formerly than at present.—GRAINGE, p. 249.

Leake, with its ancient church . . . is the centre of an extensive parish in the North Riding. The township of Leake itself now consists of but the church and one dwelling . . . hard by the churchyard boundary.

PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 194.

To the north-east of the churchyard there is a lane named 'Danes Lane,' and this is pointed to as an abiding evidence of the credibility of the stories of the incursions of those rough Northmen.

On one occasion they seized the village, slew or drove away the men, and took as captive-wives all the females of the place. Each woman had, however provided herself with a knife, which she concealed about her person. At an agreed hour each one attacked her man, who being unarmed, was quickly overcome and slain. More than five hundred thus perished at the hands of the women of Leake, and the deed struck such terror into other Danish invaders in the neighbourhood, that they at once fled the country. Ever afterwards the women of this village were treated with double honour. Instead of being called upon to wait upon the husbands, and fathers, and brothers, they were seated at their right hands at meals, and in all social matters a precedence was given them.

PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 195.

Malton. There is a tradition that the original town of Old Malton, which was burnt by Archbishop Thurstan's army stood at Old Malton, and that the new town was erected where New Malton now stands. But though this is not borne out by any reliable evidence, no inference can be more reasonable.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 212.

Marske-by-the-Sea. Tradition points out a field near the village as the scene of a bloody encounter with the Danes.—ORD, p. 356.

Masham. There is still a 'Mowbray Wath,' and the tradition that at that rocky ford a great battle was fought with the Danes.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 66.

Marston Moor. About a quarter of a mile west from Marston, . . . tradition points out the position held by Cromwell; a clump of trees stood there some time since, now all felled but one which has been left to point out the station of the grim Ironsides; this would be his place as a commander of the rear-guard. This tradition is so general that almost every person living near the place knows it and points out the spot. A place is also shown where they say the hedges were cut down to make a way for the army, close to the village of Marston; it goes under the name of 'Cromwell's Gap.'

GRAINGE, (2), pp. 89, 90.

The ground once so dishonoured refuses henceforth to support the trees required to take the place of those removed. 'The curse,' again to quote Grainge, 'or whatever it may be called only extends to the wood of the hedges, and does not include grass and nettles for they grow profusely in the gaps.'

PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 195.

Some traditions of the fight yet remain among the villagers, nearly all associated with Cromwell's name: they relate that on the evening of the battle, a cannon shot entered the oven (a large brick one) of a farmer named Gill, and sadly spoiled the bread there baking.

GRAINGE, (2), p. 106.

See also under **Tockwith** *post*, p. 408, and NATURAL OBJECTS, **Marston**, p. 29.

Melbecks. In the immediate locality in which bodies were found are places called "bloody wall" and "bloody gap" near to which some years ago a battle axe was dug up.—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 490.

Nappa. James I. was, according to tradition, . . . a visitor to Sir Thomas Metcalf at Nappa. And there lingers in the neighbourhood the story, that when one day it was necessary, on a hunting expedition, to cross the Yore at a shallow place, James was afraid to make the attempt with the others, and a stalwart huntsman had to be summoned to carry the king across upon his back.

PARKINSON, 2nd S., p. 46.

One of Camden's editors states, that Cray-fish were first introduced into the Yore from the south, by Sir Christopher Metcalfe, of assize display; but tradition avers that they were put there by the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh, whilst on a visit to Nappa, probably some years later. They are plentiful in the river and its tributary streams.—BARKER, p. 224.

Newburgh. Cromwell's Vault, in a concealed part of the upper apartments of the priory, is shown to the visitors of this antiquated spot. The historian is well aware that Cromwell's bones were interred with more than regal pomp in Westminster Abbey, and that at the Restoration they were again disinterred. Various and conflicting are the opinions respecting the future fate of his relics. Some say they were sunk in the Thames; others, that they were buried in Naseby field, where the hottest of the battle was fought, both which accounts seem to have little warrant of truth. Harris in his Life of Cromwell, (1762) quotes the following extract at page 542. 'The odious carcases of O. Cromwell, H. Ireton, and J. Bradshaw, were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn, and being pulled out of their coffins, were there hanged at the several angles of the triple tree till sunset. Then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall.'[1] The current report at

[1] "Gesta Brittannorum" at the end of *Wharton's Almanack* for 1663.

Newburgh is, that the bones of Cromwell were secretly conveyed to the priory, where they were interred in the place now shown as his tomb. It is very possible that this may have been accomplished through the influence of his daughter and son-in-law,[1] [Lord and Lady Fauconberg] who would appear to have been in the secret of the Restoration, and would naturally be apprehensive of the indignities which might be heaped on his remains, from which their conveyance to Newburgh would be a likely expedient to secure them.—GILL, pp. 182, 183.

Northallerton. In the year 1069 Robert Cumin, whom the Conqueror had made earl or governor of Northumberland . . . was . . . slain at Durham. . . . The king . . . dispatched a formidable army into the North to take the severest revenge. . . . But when this army had reached *Alverton*, . . . so great a darkness arose that one man could scarcely perceive his fellow, nor were they able, by any means to discover which way they were to go. . . . There was one present who observed that the people of the city, to which they were going, had a certain saint who was always their protector in adversity, so that none might offer them the smallest injury without meeting a severe punishment. The observation being diffused through the army, which had too much of either piety or prudence to think of waging war with heaven, they very composedly retreated to the place whence they came.

NORTHALLERTON, pp. 50, 52.

Norton Conyers. Sir Richard Graham, of Norton Conyers, distinguished himself in the battle [of Marston Moor] by acts of great bravery. When the day was irretrievably lost, . . . Sir Richard, bleeding from twenty-six separate wounds, rode away hoping to gain his home at Norton Conyers. This he did in the evening, but being completely

[1] [Owner of Newburgh.]

exhausted, he was at once carried to his chamber, where within an hour he died. Cromwell, for some reason, is said to have had an inveterate hatred to this gentleman, and when he found that he had escaped from the field, he pursued him in person with a troop of horse. When he arrived at Norton Conyers he was informed that Graham was dead, and that the widow was weeping over the mangled corpse in the chamber of death. Possibly not satisfied with the answer, he burst into the chamber—it is said that he even rode his horse up the wide open staircase, and that the marks of its hoofs are still visible there, and on the landing—and found his enemy dead, as he had been told. . . . Turning to the troopers who had followed him, he gave them leave to sack and dispoil the house. This they did.—PARKINSON, 1st S., pp. 195, 196.

Pinchinthorp. The tradition that 'Spite Hall' near Pinchinthorpe, was built by one of the Lees in enmity or spite to a relative, is not exactly borne out by any document which we have seen.—ORD, p. 242.

Upsall Castle. Tradition asserts that it was destroyed in the civil wars of the 17th century, and that the cannon of Cromwell from the hill to the north called the Barff, carried destruction into its venerable walls; but there is nothing to confirm this story, and the probability is against it.—GRAINGE, p. 275.

Richmond. On the south side of the river [Swale, near Richmond], is the remarkable circular hill called the Round Howe, [and] near [that] a large natural cave called Arthur's Oven.

And hereupon comes to mind a Richmond legend, parallel with various other stories told of King Arthur in the north. A person walking round Richmond castle, was arrested by a 'man,' who took him into a strange vault beneath the fortress, where a multitude of people

were lying on the ground, as if in a deep slumber. In this chamber a horn and a sword were presented to him, for the usual purpose of releasing the sleepers of other days from their long listnessness. But when he drew the sword half out of its sheath, a stir among them all terrified him to such a degree, that he let the blade fall back to its place and an indignant voice instantly cried :—

Potter, Potter Thompson !
If thou had either drawn
The sword or blown that horn,
Thou'd been the luckiest man
That ever [yet] was born.

The tradition adds, that no opportunity of breaking the enchantment will again be afforded before a definite time has elapsed.—LONGSTAFFE, pp. 115, 116.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS: *Freebrough Hill*, p. 1.

Seamer. [Near it] are outlines of considerable entrenchments . . . and a tradition exists that a sanguinary battle was fought here between the Saxons and Danes, still called the 'battle of Seamer Carrs.'—WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 763.

Skelton Castle, Cleveland. On the right hand an antyente castle, all rente and torne, as yt seemed rather by the unkind vyolence of man then by the envye of tyme, shewed yt self on the syde of a broken banke. I demanded of my guide howe the Castle was named, and what misfortune had so miserably deformed yt? 'Syr, (quoth hee) yt is Skelton Castell, the antyent inheritance of the Lord Bruce, and dignifyed with the tytle of an Honour, which by mariadge came to the Lord Faulconbridge, and successively to the Lord Conyers, whoe leavinge three daughters co-partners of his estate, much variance fell betwixte their husbandes for the devisyon of their shares, that neither partye beinge inclyned to yeld unto other, every one for despite ruyned that parte of the castle whereof he was in possessyon lest after-

wards by suyte of lawe the lott should fall to another. Insomuch that the goodly chappell, one of the jewells of this kingdome, rudely wente to grounde, with the fayre hall and large towers.—H. TR., pp. 419, 420.

See also under LOCAL CUSTOMS, **Kirklevington**, p. 343.

Stanwick St. John. There is a singularity attending this church, says a writer, of which we believe only two instances are known in England. The freehold and right of herbage of the churchyard belong to the Stanwick estate and the inhabitants of the parish have only a right of burial.—BULMER, p. 600.

Tockwith. One old timber-framed cottage . . . the villagers point out as the place to which an officer desperately wounded, was brought from the great battlefield [Marston Moor]. Another story is that Oliver Cromwell slept here.—BOGG, (3), p. 48.

Upsall Castle. Many years ago there resided in the village of Upsall, a man who dreamed three nights successively, that if he went to London Bridge he would hear of something greatly to his advantage. He went, travelling the whole distance from Upsall to London on foot, arrived there he took his station on the bridge, where he waited till his patience was nearly exhausted, and the idea that he had acted a very foolish part began to arise in his mind. At length he was accosted by a Quaker, who kindly enquired what he was waiting there so long for. After some hesitation he told his dreams. The Quaker laughed at his simplicity, and told him that *he* had had that night a very curious dream himself, which was, that if he went and dug under a certain bush in Upsall Castle in Yorkshire, he would find a pot of gold; but he did not know where Upsall was, and enquired of the countryman if he knew, who seeing some advantage in secrecy pleaded ignorance of the locality; and then think-

ing his business in London was completed, returned immediately home, dug beneath the bush, and there he found a pot filled with gold, and on the cover an inscription in a language he did not understand. The pot and cover were however preserved at the village inn; where one day a bearded stranger like a Jew, made his appearance, saw the pot, and read the inscription, the plain English of which was:

> 'Look lower, where this stood
> Is another twice as good.'

The man of Upsall hearing this, resumed his spade, returned to the bush, dug deeper, and found another pot filled with gold far more valuable than the first: encouraged by this he dug deeper still, and found another yet more valuable.

This story has been related of other places, but Upsall appears to have as good a claim to this yielding of hidden treasure as the best of them. Here we have the constant tradition of the inhabitants, and the identical bush still remains beneath which the treasure was found; an Elder, near the north-west corner of the ruins.

GRAINGE, pp. 277, 278; WHELLAN, vol. ii., pp. 693, 694.

In *Tales and Traditions*, Part ii., pp. 103-106 a like story entitled "The Dream," is told of an innkeeper on the great North Road, locally called, the Street.

Not many years ago, in one of the Western Windows of Upsal Castle, was to be seen cut out in relief, in stone, the representation of two persons in the act of raising up a pot or vessel, supposed to have a reference to the treasure found at Upsal, by which the castle was built.

THIRSK, *Addenda*, p. 171.

Upsall. *Lost Corpse End.*—Some while ago a correspondent asked for some Yorkshire legends; permit me to add one. I was taking a holiday stroll, and passing by a plantation at Upsall, near Thirsk, called, 'Beechpath Beck-

stead,' I met with a garrulous old man. 'What do you call this wood?' I asked. The old fellow shook his head solemnly, and whispered: 'That part is 'Lost Corpse End.'' 'Why?' A very long pause. 'I was seventeen years of age, and I am now eighty-four; so you may count how many years 'tis ago. Well! I was one of the bearers of poor Dame ——, and we were to bury her at Kirby Knowle. Just as we arrived at the spot, we set down the body. It was a hot autumnal day, and the nuts were *so enticing*. It was the best nut year I ever remember. We all went off to gather them; and when we returned the corpse was lost!' 'Washed away by the burn?' I remarked. 'No, Sir, wished it had. We should then have got it back. The coffin was there, never moved, never touched by mortal man. We took up the coffin, but it was as light as an empty coffin could be. We *ran* with it to Kirby Knowle; and the parson buried the *coffin*, but the corpse is—is—is *there*! It is all along o' our nutting.'

Can your readers suggest that there is anything analogous between nutting and departed spirits?

EBORACUM, N. & Q., 3rd S., vol. ii., p. 343.

Whitby. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, *Fossils*, pp. 13, 14, and under ANIMALS, *Wild Geese, etc.*, p. 74.

East Witton. [The plague] is said to have prevailed so much that the weekly market at that place, was lost in consequence, having been held *pro tempore*, in a field at Ulshaw.—BARKER, p. 64.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 21, 22.

Nr. West Witton. A little below Capple or Chapel Bank is a summer-house built by a Duke of Bolton for his wife the celebrated Lavinia Fenton, the actress, the original 'Polly' in the Beggar's Opera. Village tradition asserts that when the lady warbled here, the Duke used to listen to her strains at Bolton Hall, two miles off as the crow flies.

HARDCASTLE, p. 36.

York. *Ebranke.*—At the entrance of this street [St. Saviourgate] there is a stone in the wall of Mr. Allen's house, on which is inscribed in Old English characters:

'Heir stoud the image of Yorke and
remand in the yere of our Lord God
A.M.VC.I[1] unto the common hall
in the tyme of the mairalty of
John Stockdale.'

It is believed that by the image of York, is here meant the British founder of this city, king Ebranke; and that the first stone was laid under his direction, not far from the site of this inscription. The image is supposed to have been of wood; and in the records of the city, is the following curious entry relative to it: 'On Jan. 15 and the 17th of Henry VII. the image of Ebranke, which stood at the west end of *St. Saviourgate*, was taken down *new made*, and *transposed* from thence and set up at the east end of the chapel at the common-hall.

HARGROVE, vol. ii., p. 2, pp. 328, 329.

I have been inform'd by credible persons, that at the suppression of Monasteries in the last age, there was found a Lamp burning in the vault of a little Chapel here, and *Constantius* was thought to be buried there.

CAMDEN, p. 719.

To add a little more confidence to this story, from *Camden* I must say that *tradition* still informs us, that the sepulchre he speaks of, was found in the parish church of St. *Helen* on the walls, which once stood in Aldwark. This church was demolished at the union of them in this city; and it is not impossible, but that Constantine the great, when converted to *christianity*, might order a church or chapel to be erected over his father's ashes, which was dedicated perhaps after his time to his mother. For since he must have a sepulchre some where amongst us, I know

[1] 1501.

no place in or about the city more likely for it to have stood in than this.—DRAKE, p. 44.

Many other Place, etc., Legends, will be found under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 1-41.

TOUCHING FAMILIES AND PERSONS.

Chaloner Family. [Towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign Thomas Chaloner Esq. of Guisbro' and his accomplices stole the secret of the process used in the Pope's alum-works. His Holiness is said to have uttered a terrible curse: (see *Charlton*, pp. 306, 307). The owners of alum-works,] frequently lose large sums thereby, and are even sometimes reduced to beggary, which leaves room for the Papists to say, *The Pope's curse has not been altogether without its effect.*—CHARLTON, pp. 359, 360.

Clifford Family. A very old tradition of the Clifford family says "Whilst Clifford's Tower stands in York, that family will never be forgotten."

TWYFORD and GRIFFITHS, p. 43.

Dawnay. Sir William Dawnay . . . was made a general in the 4th year of Richard I., A.D. 1192, at Acon in Palestine, the modern Acre. Here, it is recorded, having killed a chief Prince of the Saracens, and afterwards slain a lion, He of the lion-heart, in token of his royal satisfaction, forthwith took a ring off his finger, and giving it to Sir William, ordered that 'in perpetuam rei memoriam,' his crest should be a demy-Saracen in armour, with a ring in the dexter hand, and a lion's paw in the left; and this is the family cognizance to this day. The ring, which is still in the possession of the Head of the house has been seen by the author of this notice. It is a somewhat massive silver ring, containing a talismanic gem, denominated a *toad-stone* which is still used as a charm in the east. . . . By way of a little

interlude, we might here advert to the degree of caution with which all local traditions of an oral character are to be received. Were we to rely on village authority, that 'boast of heraldry' the *Lion's Paw* is nothing, more or less than a *Miller's Pick.* Once upon a time, so runs the story, Sessay Wood and the parts adjacent thereto, were sorely infested by a most truculent giant, of more than Robin o' Bobin mastigatory celebrity, when ought like human viands was unlucky enough to fall into his clutches. . . . One bright morning, however, so proceeds the tale in Dawnay annals, a Fore-elder of the family found . . . the supine monster asleep in the precincts of what was then the *Old,* but now the *New Mills.* . . . Seizing the *Miller's Pick* as the implement of vengeance . . . he drove the remorseless weapon right home to its mark. . . . 'The king who at that time ruled this land, to shew his respect for so brave a man and useful a subject, made a decree that the giant slayer should always keep hold of the *Miller's Pick,* by which token all men might know that to him, and to his, had been given the royalty of Sessay to have, and to hold thenceforward and for ever.'—GILL, pp. 347, 348.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 11-13.

Duncombe. It is said that many years ago the lord of the manor, an ancestor of the present Lord Feversham, riding one day home to Duncombe, saw a girl in a sun-bonnet swinging to and fro on the gate of the park. He reined up his horse, and as she swung he heard her sing these words to herself:—

> It may so happen, it may so fall
> That Ah may be laady o' Duncombe Hall.

Then she turned and showed the wondering squire the prettiest face he had ever seen. He fell headlong in love with the beautiful face. The girl was about fourteen, and he persuaded her parents to send her to school at his expense for several years; when she returned to her home

well-educated and more lovely still, he married her—and made her mistress of Duncombe.

MACQUOID, pp. 294, 295.

Fairfax. With her marriage [that of Isabel Thwaites with Sir William Fairfax in the 16th century] came great wealth into the Fairfax family, the estates of Askwith and Denton and much property in the old city of York. The country people have several legends as well as a prophecy with regard to this marriage. With all seriousness they will tell you that—

> Fairfax shall regain
> The glory that has fled,
> When Steeton once again
> Nun-Appleton shall wed.

BOGG, p. 24.

Robin Hood. In the days of this Abbot Richard,[1] and Peter his successor, lived that famous and renowned out-law Robin Hood, who took from the rich that he might have wherewithal to give to the poor. He many years kept under him a considerable number of men, who lived by rapine and plunder. He resided generally in Nottinghamshire, or the southern parts of Yorkshire: But when his robberies became so numerous, and the outcries against him so loud, as almost to alarm the whole nation, parties of soldiers were sent down from London to apprehend him: And then it was, that fearing for his safety, he found it necessary to desert his usual haunts, and, retreating northward, to cross the moors that surrounded Whitby, where, gaining the sea-coast, he always had in readiness near at hand some small fishing vessels, to which he could have refuge, if he found himself pursued; for in these, putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, to

[1] [Latter years of the 12th century.]

which he communicated his name, and which is still called Robin Hood's Bay. There he frequently went a-fishing in the summer season, even when an enemy approached to annoy him; and not far from that place he had butts or marks set up, where he used to exercise his men in shooting with the long-bow. It was always believed that these butts had been erected by him for that very purpose, till the year 1771, when one of them being dug into, human bones were found therein, and it appeared they had been burying-places used by our Pagan ancestors. . . . . However that be, there is no doubt, but Robin made use of those houes or butts when he was disposed to exercise his men, and wanted to train them up in hitting a mark.

CHARLTON, pp. 146, 147.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 6, 10.

Shipton, Mother. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, pp. 193-199.

Stapleton Family. The feet of the figure [on the monument of Robert Stapleton at Wighill] rest upon a huge Saracen's head, which has given rise to a local tradition that it represents the head of a giant who ate children and the like, and was slain by one of the early Stapletons of Wighill.—CHETWYND-STAPYLTON, p. 240.

Amongst many legends connecting this badge with the Stapletons, and the lands of Wighill, is the following quaintly told by the aged sexton:—Many hundred years ago, a terrible giant, Turk or Saracen, dwelt on an island near the coast of England, causing fearful havoc far and wide, killing all who came in his path. A manor was offered by the king to the man who would rid the country of this bloodthirsty ogre. After a long delay, a champion was found in the shape of another David, who went forth alone, armed only with a good sword. The hero crossed to the island, the stronghold of the foe; after leaping ashore young Stapleton sent the boat adrift. The

mighty Saracen, who from his castle had seen the coming of England's champion, came on the scene at this juncture, waxing wrath at the sight of his adversary. Inquiring why the boat was sent out to sea, Stapleton replied that he was determined to rid the country of such a monster or die in the attempt, and if victorious, should return in his, the giant's boat. After a long fight, the young hero received a terrible blow which brought him to the ground; at the moment the giant was in the act of giving the final stroke, with arms uplifted, Stapleton, grasping his sword, with a desperate plunge struck him under the armpit and disabled him. Then commenced the final struggle for victory, which ended in the death of the Saracen, whose head was severed from his body, and was brought along with the giant's sword and boat to Britain as proofs of his victory. For this courageous deed the king did grant him the manor of Wighill, where the Stapletons dwelt for six centuries.

BOGG, pp. 63, 64.

Turpin. Early in the morning he set off and robbed a gentleman of fifty guineas and a valuable watch in the environs of London. Apprehensive of being known and pursued, he spurred his horse on and took the northern road, and astonishing to relate reached York the same evening, and was noticed playing at bowls in the bowling green with several gentlemen their [sic] which circumstance saved him from the hands of justice for that time. The gentleman he robbed knew him to be Turpin, and caused him to be pursued and taken at York. He afterwards swore to him and the horse he rode on, which was the identical one he arrived upon in that city; but on being in the stable, and his rider at play, and all in the space of four and twenty hours his *alibi* was admitted, for the Magistrates of York would not believe it possible for one horse to cover the ground, being upwards of one hundred and ninety miles, in so short a space.

KENDREW'S CHAPBOOK, pp. 20, 21.

[At the end of a modern chapbook account of the 'Life and Adventures of Richard Turpin,' in which there is no narration of the traditional Ride to York and of Black Bess, it is written "It is needless to add, that the story of Turpin's 'Ride to York,' and of the wondrous deeds of the highwayman's steed 'Black Bess,' are like many other tales of this fellow, the fabrications of some poetical brain, but believing that a short account of Turpin's 'Ride to York' may interest some readers, though fiction, it is here subjoined, being extracted from Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's celebrated romance 'Rookwood, or the Adventures of Dick Turpin.'"]

Not one incident in his [Turpin's] career gives colour to the splendid myth which has been woven round his memory. Once he was in London and he died at York. So much is true, but there is naught to prove that his progress from the one to the other did not occupy a year. Nor is there any reason why the halo should have been set on his head rather than on another's. Strangest truth of all, none knows at what Moment Dick Turpin first shone into glory. At any rate there is a gap in the tradition, and the chapbooks of the time may not be credited with the vulgar error. . . . Though Turpin tramped to York at a journeyman's leisure, Nicks [Nevison] rode there at a stretch—Nicks the intrepid and gallant, whom Charles II. in admiration of his feat was wont to call Swiftnicks.

WHIBLEY, p. 22.

At 'Devil's Bridge,'[1] story tells, Dick Turpin was once waylaid by the constables of Westmoreland, but their prey was not easily caught, for with a light touch of spur and rein, 'Black Bess' leapt over the abyss into the county of York, where the warrant could not be executed.

BOGG, (2), p. 189, *footnote.*

Vavasour family. It is currently reported in Yorkshire that . . . the chief of the ancient Roman Catholic family

[1] [See under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 18, 19.]

of Vavasour of Haslewood . . . may ride on horseback into York Minster.—A. G., N. & Q., vol. ii., p. 326.

It is a well-known fact that the stone for York minster was given by the Vavasour family. To commemorate this, there is under the west window in the cathedral, a statue of the owner of Hazlewood at that period, holding a piece of stone in his hand. Hence may have arisen the tradition that the chief of the family might ride into York minster on horseback.—Chas. D. Markham, N. & Q., vol. iii., p. 71.

YORK, ARCHBISHOPS OF.

St. William of York.—[His thirty-six miracles are set forth in the window of the north-east transept of the Minster and they may be read of in an article by Joseph Fowler, F.S.A., in the *Yorkshire Archæological Journal*, vol. iii., pp. 198-348.]

Abp. Gray. In this year, [1234], which was the third of the unfruitful ones, a dreadful mortality and famine raged everywhere; and these pestilences were doubtless brought on, as well by the sins of the inhabitants as by the previous unseasonable state of the atmosphere and the general sterility of the land. The poor in various places pined away and died from hunger, and met with no good Samaritan to give them in charge of the host to be fed, or to heal their deadly wounds. Almsgiving too, which usually augments wealth, now languished, and the rich, who abounded in wordly possessions, were struck with such blindness, that they suffered Christian men, men made after God's image, to die from want of food. Blind indeed were they, since they boasted that they had amassed wealth, not by the gift of God, but by their own industry. Disgraceful as this was to the generality of Christians, it was most shameful in bishops and church-prelates, and among the principal ones who were notorious for their

avarice, I mention Walter, Archbishop of York, as a sample of the rest; for when the provosts and agents of several of his manors went to him and told him that he had a great deal of corn which had been growing old for five years, and which they very much suspected was either eaten away by the mice or had grown rotten in some way, he even at a time of such want, showing no respect to God or regard to the poor, gave orders to his agents and provosts to give this old corn to the labourers of his manors, who he said, should return him new for the old after the autumn. It happened that the said archbishop's agent was examining corn at the town of Ripon, and having put it outside the barns for the purpose of thrashing it, there appeared among the sheaves the heads of vermin, such as snakes, toads, and other reptiles; and the servants who had come with the agent to look at the corn, fled in alarm lest they should be injured by the vermin. When all this was told to the archbishop, he was struck with shame, and sent his seneschals to see what was necessary to be done. They, on coming to the place, notwithstanding the hosts of reptiles, set ladders to the rick, and compelled some labourers to ascend and examine the corn; on their reaching the top, a black smoke issued from the rick attended by such an unearthly and unindurable stench that they came down from the rick in all haste to escape being suffocated, declaring that they had never before smelt such a stench; they also heard a voice telling them not to lay hands on the corn, for that the archbishop and everything belonging to him were the property of the devil. The seneschal and those who had come with him, seeing the danger which would arise from the numbers of reptiles, built a high wall round this corn of the devil's, and setting fire to it consumed it all, that the reptiles might not escape and infect the whole district.

WENDOVER, vol. ii., pp. 598, 599.

His tomb . . . is a curious *Gothick* performance, of grey,

but what others call factitious, marble. And tradition has constantly averred that his body was deposited in the canopy over the pillars, as dying under sentence of excommunication from the pope, and therefore not suffered burial in holy ground. I am sorry to be the occasion of overthrowing this fine story, which has so long been a great embellishment to the description our vergers give of the church and monuments; but in reality the whole is false. . . . The pope's resentment did not run to an excommunication against him. And further being desirous to know whether the body was laid in that *depositum* or not, I got leave of the present dean to open it at the end of the window; when I saw the workman pierce near a yard into it, and it was all solid. The tomb has no manner of epitaph.—DRAKE, p. 427.

[The end of the Archbishop's pastoral staff is "thrust into the mouth of the serpent."—FAST EBOR, vol. i., p. 294.]

Abp. Bovil's Tomb. His sepulcher was much frequented after his death by the common people, who had him in high veneration for his sanctity and sufferings, and reported many miracles to be done at it. *Paris* says that he performed a miracle of turning water into wine in his life time.—DRAKE, p. 428.

Abp. Scrope. He died about the 8th year of his being Archbishop; and being interred in his own Cathedral, where now is his Tomb (which some say has been destroy'd by Lightning but since repair'd) Miracles were asserted to have been done after his Death: As That the Ground where he was beheaded, and which had been trodden under Feet by the numerous Throng of Spectators, gave a much more than common Increase that year: That King *Henry* was suddenly strucken with a hideous Leprosy, and terrify'd in his Sleep at *Green Hammerton* where he lay, on his Road to *Ripon*: That an apparition like the said chast and holy Archbishop appeared to one *John Gibson*

of *Rocliff* charging him to repent of a Murder he design'd to have committed: That King *Henry* himself was much grieved after he had put the Archbishop to Death: And that the Body of this very King, being, after its Decease, laid in a Chest or Coffin, covered with a Cloth of Gold, and put on Board a Boat, or small Vessel, in order to be interr'd at *Canterbury*, such a violent Storm arose, between *Berking* and *Gravesend* which terrify'd the Sailors to such a degree that (as it's said) they threw the Royal Corpse into the Water, which we do not hear had ever been found again; and having so done, and a Calm ensuing, they carried the Coffin to *Canterbury*, which was honourably buried.

GENT, p. 76.

See also under GOBLINDOM: **Middlethorpe**, p. 94.

For *Abp. Blackburne* see **York Minster**, *ante*, pp. 392; 393.

SECTION XVI.

JINGLES.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Harr, or Hag, mist with small rain. So good in the morning for vegetation, that,

'A moorn hag-mist
Is worth gold in a kist' (chest).

'A northern harr
Brings fine weather from far.'

ROBINSON, p. 88.

Lunar Halo. Bruff, the halo round the moon, as the orb shines through the haze,

'A far off *bruff*
Is a storm near enough'

that is, when the halo appears in advance of the moon, like a fore-frame. The larger the bruff, the nearer the storm; or, 'the bigger the bruff, the nearer the breeze.'

Ib., p. 28.

Mists. On the subject of fogs, a very common proverb prevails at Scarborough.

"When the mist comes from the hill,
Then good weather it doth spill;
When the mist comes from the sea
Then good weather it will be."

BAKER, p. 10.

Winds, etc. Custard winds the pining north-east winds prevalent here about Easter when custards are more particularly in request as a popular dainty.

'The wind, at north and east,
Is neither good for man nor beast;
So never think to cast a clout
Until the month of May be out.'

ROBINSON, p. 47.

See also under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 50.

The following lines were heard in the neighbourhood of Newborough Park, Yorkshire, where a herd of deer is kept:—

'If dry be the bucks' horn on Holyrood morn,
'Tis worth a kist of gold;
But if wet it be seen ere Holyrood e'en,
Bad harvest is foretold.'

H. Ozmond, N. & Q., 2nd S., vol. vi., p. 522.

See also under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 216.

May.

'A wet May
Maks lang tail'd hay.'

'Cold May is kindly'; a hot May in this part, being often followed by a variable summer. The best time to get bled is on a May-day.—ROBINSON, p. 121.

Current in Yorkshire about a hundred years ago:—

"Dont change a clout
Till May is out;
If you change in June,
'Twill be too soon."

Uneda, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. vi., p. 131; *Ib.*, p. 121.

A warm and serene day, which we say is too fine for the season, betokens a speedy reverse; and that kind of restlessness too, observed among animals, when the cat is

said to have 'a gale in her tail' and pigs are seen throwing about their stye-straw.

'A rainbow i' t' morning,
Sailors take warning.
A rainbow at night,
Sailors delight.'

A commotion among the sea-gulls indicates a storm; and from the shooting of the corns or of an old sore, we shall have wind and rain. Ducks throw water from their bills over their heads; and certain flowers are consulted which contract their leaves before the coming on of rain.

'When the sun sets black,
A westerly wind will not lack.'

'Evening red and morning gray.
Certain signs of a bonny day.
Evening gray and morning red,
Will send the shepherd wet to bed.'

There are other signs in force, but they seem equally common to other places, as some above instanced may be also.

ROBINSON, *sub Weather-breeders, etc.*, pp. 214, 215.

VARIA.

Addleborough. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 15.

April Noddy. „ FESTIVALS, p. 247.

Ash Even. „ TREES AND PLANTS, p. 58.

Bed Charm. „ MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 214.

Birthday Augury. See *Blakeborough*, p. 106.

Bride's dress, Colour of. See under CEREMONIAL, p. 290.

Candlemas. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 214.

Christmas. „ FESTIVALS, pp. 276, 278, 279.
See *Blakeborough*, pp. 67, 68, 70.

Churn Charm. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 214

Cod. See under ANIMALS, p. 68.

Crayke. „ NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 436.

Cropton. „ NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 27.

Crow. „ ANIMALS, p. 69. *Blakeborough*, p. 277.

Cuckoo. "In April, cuckoo sings her lay;
In May, she sings both night and day;
In June, she loses her sweet strain;
In July, she flies off again."

"The cuckoo in April—
He opens his bill;
The cuckoo in May—
He sings the whole day;
The cuckoo in June—
He changeth his tune;
The cuckoo in July—
Away he must fly!"

The last two quotations are well known in North Yorkshire (the most poetical of the three Ridings).—Hermann Kindt, N. & Q., 4th S., vol. ii., p. 555.

Daffodil. When the early spring flowers are showing themselves, we hear the village children repeating these lines:

'Daff a down dill has now come to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.'
Eboracomb, N. & Q., vol. iii., p. 220.

Dimples. See *Blakeborough*, p. 115.

Docken and Nettle. „ „ pp. 276, 277.

Duncombe. See under PLACE ETC. TRADITIONS, p. 413.

Easingwold. See under NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 436.

Fairfax. „ PLACE ETC. TRADITIONS, p. 440.

Fairs. „ LOCAL CUSTOMS, pp. 330, 331.

Friday. „ GENERAL, p. 218. See *Blakeborough*, p. 95.

Friday, Good. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 75, 79.

Goose-bone. See under ANIMALS, p. 70.

Gormire. „ NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 37.

Hair-cutting. See *Blakeborough*, p. 113.

Hambleton Hills. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 4.

Haws. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 60.

Hob. „ GOBLINDOM, p. 132; LEECHCRAFT, p. 179.

Horse, Treatment of. See *Blakeborough*, p. 251.

Housewifery, Bad. „ „ p. 214.

Horn, Wound from Stag's. A wound from a stag's horn was deemed poisonous by our ancestors, as the old rhyme testifies.

'If thou be hurt with hart it brings thee to thy bier
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, thereof thou need'st not fear.'

GILL, p. 42.

Hutton Rudby. See under NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 436.

Jennie o' Jones. See under GAMES, p. 316.

Ken-spell. See under MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 214.

Kinkcough. „ LEECHCRAFT, p. 179.

Lady-bird. „ ANIMALS, p. 69.

Leap-Year Marriage. See under CEREMONIAL, p. 290.

Love Charms. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 42. MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 209. See *Blakeborough*, p. 73.

Magpie. See under ANIMALS, pp. 74, 75.

March Growth. Dow, to thrive. . . .

'March grows
Are never dows,'

early bloom, early blight.—ROBINSON, p. 56.

May 29th. See *Blakeborough*, p. 82.

Moon. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 42, 43. MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 215.

Nail-cutting. See *Blakeborough*, pp. 112, 113.

Nov. 5th. See FESTIVALS, pp. 268, 269. See *Blakeborough*, p. 87.

Nursery Rhyme.

There was a man who lived in Leeds,
He set his garden full of seeds, etc.
See *Blakeborough*, pp. 268, 269.

Ovington Edge. See under NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 437.

People, Untrustworthy. See *Blakeborough*, p. 215.

Rain charm. „ „ p. 277.

„ *on dead.* „ „ p. 95.

Robin. „ „ p. 278.

Roseberry. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 2.

Rown-tree gad. „ TREES AND PLANTS, p. 60.

Scarbro' *Fair.* „ LOCAL CUSTOMS, p. 330.

Sieve Divination. „ MAGIC AND DIVINATION, p. 193.

Simmer-water. „ NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 38, 39.

Snail. See *Blakeborough*, p. 277.

Stang. See under LOCAL CUSTOMS, pp. 334, 335, 337. See *Blakeborough*, p. 89.

Stanraise. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, p. 8.

Stillington: „ NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 436.

Sun for Bride. See *Blakeborough*, p. 95.

Sundays in Lent. See under FESTIVALS, p. 241.

Tees. See under NICKNAMES, ETC., p. 440.

Trimmling Jockies. See under TREES AND PLANTS, p. 61.

Whitestone Cliff. See under NATURAL OBJECTS, pp. 4; 37.

Witton, East. *Well, near.* „ „ „ p. 34.

Witton, West *Fair.* „ LOCAL CUSTOMS, p. 331.

See also under PROVERBS, *passim.*

NUMBERS USED IN SCORING SHEEP.

These numbers take in Massamshire (Yorks), the following form—

1. Ine (also een).
2. Tine (also teen).
3. Tethera.
4. Fethera.
5. Fip.
6. Slar.
7. Lar.
8. Core.
9. Cone.
10. Dick.
11. Inedick (endick).
12. Tinedick (tendick).
13. Tethardick.
14. Fetherdick.
15. Bum.

Charles A. Federer, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. xi., p. 337.

The Dale shepherds still use the old counting in Nidderdale and Swaledale . . . and other places where the Celt lingered.

Middleton in Teesdale.

Yan.	Catrah.	Bumfit.
Tean.	Horna.	Yan-a-bum.
Tether.	Dick.	Tean-a-bum.
Mether.	Yan-a-dik.	Tether-a-bum.
Pip.	Tean-a-dik.	Mether-a-bum.
Sezar.	Tethera-a-dik.	Jiggit.
Azar.	Mether-a-dik.	

O. Y., 2nd S., vol. i., p. 45.

SECTION XVII.

PROVERBS.

CHAPTER xiii., pp. 238-256, of Mr. Blakeborough's *Wit, Character, Folklore and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire* is devoted to 'Similes, Proverbs and Sayings.'

Atkinson quotes a few proverbs pp. 33-35, 136.

'A Collection of Significant and usefull Proverbs some of which are appropriated to Yorkshire' is reprinted from the 3rd edition of 'The Praise of Yorkshire Ale' (York 1697) in *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv., pp. 163-166.

'Yorkshire Proverbs an' Speyks' collected by Abraham Holroyd of Shipley appear in Y. F., vol. i., pp. 217-225.

It is impossible for the present compiler to sift these garnerings in such a manner as to separate the yield of the North Riding from the rest of the grain, but as an evidence of good will, a few sayings either invented, or adopted by its folk, are here set down.

As black, or as sour, as a bollas or bullas.—C. C. R., p. 12.

As bright as a bullace = wild damson.—ROBINSON, p. 29.
„ cobby as a lop = as nimble as a flea. „ p. 40.
„ daft as a goose. - - - - „ p. 48.
„ daft as a door-nail. - - - „ p. 48.
„ deaf, or as dead as a door-nail. - „ p. 48.
„ full as a tick, N. & Q., 8th S., vol. ix., p. 294.

As dour as thunder. - - - ROBINSON, p. 56.
„ grue as thunder (Whitby), Y. F., vol. i., p. 220.
„ hummle as a crawling clock [=beetle]. ROBINSON, p. 38.
„ kenspack [=distinguishable] as a cock on a church-broach. - - „ p. 106.
„ mad as a tup, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. ix., p. 266.
„ nimble as a cat on a heeat bakston. ROBINSON, p. 10.
„ quiet as a clock [=time-keeper]. - „ p. 39.
„ thrang as three in a bed, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. x., p. 227.
„ thruff-gutted as a herringsue; the common heron,—which fable relates to have such an open passage, that the carp it sometimes swallows alive, will make its way through into the water again. - - - - ROBINSON, p. 198.
To beg like a cripple at a cross. - „ p. 46.
„ stick like a cleg [=horse-fly]. - „ p. 37.
„ sweat like a brock [cuckoo-spit]. - „ p. 27.
It's not worth a band's end [band=string]. - - - - - „ p. 11.
They have tongues in their heads that would clip [cut] clouts. - - „ p. 38.

Thou's always hungry: thou'd eat a badger [=miller, huckster] off his horse.—C. C. R., p. 4.

Thou'd baffound a stoop [stûn, perplex a post].—*Ib.*, p. 5.

I've swallowed the Kirk but I can't swallow the steeple (Whitby).—Y. F., vol. i., p. 220.

When cooaly whelps [*i.e.* never].—ROBINSON, *sub Cooaly*, a cur dog, p. 42.

I have other tow to teeaze; other pursuits to follow.—*Ib.*, p. 194.

Clickem, a thief personified 'Clickems got it.' 'It was got at Clickem Fair,' it was purloined.—ROBINSON, p. 38.

Fiddler's money = small change (York).—M., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. vi., p. 536.

All aback o' Durham together, thrown too late at the commencement.—ROBINSON, p. 1.

A man who pays expenses is said to 'Stand t' pan bindin'.—ROUTH, p. 71.

"It beats cock-fighting and the judges coming down to York to hang fowk!"—N., N. & Q., 5th S., vol. i., p. 255.

Hexam, a remote locality, associated with idle phrases.—*Ibid.* 'I'll see him at Hexam first. . . . He'll earn his salt maybe—when he goes to live at Hexam. Perhaps these phrases may have had their origin in an allusion to the ancient and well known town of Hexham; its situation being high north, in the county of Northumberland.

C. C. R., p. 60; but see *Denham*, vol. i., p. 281.

Come day, gan day, God send Sunday. The saying put into the mouths of indolent workers, who care not how the days come and go, provided they have little to do; and with a wish towards Sunday, when there is least to do of all.—ROBINSON, pp. 41, 42.

"When they got all they could it was 'fare thee well Oula.'" Query the meaning of *Oula*; but the phrase, which is frequently heard, points to the selfish and ungrateful. Chaucer has 'farewel, feldfare' (*i.e.* fieldfare) in a similar application. . . In Middle-English *ule* meant an owl and was pronounced as a dissyllable.—*Ib.*, p. 137.

What's bred i' t' blood willn't out o' t' bone.

If t' cap fits, put it on.

There's six o' yan an' hofe a dozen o' t' other.

There's nane sa deeaf as them at willn't hear.

Stand t' pan bindin' = pay expenses.

ROUTH, pp. 70, 71.

'To give sneck posset' is an expression which I have heard employed in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in the sense of to bar or lock a person out. I have not met with the expression elsewhere.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 7th S., vol. vi., 487.

'And now I wish I had our cat by t' tail,' a saying among country people, when a long way from home they wish to be at their own fire-sides.—ROBINSON, p. 33.

'Sup sorrow by spoonsful' [*sic*]. I have been long familiar with this expression, having frequently heard it used in North Yorkshire. . . . Many a time have I heard a mother say to a rebellious child, or a stuck-up person, 'Ah'll tell thŭh what, thou'll hev to sup sorrow by speunfuls afoar ta dees,'—meaning that the individual addressed would have sorrow without stint before he died.—F. C. Birkbeck Terry, N. & Q., 6th S., vol. iv., p. 521.

'Monny a breead word comes off a weak stomach,' many a boastful speech comes from a weak mind.

ROBINSON, p. 26.

'Mair wedders than pot boilers,' implying that many marry without sufficient means.—*Ib.*, p. 215.

We have a saying in this part, which he seems to have frequented :—'Many speak of Robin Hood that never shot his bow,' many talk of doing great things they never can accomplish.—*Ib.*, p. xvii.

'He has heaved the hand, he's a generous John [he has bestowed] charity in mites, amounting to little more than the motion of the hand in the act.—*Ib.*, p. 90.

'I'm blest wi' nowther cross nor coin.' . . . I have no money, neither large nor small. . . . 'I've nowther brass nor benediction.'—*Ib.*, p. 46.

'Fat sorrow is better to bide than lean,' worldly plenty may tend to lighten the rich man's woes, but poverty has no such alleviations.—*Ib.*, p. 63.

Saving's good addling.—*Ib.*, p. 2.

'He wad skin tweea deeavils for yah pelt' . . . he would flay two devils for one hide.—ROBINSON, p. 142.

'Never give a bit
And a buffet wi't,'

never do a good deed and then reproach with the obligation.—*Ib.*, p. 18.

'A geen [given] bite
Is seean put out o' sight,'

said of the contrast between a given morsel and a permanent provision.—*Ib.*, p. 79.

'Some hae luck
And some stick i' t' muck.'

Ib., p. 126.

They will now get

'Gold galoore,
And silver good stoore,'

they'll soon become rich.—*Ib.*, pp. 74, 75.

'Wilful weeast maks weeasome want;
An you may live to say—
I wish I had that sharve o' bread,
That yance I flang away.'

A caution against extravagance.—*Ib.*, p. 215.

Bonny is
That bonny diz,—

the saying 'good is that good does,' or 'handsome is that handsome does!'

'Meat maks,
And cleeas shaps,
But that is nut the man;
For bonny is that bonny diz,
Deny it if you can';

food and dress go to an exterior, but inward worth alone constitutes the man.—*Ib.*, p. 23

I have heard in Yorkshire. . . .

If wishes were dishes,
And dishes were horses,
All beggars would ride.

Another saying is

If wishes would bide,
Beggars would ride.

F. C. Birkbeck Terry, 8th S., vol. viii., p. 114.

May I recall a Yorkshire rhyme which proves that experiences similar to our own have not been unfamiliar in past days. The lines occur in a description of the months which was familiar to me in my childhood. I quote so much of that as I can remember, hoping that some reader of "N. & Q." may be able to supplement me where a memory that has to travel back forty-five years is defective;—

"January, freeze pot to fire.
February, fill dyke.
March comes and mucks it out.[1]
April comes with hack and a bill
And sets a flower on every hill.
Then comes May,
Whose withering sway
Drives all April's flowers away.
June when all things are in tune
July, shear rye.
August, if one won't another must.

I never heard any more.

J. Knight, N. & Q., 5th S., vol. xi., p. 405.

February and March lines given by *Robinson*, p. 64.

[1] *I.e.* cleanses out as with a "muck-fork or pronged fork for compost."

SECTION XVIII.

NICKNAMES; GIBES; PLACE RHYMES.

[IN "Yorkshire Local Rhymes and Sayings" garnered in *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., pp. 160-174, vol. iii., part 2, pp. 174-177, and in *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i., pp. 164, 165, will be found almost all those relating to York and the North Riding which are to be met with in print. The poverty of this section of the present collection is thus happily accounted for.]

Ayton. "Canny Yatton, under Rosebury Topping."

ORD, p. 418.

The Stokesley people say "Yattoners wade over t'beck to save t'brigg' *i.e.* Ayton folk wade over the beck to save the bridge.—*Communicated by* MR. BLAKEBOROUGH.

Great Ayton it is called by name;
But though I am no man of fame,
Yet do not take me for a fool,
Because I live near to this town.

Quoted by Thomas Gill, N. & Q., vol. ix., pp. 152, 153.

See also under **Stokesley**, *post*, p. 439.

Barton, Richmondshire. Barton famous for two bridges and two churches, which sometimes, it is added, wanted a parson.—LONGSTAFFE, p. 148.

Cawthorn and Cropton. The villagers respectively consider each other fools.

Communicated by MR. BLAKEBOROUGH.

Crayke, etc.

"If you do wish to find a fool
And do't without mistake
Take t'first you meet in Stillington
In Easingwold or Crayke."

Communicated by MR. BLAKEBOROUGH.

Cropton. See *ante* with CAWTHORN and under NATURAL OBJECTS: *Wells*, p. 27.

Easingwold. See under **Crayke.**

Falsgrave, Scarborough. The product was so inferior in character that it became a proverb when anything low was offered for sale, that it was like "Falsgrave China."

BAKER, p. 27.

Grisedale. It is a very common saying [in Swaledale] if a person puts in a frequent appearance, that 'He's sure to come again like Grisedale pies.'—ROUTH, p. 71.

Grisedale is a small valley [of the West Riding] at the head of Wensleydale, and the saying is based on a legend to the following effect:—A potatoe pie was once made in Grisedale, and being forgotten, was not brought out of its seclusion for half-a-year, when the potatoes are said to have taken root and grown out of the crust. The pie was frequently afterwards placed upon the table, but nobody seemed fond of it; hence the origin of the saying *sure to come again like Grisedale pies.*—WENSLEYDALE, p. 76.

Guisborough, *Men of.* See under **York**, p. 441.

Hutton Rudby, Cleveland. Part of the village is called Entrepen, of which the following not very complimentary couplet remains in vogue at the present day:

'Hutton Rudby, Entrepen,
Far more rogues than honest men.'—ORD, p. 465.

[Hutton and Entrepen are townships in the parish of Rudby-in-Cleveland. The slur applies to two, if not to all three of the places named. The first line has been written "Hutton-Rudby, Entrepen," *e.g.* BULMER, p. 190. "Hutton, Rudby, Entrepen," occurs in N. & Q., 2nd S., vol. vi., p. 204, as a citation from WHITE. Beguiled by an unfortunate misprint in *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i., p. 164, where an attempt is made to quote O.Y., vol. i., p. 267, NORTHALL (p. 88) favours "Halton, Rudby, Entrepen"; and NORWAY (p. 113) falls into the same trap, set, as though with the approval of unwitting "E.G."]

New Malton. Its appellation of 'Happy Malton' dates only from 1832, when it is said its population was just below the number required for a Parliamentary Burgh; just at this time the unusual circumstance occurred of the birth of *three sets of twins*, which not only brought up its population to the required number but afforded at the same time a pretext for its '*Happy*' title!

FRANKS, p. 185.

Ovington Edge.

Ovington Edge and Cockfield Fell
Are the coldest spots 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

Ovington is a village near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, Cockfield is near Staindrop, in the bishoprick of Durham. They are both lofty and extremely exposed places.

DENHAM, vol. i., 86 (F-L.S.).

[Ranged with "Popular Rhymes, etc., relating to Durham."]

Rievaux and Old Byland. The local situation of this romantic abbey may serve to explain a provincial expression peculiar to this part of Yorkshire. When a person cannot easily reach a place without a circuitous route; or for want of a proper term, is compelled to make use of a circumlocution, it is a common saying that 'he is going *round about Rievaux* to seek Old Byland.' This adage

is undoubtedly taken from the abbey, to which the road is almost circular; first down a very steep and craggy mountain, by many serpentine windings; then rising again much in the same manner on the opposite side; seeming sometimes to go direct to the place, and anon directly from it; sometimes on one side and sometimes on another. This circumstance appears to be the foundation of the proverb.[1]

There was also a story extant among the monks of Rievaux, of one of their order who had grown tired of the strictness and monotony of the place, and he determined to run away and go back to the world. He plunged into the woods, and wandered about among the mountain paths from valley to valley, thinking all the while that he was going very far from the abbey. About sunset, however he was surprised to find himself close to a convent which seemed marvellously like the Abbey of Rievaux, and sure enough so it was; he had been wandering round and round it all day, and at evening he found himself precisely where he had started. It had been hidden from him by the thick woods about him. The poor monk thought the hand of God had led him round and round the place and again brought him to it in the evening, so he once more entered the convent and patiently submitted himself to the rigours of Cistercian discipline.—GILL, pp. 303, 304.

Scarbro'. In the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, A.D. 1554, Thomas, the second son of Lord Strafford [*sic*] arriving from France, surprised the castle by stratagem, the which gave rise to the proverb known as "Scarbrough warning." . . .

Having previously arranged his plan . . . he disguised his little troup in the habits of peasants and country men and came to Scarbrough on a market-day under most auspicious circumstances. He thus gained an easy admittance into

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1754.

the castle, and strolled about with a careless air apparently to gratify his curiosity; about thirty also of his men entered without the least suspicion, and embracing a favourable opportunity, instantly secured the different sentinels, took possession of the gates, and admitted their remaining companions, who under the exterior garb of country men had concealed arms. The triumph of Stafford was transient, and the success of his scheme was eventually the cause of his death. He had retained possession only three days when the Earl of Westmoreland, with a considerable force, recovered possession of the castle without loss. Stafford and four others were taken prisoners, conducted to London, confined in the tower, and afterwards condemned and executed. There is an old ballad written in 1577, entitled: "A Brefe Balet, touching the traytorous takying of Scarborrow Castele imprinted in London, in Fleet Street, by Thomas Powell, cum privlegis ad imprimendum solum"[1] in black letter, of which the following stanza forms part:—

"This Scarborow Castele simplye standynge,
Yet could that castell slyly you begyle
Ye thoughte ye tooke ye castell at youre landynge,
The castell takying you in ye self-same whyle;
Eche stone wyshin the castell ye let not alone,
And took Scarborow warninge every chone."

BAKER, pp. 69, 70.

[For additional matter see *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., pp. 169-172.]

Stillington. See *sub* **Crayke.**

Stokesley. There is a saying "Stowsla's larnt all it knaws fra't Yatton feeals."

Communicated by MR. BLAKEBOROUGH.

Strensall. 'That's a capper o' Strensal.' . . . A proverbial remark in respect of anything that has produced

[1] [This title has been cited under TALES AND BALLADS, p. 374.]

astonishment. Strenshall is a biggish village in the north-riding, a few miles from York. . . . It is . . probable that so considerable a village acquired a notoriety for recounting tales of itself, and hence the proverb.

C. C. R., p. 138.

The Tees.

An otter in the Wear you may find but once a year,
But an otter in the Tees you may find at your ease.

Otters are by no means uncommon in the Tees at the present day; and if we grant the rhyme a little license, it is, to a certain extent, true.—DENHAM, vol. i., 87 (F-L.S.).

[Ranged with "Popular Rhymes, etc., relating to Durham."]

Thornton Steward. Thornton Steward, the village opposite to Jervaux, . . famous for 'wormwood, lees (lies), and sand.'—LONGSTAFFE, p. 71.

Walton. The natives have a tradition that the old moat house near the lane, [Redgate?] was often the abode of Nevison, the terror of Yorkshire, and the villagers tell us that one warm summer eve, this knight of the highway fell asleep near the well.[1] Some one passing along the lane, saw him, in that state, and thinking him an easy capture, ran to Walton, being the nearest place, and acquainted the inhabitants of the fact. The bugle sounded to arms, and the men and youths of Walton were soon aroused, armed, and equipped, and marched to arrest the celebrated robber. Unfortunately for this motley army, Nevison awoke, and presented a burrtree gun at the foremost warrior, the men of Walton turned and fled over hedge and ditch, and never drew rein, or rather paused for breath, till safe within the walls of their native village. From this exploit arose the expression of 'Walton calves,' often thrown in the teeth of Waltonians by the youths of other villages, and the cause of many a free fight.—BOGG, p. 75.

[1] See under NATURAL OBJECTS: *Wells*, pp. 32-3

Witton, East. See under NATURAL OBJECTS: *Wells*, p. 34.

Yarm. When Yarm sinks and Egglescliffe swims, Aislaby will be a Market Town.

DENHAM, vol. i., p. 109 (F-L.S.).

[Ranged with "Popular Rhymes, etc., Relating to Durham." Egglescliffe and Aislaby are in that county.]

York. Latin Verses on York

Eboracus.

From a curious MS. of the 15th century preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Capitulum, kekus, porcus, fimus, Eboracus,
Stal, nel, lamprones, kelc et melc, salt, salamones
Ratus, cum petys, hæc sunt staura cuntetis.

ANTHOL, p. 186.

York has the highest rack, but Durham has the deepest manger. Though York be graced with a higher honour, Durham is the wealthier see.

DENHAM, vol. i., p. 42 (F-L.S.).

[Ranged with "Popular Rhymes, etc., relating to Durham."]

[A gentleman who was born in 1745] always spoke of York men as 'Jacky Yorkies' and 'Guisborough men' as 'Guisboro' Greys.'—N. & Q., 4th S., vol. iv., pp. 499.

SECTION XIX.

ETYMOLOGY.

St. Alkelda. St. Alkelda, the patroness of the church and fair of Middleham granted to Ralph Neville, by Richard II., which is annually celebrated on 25th October, is quite unknown to sacred writers. Yet the inhabitants have a tradition, that she lies under a very large stone, which they show in the middle of the church; they also have described her passion in the glass windows, where two maids having cast a linen napkin round her neck, stop her breath.—RICHMOND, p. 31, *note.*

It is perhaps only honest to call attention to the modern theory, which wholly denies the personal identity of our saint, and maintains that *Alkelda* is nothing more or less than 'a Latinized form of the Saxon Halikeld, the Holy Spring; Halikeld being derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, 'haelig,' holy, and 'keld,' a fountain.[1] Mr. Mitchell, the archæologist who upholds this view, allows that there may have been a real saint who took up her abode by this holy spring, but he considers it much more probable that 'S. Alkelda was no real person' but is rather an example of what is called eponymy, that is the invention of a fabulous person for the purpose of explaining a pre-existing name.' Mr. Mitchell further accounts for the

[1] See the summary in the *Ripon Diocesan Gazette*, September 1892 of an article on S. Alkelda by Mr. T. Carter Mitchell, F.S.A., in the current number of the *Yorkshire Arch. Journal.*

double invocation to 'the Blessed Virgin and S. Alkelda' (which is the form of the dedication-name at Middleham) by arguing that the new converts would be taught that the good spirit of their fountain was the Blessed Virgin, and when a Saxon church was built on the spot it would be dedicated to S. Mary, and called for the sake of distinction 'S. Mary of Halikeld.' This name, he says, would be unintelligible to the Norman ecclesiastics, so they made 'Halikeld' into the name of a saint.

ARNOLD-FORSTER, vol. ii., p. 409.

Easingwold. The popular derivation of 'ease,' or place of refreshment in the wood, or Forest of Galtres, will hardly maintain its ground with an etymologist however attractive to an English ear. . . . An old house near the top of the Long Street, demolished within the last twelve years, had however, the reputation of having been the '*Ease*' or 'Traveller's Rest.'—GILL, p. 54.

Helperby. Tradition connects its origin with the celebrated baptism of Paulinus. While that venerable prelate was preaching to the multitudes assembled, he was asked by them 'what way they should attain to that salvation he spoke of?' 'By water baptism,' replied the bishop, and immediately ordered his chaplain to procure water from a well, close by. The numbers increasing, the well was soon dried, when the chaplain exclaimed 'What's to be done my lord? the well is dry!' 'Never mind' replied the bishop 'there is *help-hard-by*,' meaning the river, where he immediately conducted them; from which circumstance the village took the name of Help-hard-by or Help-er-by; and the story, however ridiculous it may appear to some, is still current among the villagers to this day.

GILL, p. 378.

Carmans Spittle (near *Bowes* and *Brough*, between *Yorkshire* and *Westmoreland*), built for the Preservation of People from wild Beasts. This brings to Mind the Word

Helperby, which some would have a corruption from Help-'em-by; that is, help or guard 'em, while they pass by Places of Danger.—GENT, p. 230.

Killerby. See *post*, p. 445.

Lammas. See under LOCAL CUSTOMS: **York**, p. 351.

Thomas Magnus. There is a common tradition, which we give as such, that Thomas Magnus, Archdeacon, etc. was found an infant in a basket on the morning of St. Thomas's Day, and brought up jointly amongst the inhabitants [of Sessay]. As he was found on St. Thomas's Day he was called 'Thomas,' and as he was kept by the inhabitants was called 'Thomas amang us' (among us). Being a steady youth, he was noticed by the respectable family who then owned the village, and was engaged as a servant to one of the young Gentlemen; which afforded him an opportunity of obtaining some learning. He improved his abilities to the best advantage, and rose to high preferment in the Church. He dignified his former name 'Thomas amang us' by the more respectable one of Thomas Magnus, that is 'Thomas the Great,' and is said to have been a pious man. There is a St. Magnus in the Roman Calendar.

THIRSK, p. 96, *note.*

Metcalfe and Lightfoot. Dr. Whitaker resolves the name, which is locally pronounced *Mecca*, into Mechalgh, from *Mec*, a Saxon personal name, and *halgh* a low and watery flat—but the family arms, which from time immemorial have been three *red-calves*, would rather favour the legend that when the country abounded with wild beasts, two men being in the woods together at evenfall, seeing a red four-footed animal coming towards them, could not imagine in the dusk what it was. One said 'Have you not heard of lions being in these woods?' The other answered 'He had, but had never seen any such thing.' So they conjectured that was one which they saw. The creature advanced a few paces towards them. One ran away, the other deter-

mined to meet it. This happened to be *a red calf*; so he that met it got the name of *Metcalfe*, and he that ran away got the name of *Lightfoot*.[1]—BARKER, p. 223.

Oran and Killerby. On the Low Street or old road is Killerby Hall . . . and a little to the north of it is the hamlet of Oran. On one occasion while travelling in this district, I had the following traditional (*sic*) explanation given me of the meaning of these places. From the number of ancient remains and skeletons found in this locality it would appear to have been a battle-ground at an early period. The popular belief is that a body of soldiers being surprised by the enemy on the site of Oran they *a'ran* as far as Killerby, when suddenly stopping and facing the enemy they determined to stand and fight, that is *kill-or-be* killed!

SPEIGHT, p. 147.

Osmotherley. The following legend as to the origin of the present name of this village is current among the inhabitants. This village formerly called Teviotdale, was changed to that of Osmotherley from the following circumstances.

'When king Oswald's (of Northumberland's) son, Oswald was born, the wise men and magicians were sent for to court, to predict and foretell the life and fortune of the new born prince, they all agreed that he would be drowned. The indulgent maternal Queen would have carried him to Cheviot, a remarkable hill in their own country, but for the troubles then subsisting in the North; she therefore brought him to a lofty hill in peaceful Cleveland, called Roseberry, and caused a cell or cave to be made near the top thereof, in order to prevent his foretold unhappy death; but alas! in vain, for the fates who spare nobody dissolved the rugged rocks into a flowing stream, and by drowning

[1] Vide an amusing letter from John Metcalfe (the celebrated and extraordinary 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough') dated Nov. 15th, 1794, in "The Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lxxxiv. p. 636.—1814.

[The name is there spelt Metcalf.]

the son put a period to all the mother's cares, though not her sorrows; for ordering him to be interred in Teviotdale church, she mourned with such inconsolable grief, that she soon followed him, and was, according to her fervent desire, laid by her tenderly beloved darling child. The head of the mother and son, cut in stone, may be seen at the East end of Teviotdale church; and from the saying of the people 'Os-by-his-mother-lay,' this place got the name of Osmotherley.'—GRAINGE, p. 334, *note.*

Variant. Tradition (quite prevalent in the neighbourhood, and even recorded in the common directories and gazetteers), states, that Osmund, a Saxon prince of Northumberland, having been taken by his mother to Rosebury, to prevent his being drowned on a certain day, according to the prediction of an astrologer, while he lay asleep on this conical mountain, suddenly a fountain of water gushed out of the rock and fulfilled the prediction; that he was carried thither for interment, and that this place subsequently obtained the name of Osmunderly (Osmund here lies), afterwards corrupted to Osmotherly.

ORD, p. 423.

Pickering. According to local tradition, the name of the place is derived from the circumstance of a *ring* having been lost by the founder whilst washing in the river Costa, and subsequently found in the belly of a *pike.*

WHELLAN, vol. ii., p. 225.

Robin Hood's Bay. Tradition has it that Robin Hood or Robert Earl of Huntingdon, took a fancy to the east coast for a seaside residence, but not being able to decide upon the precise spot, he resolved to take up his abode wherever an arrow shot from his bow should fall. As it alighted on the cliffs overlooking Robin Hood's Bay, the name has stuck to the locality ever since.—HORNE, p. 80.

Sessay. The local derivation we only mention for its whimsicality, and it is this;—'In the parish of Sessay, when a

neighbour requires of neighbour such give and take services as the needs of a parturient cow or refractory colt may hastily demand; from the scattered and isolated nature of the tenements, the request for immediate aid has to be responded to with many a 'what *says he?*' before the reinforcement turns out.'—GILL, p. 343.

Stormy Hall, Danby Dale. [Canon Atkinson says there is a legend which tells that Henry VIII. visited Danby and took refuge during a storm in a farm house which was thus named in commemoration of the event. It had however belonged at one time to the family of Esturmi, or Sturmy, and was called after its owners. Henry VIII. was never north of York. · See *Atkinson*, p. 293, *note*].

York, *Hob Moor.* How long it has born that appellation I know not, but the pasture masters of *Mickle-gate ward* have lately had a mind to perpetuate it, by placing an old statue on a pedestal, and putting underneath the inscription:

This statue long Hob's *name has bore*
Who was a knight in days of yore
And gave the common to the poor.

The figure is no more than that of a knight templar of the family of *Ross* as appears by his shield; and it was very probably dragged out of the ruins of some of our demolished monasteries; and from a supine has had the honour to be placed in an erect posture, with the above-mentioned memorable inscription under it.

DRAKE, p. 398.

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